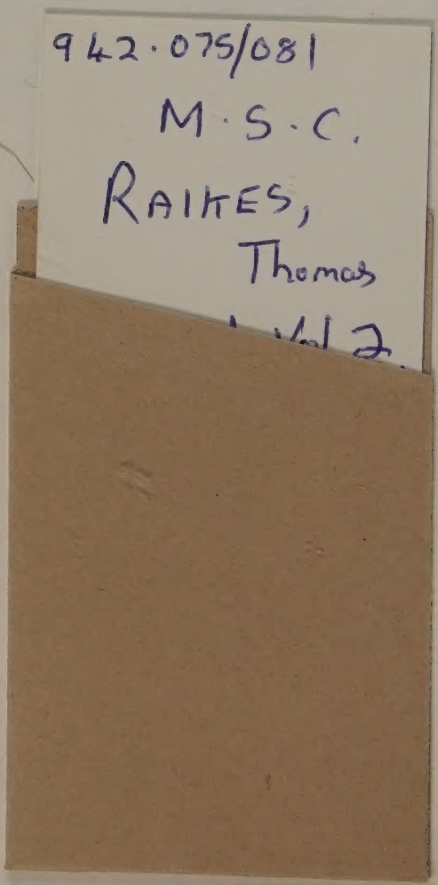
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PORTION OF THE JOURNAL

KEPT BY

THOMAS RAIKES, ESQ.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.,
New-street-Square.

V fo. 13

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FROM 1831 TO 1847:

COMPRISING

REMINISCENCES OF

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS

DURING THAT PERIOD.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE
Beaumont Trust
FOR EAST LONDON

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.
1856.

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JOURNAL,

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1835.

PARIS, Thursday, January 1*st.*—The English Parliament has been dissolved by proclamation, and the Duke's government has resolved to take the sense of the country upon conservative principles; it will then be seen, whether the mass of the nation is decided upon continuing the late system of anarchy and innovation, which characterised the late Whig Government. This appeal to the electors of England, whatever may be the result, will form a remarkable crisis in British history.

Talleyrand remains in a bad state of health, and the Princess, his wife, who lives in the Faubourg St. Germain, sends daily to inquire after him, not because his magnificent hotel in the Rue St. Florentin reverts to her after his death, but to return the civility of his repeated inquiries, when her friend the Duc de San Carlos was removed to another world.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE
Beaumont Trust

Saturday, 3rd. — The following paragraph on the situation of England at this crisis, is taken from the "Gazette de France," in which there may unfortunately be some truth: —

"On ne se douterait guère qu'il s'agit d'une lutte, dans laquelle la Grand Bretagne peut perdre en un jour sa puissance et ce qui reste de sa vieille constitution. Ce calme actuel est-ce indifférence, est-ce confiance? Ni l'un ni l'autre. La situation est comprise de la même manière, par les Whigs, les Radicaux et les Torys; enfermés dans un cercle fatal, chacun de ces partis a la conscience de ce qu'il peut, et a fait dès longtemps le dénombrement de ses forces. Les Whigs savent qu'ils sont sortis du pouvoir au moment où il était un fardeau pesant dans leurs mains, et la couronne en les délivrant du soin de se maintenir aux affaires, leur a rendu un véritable service. Les Radicaux sentent que leur heure n'est pas venue et qu'ils ont besoin de lutter encore, avant de mettre la main sur la constitution pour la changer; c'est-à-dire, *l'anéantir*; et les Torys enchaînés aux réformes des Whigs, placés sur cette pente glissante, ne peuvent marcher qu'en continuant le sillon commencé; ils iront moins vîte que les Whigs, mais il n'est leur pas donné ni de pouvoir regagner le terrain perdu, ni d'enrayer complètement. La voix de la réforme est là, qui leur crie: marche! et si lentement qu'ils s'avancent, il faudra qu'ils aboutissent â l'abîme."

Monday, 5th. — The frost continues very severe. A friend of mine told me that he had a beautiful portrait by Mignard, which he took an opportunity of

offering to Louis-Phillipe, who is making a collection of that period, and for which he asked the moderate price of 500*l.* His majesty made great objections to the sum, but still expressed a wish to see and examine the painting. It was sent to the Tuileries, where it was detained a few days, during which interval it was copied by a female artist, to whom the King gave 60f., and it was then returned to the owner.

The law which was passed here to annul the hereditary peerage, instead of diminishing the number of titles in France, has multiplied them in all directions. The abolition only extended to the political rights as members of the legislature, and left the inheritance of the empty name undisturbed. To indemnify themselves for this loss of privilege in the family, all the sons of a Count, Baron, &c. claim and bear their fathers' title, without any reference to primogeniture; and encouraged by this facility, which no one thinks it worth while to question, any individual may, and many indeed do, attach to their name a distinction *à volonté*, to which they have no sort of claim, but which still contributes to bring the whole order into ridicule and contempt. There are still a few high-sounding names in France, connected with the brightest pages of her former history, which in spite of prejudice carry with them a feeling of involuntary respect, and can never be confounded with the mass; but even the branches of these families, who returned from emigration, and eventually joined (as very many did) the court of Napoleon, appeared only as private individuals, and were never re-

cognised by him under any other title than that which he occasionally might have been pleased to confer himself. At the restoration in 1814, the Bourbons were more lenient or perhaps more timid: they recognised at once the titles of the old, as well as of the new nobility, but the revolution of July has now confounded all in one general insignificance.

Wednesday, 7th. — On the 3rd inst., a young lady of Nevers, universally admired, was married to a person who had been established in the town some months only, but had made himself generally respected. The wedding day passed off, and the happy pair had retired to the nuptial chamber, leaving the guests still enjoying the festivities of the occasion, when their gaiety was suddenly checked by a dreadful scream from the bride. The chamber was opened, and she was found in a fainting fit, grasping in her hand the shirt collar of her husband, torn from his shoulder, on which was displayed the *brand*, proving him to have been a convicted felon. It is said that the senses of the unhappy girl appear to have fled for ever. The parents have applied to Mr. P. Dupin and Mr. Syrot, two eminent counsel at the Paris bar, for their opinions, whether Art. 232. of the Civil Code, which declares the condemnation of either of a wedded pair to an infamous punishment sufficient cause for a divorce, is applicable to this extraordinary case.

A youth living at Verly in the Aisne, though only eighteen years of age, was full six feet high, and had made himself remarkable by his extraordinary feats of strength. About a fortnight ago he laid a wager,

that he would raise with his teeth, and without touching it with his hands, a cask of cyder containing forty-seven gallons. It was surrounded with ropes so as to give him a safe and convenient hold. By this he seized the cask with his teeth, and carried it without stopping across a yard of considerable extent. When, however, he had put down his burthen, he was incapable of shutting his mouth, and soon afterwards fainted. He was carried into the house, where he lay for six days without recovering his senses, and then died.

The Landgrave of Rothenburg died some time since, and as he left no heirs male, his domains reverted to the reigning Prince of Hesse Cassel, who had already taken possession, when he received the astounding intelligence that the widowed Landgravine was pregnant. The interested parties must now wait patiently for the birth in question.

Thursday, 8*th*.— An extraordinary and very unexpected claim has just been made on the French government. The Russian Ambassador has been instructed to make a demand of 177 millions of roubles for debts, contracted by the French armies in Poland, in 1812, for which that government holds the bons of the different employés and fournisseurs at the time, and which they have only at length succeeded in entirely collecting. It is rather singular that this demand should be brought forward at the moment of the Duke of Wellington's coming into power in England, when a change in the foreign policy of Europe might be expected. The French say it is tantamount to a declaration of war on the

part of the Czar. The bearer of this claim is a Prince Labenski. An additional cause of embarrassment to the doctrinaire government has also just arisen, from the arrival of the American President, Jackson's, message to Congress on the 1st December last. The refusal of the French Chambers in their last sitting to vote the sum of twenty-five millions for the indemnities allowed by treaty to be due from France to the United States, has been received with indignation, and is commented upon with peculiar acrimony, accompanied with very palpable menaces by the American government. This important and lengthy document is couched in a very manly style throughout, and exhibits a striking contrast to the shuffling manœuvres by which Louis-Philippe and his truckling cabinet have attempted to palliate and excuse this breach of national faith. After a plain statement of facts, the President proceeds to say,—"It is my conviction that the United States ought to insist on the prompt execution of this treaty, and in case it be refused or longer delayed, take redress into their own hands."

Another remarkable feature in this speech is the financial position of the Republic, presenting a picture of national ease and prosperity, at which the artificial systems of old Europe may look with envy and astonishment. The extinction of an unnatural paper circulation; the establishment of a sound metallic currency in the Union, and the liquidation of the last item of the public debt on the 1st of this month, are the sources of congratulation with which the President greets his assembled fellow-citizens,

at the opening of this session. Comment upon this is unnecessary.

Friday, 9th.—Talleyrand has retired from public life: he has written a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he proclaims his intention, and takes as it were an official leave of the public. It is dated some time back; which shows the efforts which have been made since to induce him to resume his post. It was written, indeed, before the dissolution of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet, probably when at Valençaye, where he made little secret of his disagreements with Lord Palmerston, of whom he said, "C'est un homme qui n'a pas le talent du raisonnement."—There is one remarkable expression in this letter alluding to that government. "The path which England appears to be inclined to follow, must induce her to prefer a mind with traditions less ancient than mine."—The Prince may appear to regret the old aristocracy, and perhaps in fact does so, but his traditions are so various, and so motley, that it must be very difficult to define their real colour. Are they of Autun? Are they of 1789, and the Constituent Assembly, when he was the advocate of the most democratic opinions? Are they of the Directory? Are they of the Empire with its aristocracy of the Sabre? Are they of the Restoration, the darling child of the Prince, which disavowed its parent? Where there has been so little consistency, it must be puzzling to decide by what traditions his mind could be really biassed, except the conviction of the nullity of all.

His letter has been generally and severely criticised by all parties, particularly that part in which he boasts of having *deviné la pensée du Roi*, in all that has passed since 1830. It has been maliciously observed, that the letter has proved two things: *Que le Roi, qui en avoit ordonné l'insertion, se moquoit de la Révolution, et que lui, il se moquoit et de la Révolution et du Roi.*

Monday, 12*th*. — The elections are going on in England with varied success, but certainly an increase of Conservative Members, though not sufficient, as far as they have gone, to promise a majority for the new Government, if it is to be supposed that every Reformer is to be considered as opposed to it; but this would hardly be a fair calculation, as there are many men of character and respectability on that list, as far removed from Radicalism as from Ultra Toryism, who have large property at stake, and would readily vote for any really salutary and conservative measures, whether proposed by Lord Grey or Sir Robert Peel. These men have no objection to be styled Reformers, and perhaps it is their conscientious bias to be so, but they will not support any measures likely to overthrow the Government of the country, for the mere chance of empty popularity. The following new Peers have been created: —

Sir James Scarlett, Chief Baron — Baron Abinger.

Sir Philip Sydney — Baron de Lisle and Dudley.

Mr. V. Fitzgerald — Baron Fitzgerald of Desmond.

Earl Brecknock — Baron Camden.

The Duc de Leuchtenberg arrived at Brussels on the 8th instant, on his road to Portugal (*viâ* England), to espouse the Queen, Donna Maria da Gloria. The plea of the widowed Landgravine of Hesse Rothenburg has been proved to be fictitious, and disallowed by the States; the principality will therefore devolve to the branch of Hesse Cassel.

Tuesday, 13*th*. — The French missionaries are still exposed to dreadful persecution and martyrdom, at Tongking in Cochin China. On the 27th of October, 1833, Mr. Gotelin was strangled at Huc, the capital of that country, in the midst of a multitude of spectators. Two days before, M. Jacard and Father Odorico, who had previously borne nothing but imprisonment, were burdened with the cage, and put into the stocks. These individuals have been set apart for execution, with many others, for the day of All Saints; but it having been deferred, the letters containing this account were sent off while they were still living; still no hope was entertained of saving them. A Chinese Christian named Tong, and several other Christians, have been beheaded.

A new species of robbery was practised the other day in Paris: a French physician, with his wife and his daughter nine years old, were a few days ago standing in a crowd, looking at the prints in a window of Aubert, in the passage Véro dodat, when the child exclaimed, "Oh! they are pulling my hair." On examination it was found that some rogue had cut off, close to the head, two long and beautiful plaits, into which her hair had been formed.

The elections still proceeding in England with vigour on both sides, but the Whigs particularly. Those who have *lost places* under the late Government, are in many instances coalescing with and aiding the Radicals, to oppose the Tory candidates; a line of conduct which in the worst times of party bitterness their adversaries never adopted.

Thursday, 15th. — The "Moniteur" of yesterday contained the following official notice: —

"The King has recalled M. Serrurier, his minister at Washington; the minister of foreign affairs has made known the resolution to Mr. Livingston, the American minister at Paris, at the same time informing him that the passports he may need are at his disposal." Captain Bobadil could not act with more dignity! The bill relative to the American claims will be presented this day to the Chamber of Deputies.

It appears that there is a debtor and creditor account between France and Poland, and that the balance of the Russian claim will be much less important, not more than 20 to 30 millions; but still an inconvenient demand at this moment.

The Duc de Leuchtenberg and suite landed at Gravesend, on the afternoon of the 11th, and proceeded to London.

Friday, 16th. — The Minister of Finance opened the farce of the American President's menace in the Chambers, by calling it the inconsiderate act of an *isolated power*, which is not to be imputed to the *people*, or to the *government* of *the Union;* and as the dignity and honour of France is not to be considered

as compromised by such a communication, he recommends afresh the consideration of the treaty and fulfilment of its engagements. This logic would appear singular if the whole affair did not bear the stamp of the most ridiculous *charlatanisme*. In the meantime Mr. Livingston remains very quiet in his hotel, without any intention of demanding the passports which have been so *valorously* offered to him.

In the elections at home, it is worthy of remark, as an example of the fury by which the Whigs are actuated, that the late Attorney-General, Sir J. Campbell, their legal adviser, and member of their administration, has recommended on the hustings at Edinburgh a revolutionary vote in the Commons, *to stop the supplies*, unless the King shall dismiss his present Ministers; that is, a breaking up of every service by which the State is held together, except on the condition, that a part of *such supplies* shall pass, in the shape of salaries, into the pockets of him and his party.

The following picture of Europe is given by the "Gazette de France:"—

"Grâce à la glorieuse Révolution de Juillet, John Bull et sa commère la France, depuis plus de quatre ans, propageaient en Europe leurs principes désorganisateurs. Ils avaient en commun conçu les monarchies Belge et Grecque, et d'un commun accord, le père et la mère protégeant le berceau de leurs chers enfans; ont montré bec et ongle à toute puissance qui semblait vouloir s'en approcher. Dans ces heureux jours de gloire révolutionnaire, l'Au-

triche, la Prusse et la Russie signaient tout courant, chaque protocole qu'on leur présentait ; le Roi de Hollande lui-même, le grand homme de notre époque, commençait à plier ses tentes, et semblait ne plus attendre la fin de la monarchie Belge, que du délabrement de sa constitution. Tout cela était la position admise en Europe; on grimaçait encore dans quelques cabinets, mais sans montrer les dents.

"Dès lors l'existence de ces deux nouvelles monarchies électives paraissant assurée, l'Angleterre et la France s'étaient de nouveau réunies, pour en mettre deux autres sur le métier; mais ce n'était plus de créer qu'il s'agissait, c'était de perfectionner. Il fallait introduire dans les deux antiques monarchies Espagnole et Portugaise, des institutions à l'Anglaise, et un Roi à la Française. Déjà deux petites filles choisies pour opérer cette double régénération, s'étaient glissées sur le trône ; déjà le père de l'une était mort à la peine pour la défendre, pendant que la mère de l'autre s'était barricadée avec la sienne pour la défendre aussi. Déjà des chambres législatives dressaient leurs tréteaux à Lisbonne et à Madrid, et se préparaient à convertir en lois, les instructions données par la France, et surtout par l'Angleterre, aux ministres de ces deux pays. Tout cela s'exécutait paisiblement sous les yeux de la triple alliance, qui semblait dire, 'Dieu soit loué.' L'empereur Nicholas avait bien, il est vrai, furtivement envoyé un aide-de-camp souhaiter bonne chance à Charles V. L'Autriche, très mystérieusement, faisait passer force avis à Don Miguel, et la Prusse tenait en Espagne un ministre, qui avançait

ou reculait, suivant l'importance du succès que l'un ou l'autre parti remportait.

" Mais rien de tout cela n'était fait pour effrayer la Quadruple Alliance. Aussi, croyant toucher à l'époque fortunée, ou les deux monarchies Peninsulaires allaient être aussi solidement assurée que l'est celui de la Belgique, et de la Grèce ; les cabinets de Londres et de Paris se préparaient déjà à reprendre en sous-œuvre, l'Allemagne et l'Italie, pour les conduire à leur tour, à la bienheureuse régénération, au perfectionnement social. Hélas ! pour le malheur du genre humain, l'état des choses a terriblement changé."

The picture is not ill drawn, as far as this goes, but the winding up, tinctured as it is by French prejudices, is too ridiculous.

The writer pretends that the whole scheme has been concocted by William IV., Queen Adelaide, and the Duke of Wellington, in whose hands Lord Grey has only been a puppet to gain them a short-lived popularity, while the real object has been, to draw France into an entanglement with the allied powers, to render her an object of hatred, and then by a sudden change of policy to leave her in the lurch, with all the responsibility of the post, and the necessity of defending it alone.

Saturday, 17*th*.—The only report in Paris to-day was that O'Connell would be thrown out for Dublin. On the first day's poll he gained no advantage over his opponent, but the meeting on the hustings was conducted with much vulgar abuse and personality, ending finally in a duel between the Lord

Mayor Perrin aud Mr. Ruthven, one of the candidates, which fortunately terminated without bloodshed. Sir James Graham's speech to his constituents at Cumberlaud was hostile to the new Government, of which he said, that it was impossibie to be composed of worse materials.

Lord Stanley's speech in Lancashire, was of a more conciliating nature, though nearly the same in its avowed principles; from him the present ministry would meet no factious opposition, though he could not give them any pledge of support. Lord Palmerston in South Hants, after taking credit for the success of his measures in the foreign department, and the maintenance of peace for four years, at a time when no man could have expected it to be preserved for three months; after claiming every merit for the Whigs, and imputing every disaster to the Tories, declared that he could have no confidence in the present men, and, if elected, it would be with the firm determination to give them every constitutional and parliamentary opposition.

He thus accuses the Duke of having left the country on the brink of war, when it is well known to every one that on the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1830, so great was the confidence of all the foreign powers in his judgment, that every diplomatist at the Court of St. James' had orders from his Sovereign to act according to his dictates. In perfect accordance with all, he agreed to acknowledge the choice of France in Louis-Philippe, but on one sole condition that she did not arm. If you arm one soldier, said he, we the powers will

arm together four; and till his resignation no hostile movement was made in France. As soon as the liberal Earl Grey came into power, then Marshal Soult came into the Chamber of Deputies with a proposal to levy 400,000 men, which the Whigs had not the energy to resist.

Tuesday, 20*th*. — Yesterday's "Tribune" contains the following severe, but undeniable appeal to the Nation, signed, Hercule de Roche, Bar-le-Duc.

À la Nation.

"Examinez vos faits registrés, depuis le 18 Brumaire 1799, jusqu'en 1825, et puis si vous n'êtes pas trop aveuglés par un sot orgueil, vous serez obligés de dire: Nous sommes un pauvre peuple, qui ne sait rien achever, et qui passe au travers de tout ce qui est bien. De la vanité toujours, de la dignité jamais! Voilà aujourd'hui quelle est votre misère, et le triste rôle que vous jouez en Europe.

"De 1789, jusqu'à l'expédition d'Egypte, la nation fut admirable. Expédition funeste, elle commença la ruine de la République.

"Quarante mille braves, s'il en fût jamais, composèrent cette armée déportée en Afrique; elle valait celle de César, elle fût commandée par un homme qui avait la même ambition que ce Romain. A peine débarquée en Egypte, cette troupe héroïque vît anéantir la flotte qui l'avait conduite. Plus tard, abandonnée de son chef, elle fut réduite à capituler, et à revenir en France sur des vaisseaux ennemis. Malte, qu'elle avait prise en passant, devint la proie de l'Angleterre.

" Il est dans votre destinée de ne savoir rien conserver : vous ne garderez pas plus Alger, que vous n'avez gardé le Caire. Quelles furent les suites de cette expédition d'Egypte ?

" Le 18 Brumaire, première marche du trône Impérial ; ensuite la bataille de Marengo, qui mit la couronne sur la tête de Bonaparte.

" La victoire accompagna longtemps l'Empire, vos armes désolèrent l'Europe ; Vienne, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, virent sur leurs remparts planer le drapeau tricolore. Enivré par vos succès, le maître profita de votre enthousiasme pour vous conduire à Moscou.

" Là ! les Russes, des esclaves, vous donnèrent une grande leçon de patriotisme ; plutôt que de subir le joug, ils brûlèrent leur capitale ! Et vous, dans deux occasions différentes, vous n'avez pas même su défendre la vôtre.

" L'incendie de Moscou appela les regards de la Providence, elle aida de généreux efforts en déchaînant les élémens contre vous. Vous savez le reste : chassés de partout, vous avez vu les Cosaques venir deux fois se décrasser dans les eaux de la Seine. A peine en avez-vous été émus ! ! Ah ! périsse votre civilisation, puisqu'elle vous fait endurer tant d'humiliation ! J'estime bien mieux la sauvegarde de cette horde de 400,000 Tartares, qui pour se soustraire à la domination Russe, selle ses chevaux, ploye ses tentes, et vieillards, femmes, enfans, tout marche, et fait, en un hiver du désert, 1800 lieues pour arriver à la Chine. Voilà des hommes !

" Inconstans dans vos affections, ce Napoléon que vous admiriez tant, qui vous avait fait si grands,

vous l'abandonnâtes en 1814, parceque la fortune avait déserté l'aigle Impérial, et fûtes vous mettre humblement sous la protection du drapeau blanc, que vous aviez déchiré en 1789.

"En 1815, par un retour, que la légèreté de votre caractère explique facilement, vous volâtes au-devant de lui, l'air retentissait de vos cris d'allégresse, l'on aurait crû que la France en masse allait courir à la frontière pour défendre le héros. Tristes démonstrations! stérile enthousiasme! d'un peuple, qui n'a plus aucune conviction. Un reste d'armée, soldats, dont les défaites n'avaient pas abaissé le courage, se présente audacieusement sur le champ de bataille, et Waterloo vit un nouveau jour de gloire et de malheur.

"Vous! vous aimâtes mieux vous laisser conquérir une seconde fois que de prendre les armes.

"Honte! lâcheté! infamie!

"Depuis que le monde existe, jamais trente millions d'hommes n'avaient été conquis deux fois dans un an. Il vous était réservé d'offrir à l'Europe et à la postérité cet humiliant spectacle.

"Jadis le plus grand des Romains, à la tête des légions invincibles, fut dix ans à soumettre les Gaulois. En 1815, après une bataille gagnée, Wellington est arrivé à Paris en quinze jours.

"Quel peuple!

"Depuis cet déplorable époque vous végetiez paisiblement sous les Bourbons, lorsqu'en 1830 au sujet d'une petite ordonnance, vrai divertissement de la Royauté, vous vous êtes ennuyés de leur domination, et de leur drapeau blanc. Vous avez

fait les mutins, vous avez crié, 'Vive la nation!' plus de Bourbons, vous avez chassé une partie de cette famille, et arboré de nouveau ce drapeau tricolore, qui doit être humilié de se trouver tour à tour déployé comme une vielle relique; puis stupidement après trois jours d'émeute, vous vous êtes reposés le quatrième, comme si votre œuvre eût été achevée.

"Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on fait les révolutions.

"Qu'avez-vous gagné à ce grand tapage?

"Rien, si ce n'est votre vieux drapeau!

"L'on vous a amusé avec une chanson, et des poignées de mains, l'on s'est joué de vous, l'on a ri de votre héroïsme, l'on a appelé votre mouvement révolutionnaire, une bagarre, une catastrophe. Certes, vû ses conséquences l'on a eu raison. Vous ne voulez plus de Bourbons; bonnes gens que vous êtes, vous auriez dû savoir, que l'on ne se débarrasse pas facilement d'une famille Royale.

"Deux cent dix-neuf doctrinaires, sans gloire, sans vertus, ont appris comment on s'empare d'un mouvement populaire, ils vous ont donné un Bourbon, que, disent-ils, le vœu de la nation appelait au trône, ils l'ont qualifié de *Roi Citoyen*."

Wednesday, 21*st*. — O'Connell and Hume have both received a serious lesson; they have indeed gained their elections, but after a hard struggle, and by very small majorities, not as formerly in a triumphant manner.

Lord Palmerston has lost his seat for South Hants. He was defeated by Compton.

There has recently been found in the neighbour-

hood of Valenciennes, a medal of the time of the ancient Gauls, before the Roman conquest. It bears on one side a head, with curled hair, and covered with the Greek dress. On the reverse is a horse without a bridle, the symbol of liberty, between a star and a wheel; behind the horse is a man following with the arm extended. It must be about 2000 years old.

Friday, 23*rd*.—There is a curious letter in the Italian papers, which affirms, that the Roman Catholic religion is making such rapid progress in the States of North America, that the Pope is preparing to establish bishoprics in various new places, which may in some degree indemnify the Holy See for the falling-off of his votaries and revenues in Europe.

A certain Vicomte de V——, friend of Talleyrand, who with him frequented some distinguished *soirées*, where high play was encouraged, had incurred some suspicions not very creditable to his honour.

Detected one evening in a flagrant attempt to defraud his adversary, he was very unceremoniously turned out of the house, with a threat, that if he ever made his appearance there again, he should be thrown out of the window. The next day he called upon M. de Talleyrand to relate his misfortune, and protest his innocence: "Ma position est très embarrassante," said the Vicomte; "donnez moi donc un conseil." "Dame! mon cher, je vous conseille de ne plus jouer qu'au rez de chaussée.

I remember an instance of the same kind, many years ago, in England. Mr. ——, the banker, who

was in the habit of playing very deep with some friends who held their sittings at the London Tavern, was one night detected in a similar attempt, and dismissed in the same manner. He wrote the next morning to John Taylor Vaughan, who was one of the party, and requested his advice. The answer he received was more laconic and less conciliating: the note merely contained, "Hang yourself." He went abroad, entered the Swedish service, and lost his life in battle. John Taylor Vaughan was an eccentric character, well known at Brookes's, where he courted the Whig aristocracy, and was famous in those days for his cook, his wines, and his *brusque* manner. He was the friend of N., and C., who maintained the same claims to notoriety.

Talleyrand will be eighty-one years old on the 2nd February next. He is become so weak in his legs that he is carried by two servants from one room to another, even to the king's cabinet. There is a caricature of him in this situation: it is entitled "La jeune France."

Saturday, 24*th*. — I took a furnished house here in the Avenue de Paris, belonging to Madame la Comtesse de Bonneval.

Sunday, 25*th*. — A circumstance of horror occurred within three miles of this place, last night. A labouring man and his wife, with one child, were living in a deserted spot; the woman was taken with the pains of labour, and the man set out to fetch the *accoucheur*. During his absence, she was surprised by the visit of a married woman with whom she had some acquaintance, who asked her, if she had not lately sold a cow,

and whether she had received the money? On her replying in the affirmative, the other threatened her with instant death if she did not give up the property to her. Frightened at this menace, but still preserving some presence of mind, she told her that it was deposited in the cellar, and, on the other descending to commit the robbery, she had just sufficient strength to throw a sack of flour against the door, which prevented her escape. She then sent the child to urge his father's instant return. At a few paces distance from the house, the child was met by the culprit's husband, who stopped him, and made him return with him. He then repeated the demand for the money from the mother, threatening, in case of refusal, to throw the child into the well. But fear and agitation had by this time so much aggravated the pains of the poor victim, that she had become insensible. The husband returned just in time to give the alarm, and apprehend both the miscreants, but his wife had already expired, and the unfortunate child had been suffocated in the well.

Monday, 26th. — Mademoiselle Duchesnois*, the celebrated tragic actress, died lately in Paris, and was attended to the grave by a concourse of literary characters and friends. When to this loss is added the prior death of Talma, and that of Mademoiselle Bourgouin, who was carried off by a cancer last summer twelvemonth, the Théâtre Français may be said to be shorn of its beams. There remains but Mademoiselle Mars of the good old school, who still continues to attract applause;

* For some years retired from the stage.

and, though her age renders her unfit to represent the youthful characters which she so brilliantly sustained in former times, yet her genius still preserves its ascendancy, and the woman of sixty is still now often forgotten in the coquette of twenty. Poor Mademoiselle Bourgouin was not only a good actress, but distinguished by her wit and *repartees* in society, though not always guided by the strictest delicacy; her *bon mot* to the surgeon Baron Dupuytren, the day before her death, though well known, is not to be mentioned. Several years ago I dined with Baron D——, in the Rue Mont Blanc; it was soon after he had received the decoration from the King of Prussia, which he was of course proud to display at his button-hole, as the Jews are seldom favoured with those distinctions. There was a large party of guests, among whom, I well remember, were Talma, Lafitte the banker, and Mademoiselle Bourgouin, who was then the acknowledged object of the Baron's affections. After dinner some trifle occurred, which produced a warm discussion between our host and lady, who at length became so exasperated, that she lost her temper, and said to him with great bitterness, before the whole room, "Maudit juif, tu portes la croix et tu rénies ton sauveur."

To this there could be no reply.

* * * * * *

The Duc de Guiche, who when young had served under General Suwaroff, mentioned, yesterday evening, the following anecdote of that extraordinary character:—

During the Turkish war in 1795, the Russian

army commenced the siege of the fortress of Kamieneek, which, seated on a spiral rock, was then considered impregnable. Suwaroff at first attempted to reduce it by famine; but the garrison had been so abundantly supplied with provisions, that, after some time, the impatient general, despairing of success by this tedious process, determined to attempt the capture by assault. The attempt was immediately put in execution, but, notwithstanding the impetuosity of the attack, the Russian troops were driven back into their entrenchments with much loss.

In a few days afterwards, a second experiment was made with equal bravery, but with the same unfortunate results.

The hope of success was now deemed impossible, the troops were disheartened, and the general in despair. At last Suwaroff presented himself in front of his army, and calling from the ranks a party of six sappers, ordered them to dig a hole in the ground before him. This being accomplished, he first threw in his hat, he next broke his sword, and threw it likewise into the chasm; he then jumped in himself, and called upon the bystanders to cover him with earth, and bury him alive, that he might not bear witness to the degeneracy of the Russian army. This extraordinary act operated like an electric shock upon the troops; a general hurrah pervaded all the ranks, and with one common accord they demanded to be led again to the assault, with the assurance that they were determined to conquer or to die. The assault took place, and after a tremendous carnage, in which the

flower of their army was destroyed, the Russians at length became masters of Kamieneek.

I am not certain of the date, but it was previous to Suwaroff's campaign in Italy.

Tuesday, 28*th.*—Passing through the Rue Matignon to-day, I met Lord Pembroke, with a splendid barouche and four English horses, setting off to see a race in the country, which was to be rode by Lord Clanricarde. In the party were George Wombwell and Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, just arrived from London. Our English jockey was beat by his French antagonist, Mons. Leon Lecoulteux.

The news from Madrid is of a serious nature. A regiment of infantry has openly declared against the government; and when General Canterac summoned them to return to their duty, they fired upon and killed him. Notwithstanding they were attacked by the troops of the garrison, they defended themselves with courage, and it appears that the rebellion was hardly quelled, as after some bloodshed the regiment was allowed to quit the town in marching order, without punishment. This circumstance, of which the results cannot be foreseen, coupled with the late successes of Zumalacareguy, and the illness of General Mina, who seems incapable of taking an active command against him, gives spirit to the Carlist cause.

Lord Heytesbury is appointed Governor-General of India. The elections are nearly brought to a close, and, latterly, have proved highly favourable to the new government.

A singular character, M. Seguin, has just paid the

debt of nature. He was an army contractor, and has left one of the largest private fortunes in France, notwithstanding the loss of five millions by Ouvrard, who got rid of the claim by remaining five years in prison. He was the owner of several magnificent houses and estates in Paris and the environs, among which is the Château de Jouy, which he left uninhabited, and suffered to go to ruin, turning into the parks and gardens horses of great value, which he thenceforth abandoned to their fate. The grand mansion in which he lived in the Rue de Varennes was a heap of ruins. The garden, and even some of the magnificent *salons* on the ground floor, were filled with horses, which he suffered to run at liberty over them. He gave his daughter in marriage to an English horse-dealer, Elmore, because he furnished him with Smolensko, the finest horse that had ever been seen in France. He founded during the empire a tannery, upon an improved principle, on the island above the bridge of Sevres, but for many years had suffered the building to go to decay, till some few months ago, when the formation of a railroad from Paris to Versailles was in contemplation, and was to have run across his island, he determined, if possible, to defeat the undertaking; and, therefore, in order to render the purchase of the necessary quantity of his land the more burdensome, he covered his island with new buildings.

The description is very similar to that of a branch of the Lowther family, who died several years ago, and left all his property to the present Earl of Lonsdale, who, on taking possession, found the *château* in

ruins, the finest horses running wild in the park, and the coach-houses filled with cases of champagne and other costly wines, rotten with age, and the contents scattered about.

Wednesday, 28*th*. — Pozzo di Borgo has been suddenly nominated Russian ambassador to the Court of St. James's, in the room of Prince Lieven. The appointment, though honourable to him, as placing him at the most important post of European politics, at this moment, will not be very agreeable to one whose habits and connections have, from a residence of more than twenty years, become completely Parisian. At the same time, it proves the immediate reaction of feeling towards England in the Russian cabinet, from the mere circumstance of our foreign policy being now directed by the Duke instead of Lord Palmerston. The change must be grating to Louis-Philippe, as it not only removes from Paris a very influential ambassador, whom he has long known and studied to conciliate, and who now will be replaced by a stranger (probably Medem as Chargé d'Affaires); but it also evidently transfers to London the negotiation of all the serious political questions, which are likely henceforward to engross Europe, where his interests will only be represented by Sebastiani, or some other minister of the same calibre. The loss of Talleyrand now will be severely felt. His public life is finished, and his existence, indeed, is drawing to a close. A humour has broke out in one of his legs, which at that time of life is too often the precursor of more fatal consequences.

Monday, February 2nd.—All the letters from London mention, as an undoubted fact, that Queen Adelaide is in a way to give the throne of England an heir.

An unfortunate collision has taken place between Lord Napier and the Hong merchants at Canton, in consequence of which the tea trade with China has been immediately stopped.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset is going on a secret mission to Madrid, to attempt an arrangement between the conflicting powers in Navarre.

There are strong rumours of a change of ministry here.

Lady Julia and Lockwood are to go to England to be *separated.*

The Duke and Sir R. Peel look forward to the meeting of Parliament on the 19th with sanguine hopes of success, though the Whigs and Radicals are joining their forces to support Mr. Abercromby against Mr. M. Sutton, for the office of Speaker. This question will be the first trial of strength.

Leontine Volny, in the new piece of "La Fille de l'Avare," attracts crowded houses every night. This pleasing and excellent actress, better known in the dramatic world as Leontine Fay, was some time back the heroine of a romantic story in real life. Fascinating in her manners and pleasing in her person, though not strictly handsome, she inspired a violent attachment in a young man, son of Count Montalivet the minister, who, finding all his hopes of happiness centred in a union with Leontine, formally proposed to marry her. Though flattered by

his addresses, she still refused to listen to his offer, unless sanctioned by the approbation of his family, which no entreaties on his part could ever procure from his parents, who were violently opposed to the marriage. To extinguish all hopes in her young admirer, and to avoid every suspicion of encouraging an attachment, in opposition to the wishes and injunctions of his friends, she wrote to Mr. Volny, who on a former occasion had made her an unsuccessful offer of his hand, that if he still entertained the same predilection for her, she now was willing to accept his proposal. He received her overtures with undiminished attachment, and she shortly afterwards became his wife. But the young Montalivet's passion was not to be subdued by these insurmountabe obstacles; he suddenly went abroad, and shortly afterwards put a period to his own existence.

There is no dearth of novelty on the French stage at present: every week produces two or three new pieces at the Vaudeville Theatres, for the public amusement, but few that have much real talent to recommend them, though the present taste for the horrid and the marvellous is cultivated by the different managers with the most obsequious attention. Among examples of this kind is one which has met with the most decided success for many months at the Ambigu, though perhaps in no other country but France would such a subject, bordering as it does in many parts on blasphemy, have ever been treated with so much levity, or, indeed, presented on any stage. This piece is called the "*Juif errant*," and is supposed to detail the adventures of the Jew, whom

an old legend has represented as having rebuked our Saviour at the foot of the cross, and been condemned in consequence to drag on a weary existence till the end of time. The detail of circumstances in this piece is so atrocious, as connected with sacred history, and that name which should only be mentioned with awe, is so lightly introduced in conversation, that every serious feeling must be shocked by such an unseemly representation. Yet the house is nightly crowded to excess, and children of all ages are brought to witness the profanation at night of that which they are taught to reverence in the day. Such is the inconsistency of this people.

Wednesday, 4th. — The preparations in the *château,** which is to be converted into a National Museum, are going on very rapidly, and report says it is to be opened to the public on the 1st May, before which, no interest can procure an admittance. Adolphus Fitz-Clarence had a flat refusal. The King comes down frequently to superintend the works, and the disposal of the pictures and busts. A large equestrian statue of Louis XIV. is now erecting in the centre of the Cour d'Honneur, and the representations of his victories are to be blended with those of the Republic and the Empire, in honour of the *Grande nation.*

Thursday, 5th. — Further accounts from China represent the conduct of Lord Napier, who was sent out by the late Government as Chief Superintendent of their new Free Trade System, to have been highly indiscreet, in wantonly infringing the laws of the

* Versailles.

Chinese respecting foreigners sojourning in their country, and thereby wounding their national pride. The first fruit of this conduct has been an entire suspension of the trade itself, which, even if it should be only temporary, as we may hope, must still break the link, and consequently injure commercial enterprise. Thus, the opening of the trade to China, *if good in itself*, (and time only could solve that question) has all its advantages counteracted by the practical arrangements adopted by Lord Grey's government for carrying it into execution. In the same manner the emancipation of the West Indian Negroes recognised a noble principle, but so unskilfully were the details of the Act of Emancipation managed, that the beneficence of the principle is almost overlayed by the mischief and confusion, the violence and suffering, which have flowed from the practical operation of the machinery intended to carry it into effect. That Government has had a peculiar aptitude for bringing even great principles into disrepute, and neutralizing plausible benefits, by their ignorant and bungling mode of legislation. If it should be likewise considered, that these headstrong inroads upon old-established systems originated rather in party spleen, a love of place, and a thirst for popularity, than a real sense of duty or conviction of the benefits which must arise from their measures, it may then become a doubt whether knavery or folly has most preponderated.

Pozzi di Borgo left Paris on Thursday morning for London.

A Royal Commission to prepare a measure of

Church Reform was announced in the "London Gazette" for the 3rd.

The letters from the United States are very pacific. One from Washington says:—"You know that the greater part of the foreign ministers, although expressly invited, abstained from coming to hear the oration on the life and actions of General Lafayette. The French and English Ambassadors, each, wrote a note to Mr. Adams, desiring to know whether the oration contained anything they ought not to listen to? Mr. Adams replied, that if they were willing to listen only to what was agreeable to them, they would do well to remain at home. This was quite sufficient, and they did not attend."

Sunday, 8th.—Died Baron Dupuytren, aged fifty-six, the most celebrated surgeon in France.

A German journal, in giving an account of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's Museum at Munich, states that there are many objects which belonged to Napoleon, and among them a small temple, with a marble cupola, supported by columns of jasper, the base of which is ornamented by antique cameos, bearing the letter I. In the centre of the temple is a small eagle in silver, and the following inscription: "The Emperor Napoleon being obliged to melt down his plate at St. Helena, preserved the Eagles for his family." This was sent to Prince Eugène.

The Euphrates expedition is ready to sail from Liverpool for the coast of Syria: it consists of fifty persons under the command of Colonel Chesney of the Artillery. The "George Canning" has on board two iron steamers in frame; these are made up into

various packages, which will be transhipped on the coast of Syria into small country craft, and conveyed up the Orontes as far as it is navigable. This river, after passing the ancient city of Antioch, falls into the Mediterranean, near the gulph of Scanderoon. These packages will be taken from the Orontes to Bir on the Euphrates, across a desert of probably 150 miles, chiefly by camels, which carry about half a ton weight each, and may be hired on the coast, to any number, and at a trifling expense. At Bir the steamers will be reconstructed, and the Grand Signior and Mehemet Ali have promised their protection as far as their authority extends.

There is a commentary on the life and writings of Lord Byron published in the "Revue de Paris" by M. Jules Janin, which, after comparing his Lordship's genius to that of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, proceeds to assert that, "declamé ou chanté, Iliade ou Odyssée, Childe Harold est toujours le poème unique des temps modernes."

M. Janin represents Lord B—— as a most interesting, romantic, and persecuted character; foiled in his noble political pursuits at home by a prejudiced despotic ministry, depreciated and criticised with the bitterest satire by his literary contemporaries, calumniated, and driven from society by the unfeeling acrimony of false friends, and the prejudiced coteries of fashionable life, and at last seeking a refuge in foreign climes against the cruel persecution of an unjust and ungrateful country.

Now all this is very well for French romance, but every one who knows the real position of Lord

B——, must be aware that there is not one syllable of truth in it. His lot was that of any other modern English gentleman, who prefers his pleasures to his duties, and seeks for happiness where it never can be found, in the wayward indulgence of his own caprice. He was not even, as is asserted, the hero of many duels.

Notwithstanding his great talents,—and no one can wish to deny them,—he was a selfish, and at times a dissipated character; he married a valuable woman, whom he treated with cruelty and neglect; occupied with his muse, whom, to gratify private spleen, he would occasionally arm with the bitterest weapons, he never attempted to obtain any celebrity in the politics or the senate of his country, where so wide a field was open to his exertions and endowments. At length, because his captious vanity was indignant at the common criticism of his early productions, which no author can escape; and his pride was hurt at some natural comments on his character as a husband; he flies in disgust to the continent, vowing hatred and enmity to every unfortunate English idler whom he may meet on his travels: affecting what he calls

> "That vital scorn of all,
> As if the worst had fallen that could befall;"

and trying to dupe the world with the mask of

> "The man of loneliness and mystery,
> Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh!"

his romantic admirers on the continent have, at

length, canonised him as a martyr to calumny and oppression: while those who remember certain dinners at Watier's in the olden time, certain long potations with John Kemble, Brummell, and other *virtuosi*, have no faith in the affected misanthropy, and only recollect an agreeable companion,—the *bon convive qui boit sec.*

Lord Byron might have remained with perfect ease and security in his native country, if his own restless spirit would have permitted it; he might have reaped every honour from his talents in the senate, or his poetical pursuits in the closet; and notwithstanding the faults which he complains were so unjustly visited upon him, he might have been what he pleased in society, the idol or the tyrant of the *grand monde.*

The time is long gone by (and daily examples prove it) when vice or misconduct could serve to exclude a man of rank and fashion from the highest and most distinguished circles in London.

Tuesday, 10*th.*—Baron Dupuytren's funeral was attended by above 3000 people: he has left an immense fortune, made in his profession, of from eight to nine millions of francs, to his only child, a daughter, married to a peer of France, and 200,000 fr. to the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, for the establishment of a professorship of pathological anatomy. His body he bequeathed to Drs. Broussais and Cruveilhier, who with other physicians proceeded to open it on Monday. The brain was of a remarkable size, weighing 2lbs. 14oz. The heart, which usually weighs about twelve ounces, weighed twenty, and consequently was extremely large.

The Carlists in Spain have had some partial successes in Navarre, and have received some supplies from Leghorn. At Madrid nothing material has occurred.

Some disarmaments have been announced in the Austrian army.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—The march of civilisation is progressing in Turkey; the Ottoman Monitor announces that the Government had established a high road from Scutari to Nicomede, with post-horses and carriages, which travellers may obtain at a moderate price. The result has proved so satisfactory to the Sultan, that his highness has resolved upon repairing and enlarging the high roads throughout the whole Turkish Empire.

The foreign ambassadors to the British Court, who seemed by common consent to have quitted their posts, leaving any casual business that might occur, to be discussed with Lord Palmerston by their secretaries, are now generally returning to their official duties in London. Baron Bulow left Berlin on the 4th instant for London, Prince Esterhazy is arrived here from Vienna on the same destination. Pozzi di Borgo is already arrived at Ashburnam House, and Sebastiani is making final preparations for his departure. It is a curious fact, that just previous to the dismissal of the Whig Ministers, they had contrived, by their measures and their foreign secretary, so to alienate and even personally offend the representatives of the great powers in Europe, that King William's court was deserted by all but their *protégés* from Spain, Portugal, and Belgium.

Fortunately, the name alone of the Duke has been sufficient to dispel these clouds.

Thursday, 12*th*.—The resources of reading and study, as Voltaire has remarked, may convert the dullest hours into the most agreeable. Ever since the beginning of this retired existence, I have often felt the truth of those lines in Cicero, and acknowledged the advantages they enumerate: —

" Hæc studia enim adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, *adversis perfugium*, et *solatium præbent;* delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernunctant nobiscum, *peregrinantur*, rusticantur."

Friday, 13*th*.—A steam carriage arrived yesterday from Paris, to the great admiration of the gossips of Versailles, but it did not travel much faster than the common daily diligences. It is proposed shortly to establish a regular steam communication with this town. The number of passengers who make this journey every day amounts to 2000 by the regular conveyances, and it is supposed that this new facility will increase them to 3000.

Saturday, 14*th*.—The advices from Jamaica are very satisfactory; the more so, as considerable apprehensions of unpleasant scenes during the Christmas holidays have been anticipated. The apprentices have become more aware of their real interest, and the labour on the estates is performing in better temper, and with more tranquillity, than their preceding conduct had given reason to expect.

A prosecution arising out of the will of the late Abbé Grégoire has exposed some very curious facts.

A certain abbé, who was appointed executioner to the *ci-devant* Bishop of Blois, had, in compliance with his directions, placed him in his coffin, clothed in his episcopal robes, but instead of the cross of silver gilt, substituted one of brass, and in place of the real episcopal ring, put on one of base metal. To prove these facts, the exhumation of the corpse became necessary. It is a curious additional circumstance in this disgraceful transaction, that Dr. Favre Palaprat, the grand master of the order of the Templars, is in possession of the true cross of the Bishop Grégoire.

The report is, that in proportion as the instructions given by Louis-Philippe, in 1830, to Talleyrand, were very decisive to support liberal principles in England, and the then rising government of Earl Grey and the Whigs, those given now from the same quarter to Sebastiani are equally cogent to embrace the opposite system of the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, and instead of separating himself from the diplomatists, who represent the great monarchical powers of Europe, to use all his influence to be admitted into their conferences.

Monday, 16*th*.—Dr. Favre Palaprat has published a letter to prove that the silver gilt cross of the Bishop of Blois was left to him in the will of the deceased.

On Thursday last, died at Cobham Park, the Earl of Darnley, aged forty. On the preceding Monday, he was walking in his park, and observed some labourers occupied in felling a tree; he took up an axe to assist in the operation, when unfortunately his hand slipped, and he wounded himself in the foot,

and cut off one of his toes. No serious danger was at first apprehended, but on the following day a locked jaw ensued, and no medical art could save him.

I went to Paris on business: Greffulhe, who is still sanguine in his hopes for legitimacy, told me the following anecdote of Louis-Philippe.

A certain Chev. de Fondeville has lately published an account of the revolution of July, in which he expressly states, that the Duke of Orleans only accepted the crown at the time, under the solemn pledge to restore it hereafter to Henri V., when the public agitation in France had subsided. Soon after the circulation of this book, the author received a visit from Baron Fain, formerly Secretary of the Cabinet to Napoleon, and now holding the same office under Louis-Philippe, who, after paying him many compliments on his work, concluded by saying that he was commissioned by the King to offer him a present of 300 fr. — For this sum, however, he was particularly anxious to secure a receipt in his handwriting, and then left him. The inference drawn from this act is, that if hereafter any imperious circumstances should recall the exiled family, Louis-Philippe, in yielding to them, may produce this proof of his having secretly worked to promote it.

Sebastiani left Paris yesterday for London, and P. Esterhazy followed him this morning. The Duke of Wellington thus gives additional solemnity to the opening of Parliament on the 19th, by assembling all the Ambassadors of Europe.

Tuesday, 17*th*. — Two North American missionaries have been murdered by the cannibals on the

western coast of Sumatra. Their names are Henry Lyman and Samuel Monson. They had travelled from Batavia to Padang, with the intention of penetrating into the Batta country, where there is no European settlement, and the people live in a complete state of independence, generally in a state of perpetual warfare, devouring their prisoners, like the other cannibal nations. The missionaries hoped to plant Christianity among these people, and notwithstanding they received repeated warnings of the peril to which they would expose themselves by the attempt, they set out on their journey on the 28th of June last. On the road they were met by five armed Battas, who advised them to return immediately. They nevertheless continued their journey, and at four o'clock in the afternoon fell in with a band of 200 armed savages, who put them to death, and ate them. A companion of their journey contrived to escape, and was thus enabled to bring the melancholy intelligence.

Wednesday, 18*th*. — Lord Fitzroy Somerset is said to be arrived at Madrid, with the view of terminating the civil war in Spain. Reports are in circulation there, of a proposal from England, that the infant Queen Isabella should marry the son of Don Carlos.

Thursday, 19*th*. — On Friday last, died the Countess of Winchelsea: she was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Montrose; and on the same day, of apoplexy, the notorious Mr. H. Hunt, of radical memory, and formerly member for Preston, in the Reform Parliament.

During the last year, there were born in Paris, 29,130 children, of whom 9985 were illegitimate. The deaths amounted to 24,177, of whom 8837 in the hospitals. The marriages were 8088.

The accounts from England vary much, as to the election of a Speaker for the new Parliament; the Whigs and Radicals are coalescing firmly to oppose Mr. C. M. Sutton, from pique and party spirit; the contest appears doubtful, as it is even betting.

Friday, 20th. — Found the Duchesse de Guiche this evening, as usual, with her family, and the old Duc de Gramont, who had come from Paris. My recollection and acquaintance with the Duc de Guiche date very far back, and when he was very young. The circumstances under which he has been placed at different times are rather singular. At the breaking out of the first revolution in France, he and his two sisters were placed under the hospitable protection of the late Duchess of Devonshire in England, and for a long period were the inmates of Devonshire House, at the time when it was the centre of gaiety and dissipation in London. Here the education they received, and the connections which they formed, were entirely English. One of the sisters was then removed to her relations abroad, married a Russian, General Davidoff, who died, and lately is become the wife of General Sebastiani, with whom she went last week, as Ambassadress to England; the other sister married Lord Ossulston, and is now Countess of Tankerville, settled for life as an Englishwoman.

George IV., then Prince of Wales, was a con-

stant frequenter of the coteries and parties at Devonshire House, which was then the resort not only of the *opposition*, but of all the wits and *beaux esprits* of the day. Sheridan, Grey, Whitbread, Lord Robert Spencer, Fox, Hare, Fitzpatrick, G. Selwyn, Prince Boothby, Sir H. Featherstonhaugh, and a host of names which I just remember in all the celebrity of *haut ton*, but now swept away by the hand of time, and, with only some few exceptions, leaving hardly a trace of recollection behind them. The Prince of Wales gave the young Count de Gramont a commission in his own regiment, the 10th Light Dragoons, of which the officers were generally his favourites and friends, among whom at that time were Poyntz, W. Churchill, Bradyll, Jack Lee, poor little Galway, who was burnt in his bed, Lords R. and C. Manners, and, though last not least, our friend G. Brummell, who was beginning to establish that intimacy with his Royal Colonel, which, after some years duration, at last, from indiscretion on one side and caprice on the other, terminated in total estrangement and banishment from the Royal presence. Amidst the duties of his regiment, and such introduction to the best English society, De Guiche's time was agreeably passed, till the war in the Peninsula called him into actual service, where he made the campaigns under the Duke of Wellington, opposed to the French armies who were fighting under Napoleon, to subdue Spain; — a circumstance which in after times has been very unjustly blamed by some of his countrymen.

At the peace in 1814, the restoration of the Bour-

bons brought him back to France, and the enjoyment of his family honours. From this period till the crisis in 1830, his life must have been a continued scene of prosperity and promotion. He was made a general in the service, grand écuyer to the Dauphin, and when he married Mademoiselle D'Orsay, she was created première dame d'honneur to the Duchesse de Berry; added to this, he lived rent free, had the control and use of all the Dauphin's stable establishments, a constant couvert at the table of the Grand Maître d'Hôtel, with yearly appointments of not less than 100,000 fr. for his income. A few lines in the "Moniteur" of the 25th July were sufficient to destroy at one blow, not only his habits of splendour and happiness, but the very throne of that family to which he owed them. True to his loyalty, he followed the fortunes of his benefactors to Holyrood House; from thence he accompanied them to Prague, and is at length come with his wife and family to Versailles, to live on a limited income in quiet and retirement, not without looking forward to a period when legitimacy may resume its rights, and the tide of fortune again turn in his own favour.

They are both amiable, sensible, and well-informed people, occupied with the education of their children, and declining all intercourse with what is called the *société* of the place, but ready to show us, whose tastes coincide with their own, any marks of attention and civility.

The papers announce the creation of three new baronets:—

Lieutenant-General Sir George Walker;

John Barrow, Esq.;

Francis Holyoake Goodricke, Esq.

The latter is the fortunate heir to the late Sir Harry Goodricke, who, from no ties of relationship, but mere personal predilection as a friend and fellow sportsman, bequeathed to him a great part of his immense property.

Saturday, 21*st*.—A telegraphic dispatch is arrived in Paris, with the account of the meeting of Parliament on the 19th, when Mr. Abercromby having obtained 316 votes, and Mr. C. M. Sutton 306, the former was declared Speaker. Though the loss of this question may be a momentary mortification to the new government, it cannot be considered as disheartening for the future; in point of numbers the majority is trifling, and if we may consider the 306 as conservatives, and the 316 as whigs, radicals, repealers, dissenters, &c., it may be hoped that the compact mass on one side may be found equal to cope with the disjointed materials on the other.

A singular incident occurred on Thursday evening at the assembly of the President of the Chamber of Deputies. On the arrival of Admiral de Rigny, the servant was about to announce him as Minister for Foreign Affairs, but the Admiral stopped him, and desired that his naval rank should only be proclaimed. Some persons coupling this with the reports lately in circulation of a dissolution of the Cabinet, took it as an indication of his having resigned his ministerial office; but the resolution said to have been formed by the five ministers in November last, never to enter the saloons of M. Dupin, was recol-

lected, and it was supposed that Admiral de Rigny, faithful to his word, presented himself on this occasion, not as minister, but merely as a private individual. The mystery will soon be cleared up.

The other night, G. mentioned an anecdote of the present Lord ——, which may prove that his character for ill temper in the world has not been unjustly acquired. When very young, as Mr. ——, he was placed as a cornet in the 10th Light Dragoons, and his mother, Lady ——, recommended him to the care and attention of G. as his senior officer, who very soon had opportunities of perceiving his intractable disposition. One day —— was riding from the barracks to Brighton on a horse which proved rather refractory, and at last so irritated his master, that he alighted in a passion, and drawing his sword, stabbed the animal in the side. The affair made a great sensation at the time, and the officers of the regiment at first refused to mess with him; but out of consideration for his youth, and regard for his family, the matter was hushed up, though it could not well be forgotten.

One of the objections which has been made to the proceedings of the Duke's government, and which has been criticised by the opposition prints with the greatest severity, is the appointment of Lord Londonderry to the Embassy at St. Petersburg. His violent ultra-Tory principles, his uniform support of the Holy Alliance system in Parliament, and above all, certain recollections of his former embassy to Vienna, have given a handle to these remarks, which might have easily been avoided by the nomination of a less intemperate politician.

Monday, 23*rd.* — Marshal Mortier resigned on Friday his office as President of the Council and Minister of War. The king has sent to Marshal Soult, who is at St. Arnaud in the Tarn, desiring him to come up to Paris, and reconstruct the Cabinet, which seems to require repair every month.

Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham voted for Mr. C. M. Sutton; the former in his speech placed the nomination of Mr. Abercromby in its proper colours, as an act savouring more of resentment than of justice, and dictated by mere party spirit. Sir R. Peel came to the point at once, by telling the late government, that in the former instance they never considered the political bias of the late Speaker, but wanting to avail themselves of the advantages of his character, abilities, and experience, to establish the reputation of the first Reformed Parliament for gravity and decorum, they made no hesitation, but were anxious to elect him; and now that he had served them, and answered their object, he was to be dismissed with the most signal ingratitude.

There was a considerable mob assembled in the street leading to the Houses, who in obedience to their instructions greeted the new ministers, the Tory members, and the Bishops, with a yell of discontent. The Funds fell above one per cent.

Tuesday, 24*th.* — Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett did not vote on the question of the Speaker. It is said that the King's speech will be of a very comprehensive description, entering into many details of important matter.

Wednesday, 25*th.* — A French gentleman who

has served at Algiers, and was formerly employed by the Government at Constantinople, related the following instance of the manner in which justice is administered in the latter country, by the Cadis, or inferior judges, when debts are claimed by foreigners. A manufacturer of Carcassone arrived at Constantinople with a large investment of cloths, which, by a new process, he had rendered peculiarly fit for the Turkish market. An Armenian dealer was highly pleased with the quality, and bought the whole assortment, for which he paid by his note of hand, falling due at a short term. When the period arrived, the merchant called upon the Turk with his bill, and demanded payment; but his surprise may be imagined when the other declared that he had already paid it. "But," said he, "here is your own note: I should have given it up to you if it had been acquitted. "Your paper is of no consequence," said the Armenian; "I have paid it, and can produce my witnesses, which is of more importance than your title." In this dilemma there was no resource but to apply to the French Ambassador, who, feeling the inefficacy of his own intervention, recommended the plaintiff to put his case in the hands of one of his interpreters, who had with much diligence studied the chicanery of the Turkish law, and was aware of the base system practised by the native debtors to elude the demands for which they were liable. The dragoman having prepared his measures, engaged the merchant to cite the Armenian before the judge. When they all appeared in court, the Frenchman was asked what was the ground of

his complaint. "The settlement of this bill, which that man pretends to have paid." "What do you reply to this?" said the cadi to the debtor. "That I have already paid it." "And why did you then neglect to retain it?" "I did not think it necessary." "Have you any witnesses?" "Yes; they are here." Two men immediately advanced from the crowd, and bore testimony to the payment of the note, mentioning particular details to strengthen their evidence, and particularly the hour of the day when it took place. "You see," said the judge to the Frenchman, "this man owes you nothing."

The affair seemed to be decided, and the consternation of the plaintiff was complete, when the interpreter, who had remained silent during this interval, thus addressed the judge:—"We allow that this man did actually pay the note in the manner that these worthy persons have asserted, but they omit to state, or probably are not aware, that in one hour afterwards we returned the money to this Armenian for his accommodation at the time; and to prove this here are our witnesses." In fact, two individuals then stepped forward, and testified to the truth of this last assertion, which the dishonest Turk, not being prepared to rebut, he was immediately condemned to satisfy the claim.

Thursday, 26th. — The dissensions with the Chinese have been carried to a serious length. On the 7th September an action had been fought. H.M. ships "Imogene" and "Andromache" weighed anchor to pass the Bogue, and were immediately fired upon by the Chinese forts. The ships returned

the fire with much effect, and several lives were lost. In the meantime, Lord Napier, whose health was already in a precarious state, became so much worse from the anxiety and vexation incurred in these discussions with the Chinese government, aggravated as they were by the harassing treatment which he received on his passage to Macao, that he died on the 11th of October. The embargo had been taken off when the last accounts came away.

The President's life has been attempted in America by an assassin named Richard Lawrence, who appears to have been insane: he fired two pistols at him, both of which, fortunately, flashed in the pan.

The government here remains in abeyance, or rather none exists, as none of the resignations are yet filled up.

The Stuart Papers, of which so much has been heard and so little seen, were purchased by George IV. in 1818, and are now perhaps in the British Museum, or some archives of the court: if published they would be highly interesting. They at one time had got into the possession of Dr. Walker, a collector of manuscripts, who, if he had retained his prize in silence, might have brought them from Rome, and enjoyed the produce of his acquisition in security. The public also would have benefited by the discovery. Rome at that time was full of English, and the imprudent collector could not help boasting to them of his purchase, and inviting them secretly to come and admire his treasure. The late Duchess of Devonshire

having expressed a strong desire to see the collection, an evening was fixed for the gratification of her curiosity. A few select friends only were invited to examine the papers. In this number unfortunately happened to be the Cardinal-secrétaire, who had been named one of the executors to the will of the late Cardinal York, and whose secretary, the Abbé Lupi, had, unknown to him, privately disposed of these papers to Dr. Walker, without being aware of their value, for the trifling sum of 300 crowns. The evening was spent in discussing the manuscripts; the Cardinal contented himself with a cursory examination, and made no comments on the subject which could lead the company to suppose that he felt any particular interest about them.

On the following morning, Dr. Walker's apartment was invested by a detachment of the Papal Carabiniers, and an agent of the police placed a seal on all his papers, while two sentinels were left to keep guard at his door, during the rest of the day. The result was, that the doctor was deprived of his manuscripts; he received back his purchase money, and when he exclaimed against the injustice of this proceeding, he was told that he might apply to the King of England, who was the rightful heir, and to whom they had been forwarded by the Cardinal's orders.

These papers consist of a journal minutely detailing every thing which passed from the arrival of James II. at St. Germains, up to a very few days

before the death of Cardinal York, added to which is an autograph correspondence on every subject, political and domestic, which serves as a key to all the statements contained in it.

There is a book of expenses, kept with the regularity of a merchant's accounts, detailing the pecuniary situation of the exiled family, both in prosperity and adversity: the exact report of their frequent vicissitudes, and the sums which it cost the proscribed dynasty during three generations to reign without a kingdom, to maintain a court, to pay conspirators, to attempt a restoration, and, last of all, to live in seclusion and retirement.

The letters from James II. to his son are numerous, written and corrected by himself; to some are attached the *foul copies*, which are full of erasures, showing the anxiety which pervaded his feelings for a son who had so little answered his hopes and expectations. If James II. gains in estimation by this correspondence, the Chevalier St. George loses at least in the same proportion.

James III., for he took that title at the death of James II., had in fact all the defects, without any of the qualities, of his father. The child of his declining years, he had not even inherited that character which gave some little *éclat* to the youthful days of the Duke of York; and the education which he received at the Court of St. Germains produced the fruits naturally to be expected in a mind so well prepared by nature to receive them. He died, without having ever abandoned the hope of regaining his imaginary sceptre, but without ever having

shown the firmness and vigour necessary for the attempt. It required all the romantic character of his son to create again any interest for their hopeless cause; and though the character of Charles Edward, pretender in 1745, has been represented at times in somewhat contradictory colours, yet his undaunted courage in the hour of danger, and his heroic conduct in adversity, combine in themselves the elements of a nature far superior to that of his insignificant parent. At his death, the Cardinal York succeeded to all his claims and pretensions, and never was there a more pacific pretender, while the tranquil and easy life of a prince of the church was no inappropriate retreat for the last remaining scion of the monarch who had forfeited three kingdoms for one mass.

In the Stuart Papers is a copy of one of his letters, which proves that he was sensibly afflicted at his brother's death, where, speaking of the funeral, he says:—L'on vît le frère lui-même du défunt, ministre du Dieu qui fait ou défait les monarques, entouré des écussons en deuil de sa famille, proclamer avec les paroles de l'Ecriture sainte, sur le cercueil d'un Roi sans royaume, le néant des choses humaines," &c. &c.

After showing every honour to his brother's memory, he caused a tomb to be erected at his expense, in the church of Frascati, which bears the following inscription: a cenotaph was also executed by Canova, in the Church at St. Peter's, to the honour of the family.

"HENRICUS Card: Episcopus Tusculanensis,
Cui paterna jura, titulique cessere,
Ducis Eboracensis, appellatione rescriptâ,
In ipso luctu tamen, et reverentia obsecutus,
Inducto in Templum suum funere,
Multis cum lacrymis persolvit
Fratri Augustissimo,
Honoremque Sepulcri ampliorem
Dicavit."

There are other letters in this collection, which, if ever published, may cause some of the present generation to blush for their ancestors, during the sixty years which preceded the battle of Culloden. An Admiral Baker offers to give up the English fleet for 100,000*l.*; other Whigs sell themselves to the Jacobite cause for the peerage; and there is a certain Hamilton paid by the House of Hanover to assassinate all the Stuarts. The correspondence of the Jacobite party itself is very curious, as expressing their unalterable faith in legitimacy, and their religious bigotry, which went so far as to solicit from the Court of Rome the canonisation of James II. after his death.

It may be added in favour of Charles Edward, that one of the most uniform detractors of his character was Alfieri, who cannot be considered an impartial commentator. He was a rigid republican, and in love, both of which may readily account for his hatred to a monarch by divine right, and to the husband of the Princess de Stolberg, who was the object of his attachment.

Friday, 27th. — The King's Speech arrived from

London. It is long, but seems cautiously planned, to avoid giving a handle to the movers of amendments. The circumstance of the late change of ministry is in no shape alluded to.

Saturday, 28th.—The Address in the Lords was carried without a division. The debate in the Commons was adjourned to the following day.

The Earl of Scarborough, while hunting on the 23rd, at Markham Moor near Doncaster, fell from his horse, and was so severely injured that he died almost immediately; he is succeeded by his son Lord Lumley.

The Funds have continued to fall, but with the present abundance of capital, nothing short of a great crash at home will affect them very seriously. General Sebastiani had just arrived in London, been presented at Court, and taken the late Lady Hertford's house in Manchester Square at 1000*l.* per annum for his residence, when he received an express, ordering him to return to Paris without delay, and form part of the new Administration here. He arrived last night.

At night the telegraph announced that in the division of the House of Commons on the Address to the King, the amendment was carried by a majority against the Government of only 7, which, as the opposition had previously boasted it would be 40 to 50, may be considered a triumph.

Sunday, March 1st.—In Young's Night Thoughts, the fourth canto alludes to the death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Temple, who died at the early age

of eighteen, in the year 1736, at Lyons, just after her marriage; and he dwells in a very pathetic manner on the difficulties which were raised by the Catholic priesthood in France to prevent her interment in consecrated ground, which, after all, he was obliged to accomplish by stealth, and, as he himself describes it, to follow her to the tomb at night, and in privacy, more like the assassin than the mourner and friend of the deceased.

How far this was true may be inferred from the circumstance that Mrs. Temple's grave and tombstone, with a long Latin inscription, has lately been discovered in a small court of the Hôtel-Dieu at Lyons, which formerly served as a burial-place for the Protestants, and has lately been converted into a botanic garden.

There is also in the archives of the Hôtel-de-Ville, a register of the Protestant worship, containing the deaths from 1719—1774, in which this very funeral is recorded in proper form, although it appears that the relations were compelled to pay a sum of 729 liv., which at the present time would be excessive, and one hundred years back must have been an enormous exaction for one solitary grave.

Whatever might have been the prejudices of the French priesthood at that time, their intolerance seems to have been more than counterbalanced by their avarice in this instance, and it is to be regretted that our poet should have thus exposed his assertions to be confuted. The following is a copy of the epitaph: —

"Hic jacet
Eliz. Temple, ex parte Patris
Fransisci Lee, Regiæ legionis
Tribuni, nec non ex parte
Matris Eliz. Lee
Nobilissimorum comitum
De Lichfield consanguinea:
Avum habuit Edwardum Lee
Comitem-de-Lichfield;
Proavum Carolum II.
Magnæ Britanniæ
Regem. In memoriam
Conjugis carissimæ,
Peregrinis in Oris, (ita
Sors acerba voluit) hunc
Lapidem mœrens posuit
Henricus Temple, filius
Natu maximus Henrici
Vicecomitis de
Palmerston. Obiit
Die 8 Octob. A. D. 1736
Ætat. 18."

Monday, 2nd.—There is no question which seems more to puzzle the French, than the expedition into Spain, in the year 1823, to assist Ferdinand against the domination of the Cortes. The question of that war, if war it can be called, where resistance scarcely existed, was not of a military nature, it was a mere political movement, of which all the chances had been previously calculated; and from the instant it was ascertained at the first crossing of the Bidassoa, that the French troops would obey their chiefs, and fire on the insurgents, which at one time was a matter of serious doubt, from that instant the march from Irun to Cadiz was little more than a calculation of the *étapes* at which the army should make

their halts: so much was every difficulty previously ascertained and provided for.

The Count de Martignac, who was attached to the staff of the Dauphin during that short campaign, had written an account of the operations, which was intended for the press, but death prevented his finishing the work and its publication.

From the character of the author, it is highly probable that the whole of this transaction would have been represented in an impartial light, allowing due credit to the discipline and conduct of the troops, which was the only eulogy they had an opportunity of deserving, and at the same time explaining the necessity, which the Bourbons felt on their new restoration, of putting down an active revolution so near to their own frontiers. It was unfortunate perhaps that the individual, in whose favour this intervention was made, should have been so little worthy of the assistance, but the demerits of one man cannot be opposed to the working of a general principle. Spain as she then was, would never have been at rest under a popular government, so disunited in itself, and unsupported by the great majority of the people: while the agitated state of public feeling in France to that period, would have received constant fuel and irritation from the excited proceedings of their neighbours.

The arrangements had been well digested between the Ministers of Louis XVIII. on one side, and the adherents of Ferdinand and the priest party in Spain on the other: an army of 100,000 men was assembled on the frontier, and in the month of April orders

were sent to the Dauphin (then Duc d'Angoulême) to cross the Bidassoa and open the campaign.

The first object which presented itself to the advanced guard of the invading army, on entering the Spanish territory, was a handful of French exiled liberals, posted on an opposite hill, who addressed their fellow countrymen with the well-known salute of "Vive l'Empereur!" and appeals to their enthusiasm in the cause of liberty. The crisis was now arrived! The old soldiers of Napoleon appeared to hesitate; when an officer of artillery, seizing a match himself, fired the first gun, and gave the order for a further discharge, which was immediately followed. The stragglers were either killed or dispersed; but the trial had been made, and further anxiety was at an end. That first cannon-shot decided the issue of the campaign; the rest was little more than a triumphant march.

One of the most immediate effects of that expedition was that which was felt on all the exchanges of Europe. The French Ministers, and Rothschild, who with a few others were in the secret, reaped immense benefits, acting as it may be said on a certainty. The Funds had previously fallen everywhere from the apprehensions entertained of a Spanish war, which in a former instance had been so fatal to France; but as soon as this war had positively begun, to the great suprise of the *uninitiated*, orders for purchases arrived in England and elsewhere, and the markets from that day began to rally. Our 3 per cents on the 1st of March had even fallen to 71; but from this period of crossing the Bidassoa, they gra-

dually continued to rise without a check till they reached 96, in 1825, the year of the panic, when they fell again in almost an equal proportion: about this period the Spanish Cortes bonds, which before the invasion were as high as 77, fell with increasing despondency, till they were quoted at 14, and now the reaction of circumstances has again raised them to 57.

I remember dining with Madame Hamelin in Paris, in the year 1824, who told me that the speculators were sure of their fact from the moment that the army moved. Chateaubriand called upon her one morning, and said, "Voulez vous être des notres, il n'y a point de risque. Achetez ferme." She took the hint, and found her advantage from it.

Tuesday, 3*rd*.—The London papers of Saturday bring little news. The hostile parties in the House of Commons are reposing after the little struggle, and preparing for fresh war. The attitude of the Ministers is calm and decided, while the Whigs, enraged at the secession of the Stanley party, have found that the utmost effort of their strength, so vaunted by their friends, has been to place an inexperienced gentleman in the chair, instead of one of the most experienced by whom it had ever been filled; and to carry, by a majority of only 7, one of the most vague and milk-and-water amendments that ever was moved in the House of Commons.

Wednesday, 4*th*.—The Prince Consort took his oaths and his seat on the 14th ult., in the House of Peers at Lisbon. Don Miguel has left Rome for Vienna.

The Countess du Cayla, well known as the friend of Louis XVIII., died lately at Bordeaux. Her memoirs, or at least those which were written in her name, give an entertaining account of that reign. One of his Majesty's calembourgs on her name has been often cited. He was sitting in his cabinet occupied with a book, when the door opened, and he heard the rustling of a silk gown behind him: without looking round, and concluding it was a visit from Madame du Cayla, he called out "Zoë," in his usual manner, when M. Perronet, the Keeper of the Seals, in his robes, appeared before him. Without showing any embarrassment at the mistake, he merely held up his book and said, "Voilà, le Robinson Crusoe," meaning, "Les Robins sont crus Zoë."

Marshal Soult is arrived in Paris.

Thursday, 5th.—On Monday the House was occupied with vexatious and unauthorised questions from Lord J. Russell and Mr. Hume, as to the future proceedings and intentions of the Government. Sir R. Peel, with perfect temper and composure, parried these interrogatories; leaving the opposition assured of only one point, which was, that he had no idea of resigning. He was very happy in his reply to the question, whether he contemplated another dissolution? He merely quoted that which was made by Earl Grey on a similar occasion, in April, 1831, to Lord Wharncliffe, who said, "That he believed the question was one of a very unusual nature, and he could hardly bring himself to believe that his Lordship expected an answer." He finally deprecated any idea of menacing the House, or even having

put any case hypothetically, which could justify a dissolution.

Mr. ——, a banker at Paris, returning home some evenings ago from a ball, missed three things—his wife, his cashier, and the contents of his strong box. Having by some means ascertained that the fugitives were gone to Havre, he immediately followed them, and arrived at the hotel in which they had taken up their abode, where he learned they were to sail the next day for America. Making a confidant of the landlord, the banker went to the chamber where the two culprits were. At the first summons the recreant cashier opened the door, and throwing himself at the feet of his injured benefactor, acknowledged his criminality, and only supplicated mercy for his guilty companion, who remained trembling in the room which he had just quitted. "Don't be alarmed," said the banker; "all I want is my money." The whole of this was immediately given up. The banker having ascertained that nothing was kept back, turned to the delinquent, and offered him notes to the amount of 10,000 fr., saying, "This is for the service you have rendered me, in ridding me of a vicious wife. You may set off with her to-morrow for New York, on condition that you have received the money for the express purpose of paying the expenses of yourself and Madame —— to the United States." The paper was signed, the door was closed, and in a quarter of an hour the banker was on his road back to Paris.

Friday, 6th.—The Gazette of the 3rd announces the promotion of Mr. Charles M. Sutton (the late Speaker), to the peerage, as Viscount Canterbury.

and Baron Bottesford. The English funds have entirely recovered from their late depression, with the appearance of a further rise.

It appears that the Madame Du Cayla, who died at Bordeaux, is not the friend of Louis XVIII., but a relation of her husband.

Saturday, 7th. — A telegraphic dispatch, dated Vienna, March 2nd, has been received *viâ* Strasburg. "The Emperor of Austria died this morning at one o'clock."

By the laws of America and Spain, a marriage contracted before a consul of another nation is radicallly null. Under this plea the divorce between Madame Malibran Garcia and her husband has been denied by the Tribunal de Première Instance.

The late Rev. E. Irving, well known as the advocate of the unknown tongues, acted in Ryder's company in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, about twenty-four years ago, and was then passionately devoted to the stage. The obliquity of his vision, his dialect, and peculiarly awkward gait and manner, created so much derision, that he left the stage for the pulpit, where his acting was more successful.

A traveller from Italy gave me the following information on Mosaics:

There are three sorts of the ancient mosaic which are known in the present day, all equally made of small pieces joined together, but each sort of different materials: that which is most common is formed of a species of enamel, or glass, in different tints, which is called Composition Mosaic, and is still manufactured in Rome. Another, and the more valu-

able, is composed entirely of stones, naturally shaded, and is termed the Pietra Dura; the manufacture of this still continues at Florence. The third is a combination of the pietra dura and the composition, the finest specimens of which are in the Museum at Naples.

Of these mosaics, the most difficult, and consequently the most precious, is that in pietra dura; and it is difficult even to conceive the patience and labour requisite to select and arrange in different stones the tints and colours necessary to imitate the variegated shades of a picture, and the perfection to which that imitation was carried by the ancients.

In the time of the Roman empire this art was the great luxury of the rich, and the artists of the first order were devoted to it. Pliny the Elder deplores bitterly the neglect of painting, for this most favoured talent in his time,—"Arte quondam nobili nunc in totum marmoribus pulsâ." But it is fortunate for posterity that these works of art were confided to such durable materials, which neither time, the elements, nor a subterraneous imprisonment have been able to deface.

The pictures of Apelles, Zeuxis, Protogenes, and Timanthus have perished; but many of the celebrated mosaics have been preserved to this day; and from the continued researches at Pompeii, of which city not one fifth part has yet been laid open, many more valuable discoveries may still be anticipated.

It is calculated that 3,000,000 francs would be required to finish this exhumation; but as the Neapo-

litan government can only allow 25,000 fr. a year to this purpose, the progress must be very slow and unsatisfactory; although the advantages already reaped from these sluggish researches, ought to have been a sufficient inducement, from mere motives of interest, to have employed a larger capital in this curious speculation. The house of the Faun alone was an invaluable discovery to the Arts.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon, who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the Court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché, Duc d'Otranto. He at last had a private interview with the King, when he expressed his desire to dictate his life to his service. Louis replied, "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect, that you would frankly inform me, what where the measures, and who were the men, that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona, or at Mittau, I was then surrounded by numerous adherents, but at Hartwell for instance,—were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?" "Yes, Sir; every day the motions of your majesty were made known to me." "Eh, what! surrounded as I was by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me? Who thus abused my

confidence? I insist on your naming him immediately." "Sir, you urge me to say what must wound your Majesty's heart." "Speak, Sir! kings are but too subject to be deceived." "If you command it, Sir, I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont." "What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence? I must acknowledge," added the king, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor, he had many expenses, and living is very dear in England. Well then, Mr. Fouché, it was I that dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him 12,000 fr. out of the 48,000 fr., which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family."

These words terminated the audience, and the Duke retired in confusion.

Monday, 9th.—The only expedient to which the opposition papers have recourse, to hide their disappointment and spleen at the late failures of their party, is to circulate reports that the Duke of Wellington is going to resign, though they are unable to assign any motive for it, as may be supposed.

The electors of Westminster have sent a deputation to Sir F. Burdett, expostulating with him for his late conduct, in not voting for Mr. Abercromby, or for the amendment to the Address. They gained little from the Baronet by their interference. In reply to the first point he said, "Though Mr. Abercromby is a very respectable man, I should as soon have thought of voting for Mr. Sutton to the situation of a Scotch Judge, as voting Mr. Abercromby to the chair of the House of Commons; and as to the

second, which was only an underhand expression of revenge and alarm at the new government, I do not think they intend to try to do anything against the liberties of their country, nor, if they did, would it be in the power of any government, under the Reform Bill."

Both my friends here, King, and the Duc de Guiche, have placed themselves under the homœopathic system for their health, but without obtaining any material, at least visible, benefit.

The head of this sect is a Dr. Hahnemann, who founds his method of cure on reversing the old adage of *Contraria contrariis curantur.* His system seems borrowed from the Russian peasant, who revives his frozen limb by the application of snow; or the intelligent cook, who either holds to the fire, or applies a hot spirit to, the hand which he has had the misfortune to scald.

It is the principle of homœopathy, that every disorder arises from some derangement of the vital power, expressed by certain symptoms. The art of this system then consists in converting, by the requisite medicines, a natural malady into one of the same description, but artificial, which being more active in itself, will dislodge the original complaint, and then finally itself yield to the vital action, and thus restore the regular functions of the body.

Human nature, says Hahnemann, is more susceptible of the influence of medicine, than of a fresh contagion, being at all times, and under all circumstances, ready to receive the action of the one, while it requires a decided predisposition of the organs to

imbibe the other. Thus it results, that an artificial malady, which may be termed absolute and unconditional, will end by expelling a natural malady, which is liable to certain circumstances or conditions, and has not therefore the same vigour or energy as the other. It is, however, necessary, that the artificial disorder, which is employed for this purpose, should be precisely of the same description as its antagonist; in a complication of two different disorders, the one in general will only suspend for a time the action of the other, but two analogous disorders — two inflammations, for instance — will neutralise each other, and two fevers, such as the small-pox and the intermitting fever, can never exist in the same subject.

Thus the homœopathists divide medicine into three different branches.

(1.) Their own system, or homœopathic, which consists, as they say, in imitating nature.

(2.) The allopathic, which attempts to cure by a contrary affection to that which it attacks.

(3.) The antipathic, which prescribes boldly for a disorder indiscriminately, according to its rules, that which may procure momentary aid, but finishes by making the disorder worse.

These are now the three German schools for medicine.

To resume the first. Dr. Hahnemann asserts, that no other medicine should be used, but that which is calculated to produce the artificial symptoms; and as the constitution of the patient is already forcibly predisposed to receive these impressions, and the

medicated action is more energetic than that of the natural complaint, the most minute doses are generally sufficient. Indeed, the slightest aggravation of the original symptoms by medicine will constitute a factitious disorder, equal to the cure; and the slighter it is created, the easier will of course be its after removal. For this purpose, medicines may be divided to infinity; a millionth part of a grain may be prescribed, but by the process of trituration and dissolution the doctor has been able to obtain the fractional of a three millionth part of one grain. In some instances the touch or the smell of the remedy has been deemed sufficient, so that at any rate, under these circumstances, the apothecaries can never be great advocates for the system.

A German doctor of the Allopathic order, once in jest proposed the following question to Hahnemann —"If the millionth part of a grain has so much efficacy, would not an ounce of the same substance, thrown into the Lake of Geneva, be sufficient to cure the whole of Switzerland?"—"Sir," replied the arch professor, "the most violent storm that ever blew would never agitate the lake in a degree sufficient to make a general solution of the medicine in the water."

That many cures have been performed under this system can hardly be denied; were it otherwise the prestige would not long have existed; but the strict rules of abstinence, which form an indispensable part of the prescriptions, may, in most cases of the rich and luxurious patients who apply to the doctor, have essentially contributed to his success.

When the celebrated Dr. Fizes was on his death-bed, he exclaimed to his disciples,—

"I leave to you a much greater physician than myself—abstinence!"

Tuesday, 10*th*.—The statements of Lord Fitzroy Somerset's arrival in Madrid appears to be incorrect. Party spirit in Spain appears to be at a great height. A serious Carlist conspiracy has just been discovered at Cadiz, and its chief, with many of his followers, has been arrested. At a ball lately given by Count Torreno, at Madrid, to the Queen Regent, she, with her own hand, erased from the list of invitations the names of Don Francisco di Paolo, his family and household, as well as those of the most distinguished opposition members of the Procuradores, which has become the subject of general animadversion in the capital.

Difficulties still occur in forming an administration here, notwithstanding the arrival of Marshal Soult.

The priest, who some months ago prevented a duel between two young students in the Bois de Boulogne, is the Abbé Bertin; he has lately succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between a married couple in the Marais, at a moment when the desertion of the husband had prompted the wife to destroy herself and child. The intervention was just in time to save the lives of the victims.

Thursday, 12*th*.—Lord Chandos brought forward his promised motion for the repeal of the malt tax on Tuesday last, which was opposed by Government, and the House was left sitting.

At length an administration here has been patched up, as before, of old materials.

The Duc de Broglie president of the council and minister for foreign affairs.

Marshal Maison, who is at Petersburg, is named minister at war.

De Rigny, Humann, Thiers, Guizot, Duperré, Persil, and Duchâtel, remain in the cabinet.

Friday, 13*th*.—Lord Chandos's motion was rejected by a majority of 155 in favour of ministers. Sir Robert Peel's speech met with universal applause from all sides of the House.

The Duke of Richmond has gained his cause in the Royal Court of Bourges against the younger branches of his family, touching his right to the estate of Aubigny.

The King came down yesterday to view the progress of the Museum at the château: he had in his carriage Count Sebastiani, who took the opportunity of coming to pay a visit to his brother-in-law the Duc de Guiche.

He told me this evening that Sebastiani was enchanted with our Duke of Wellington, whose frankness and activity in business were beyond all praise. His expression was, "If I have any thing to communicate to His Grace, I write to ask at what hour he will receive me. The hour is instantly appointed; I find him punctual as the clock, and, in half an hour he has heard my report, he has placed his finger on the point which has reference to himself, decided on the line which he feels authorised to take, and gives me an answer without any ambiguity.

"Thirty minutes with him suffice to transact what can never be accomplished in as many hours with our wavering ministers of France."

Sebastiani is impressed with the conviction that our new government in England has already acquired the confidence of the country at large, and is more firmly seated than ever.

The most amusing thing is the turn which our *doctrinaire* government in this country have taken. Last year Lord Grey was their idol; now they are loud in their admiration of the Duke.

If we were to change to-morrow, they would change also. One of the chief impediments lately to the formation of a ministry, has been the obstinacy of M. Thiers, who stood out to be president of the council, upon the suggestion of Talleyrand, who, like an old fox, before he left Paris, was determined to sow dissension, and *brouiller les cartes*, as much as possible. He flattered his vanity, and put those pretensions into his head, which he well knew that M. Guizot, and others of his colleagues, would never submit to. It was only under the threat that his name should be completely omitted, that he at last consented to resume his former post, and recall a resignation which he had never seriously contemplated.

M. de Broglie is again president; but the awkwardness of his position may be conceived, when the discussion of the bill for the American indemnity is again speedily approaching with a very uncertain chance of being carried. Its rejection last year compelled him then to resign his present post. It is

said, that this bill has been pruned and cut down from the sum of 25 millions to nearly half the amount, which, even if carried, can hardly satisfy the American Government, after the previous acknowledgment of the whole.

Nothing here seems stable, or to be depended upon; it is a system of expedients to meet the exigencies of the moment; as Greffuhle wrote three years back, the motto is *Au jour la journée* still: and so will it continue, unless the decided attitude which the Duke's politics will infallibly take in England, as soon as he feels his government firmly established, should produce a corresponding energy here. But with the excited feeling of party spirit here, and the uncertain tenure of the present *régime*, it would seem very difficult to attempt it. They could easily waver in unison with the Whigs, but it will be a more arduous task to be firm with the Tories.

Sebastiani returns immediately to London.

Monday, 16*th*. — Party spirit rages with great violence throughout society in London. The disappointed Whigs are ready for any measures which may perplex the Duke's government, and are publicly coalescing with the Radicals to turn them out. Though the feeling of the country is daily becoming stronger in favour of the Tories, yet the two other parties form a fearful opposition in the House, and every expedient of threat and ridicule is put in force, to keep those who have once voted for the Reform Bill still fettered to their dictates. They are betting two to one in their den at Brookes's, that the government does not last two months.

Still their inconsistency is as great as their virulence. Hume gave notice of a motion for last Friday to limit the supplies for three months, in order to show their distrust of the Government. When the day arrived, he did not dare to propose it. The appointment of Lord Londonderry to Petersburg was made another subject of violent attack; but Sir R. Peel refused to rescind it.

The King is firmest of the firm, in promises of support; but little dependence can be placed on him if the torrent should oppose his wishes.

The most bitter are those who have lost their places, and in their mad revenge would sacrifice both king and country to regain them.

Their language is, "Let a revolution come; property will always remain, and when the present men are ejected, we will put all to rights." The contest seems likely to become a war to the knife.

Friday, 20th. — In consequence of the violent opposition in the House of Commons to the nomination of Lord Londonderry, that nobleman has very handsomely given in his resignation. * * *

Lord Cowley arrived yesterday at Paris, as ambassador from London.

Virulent language in the Commons, particularly by Hume, who was so insulting to Sir R. Peel, that he called upon him the next morning for an apology, which was instantly made.

The accounts from America are warlike: intimation has been given to Mr. Livingston at Paris to return home, if the treaty is not confirmed by the Chambers. The exposition of the case by President Jackson in the House of Representatives was re-

ceived with great attention, and it was agreed that to negotiate further on the subject with France would be inconsistent with the rights and honour of the United States.

The following story was just told to me by Dr. Gunning, who attends me for an accident.

A surgeon named Bancal, residing in a country town, became sincerely attached to a young lady who returned his affection. Unfortunately, M. Bancal was obliged to take a long journey, during which the promised bride, yielding to the peremptory commands of her parents, was married to another. The surgeon returned, the two lovers met, and being overwhelmed with despair, they eloped, and came on Wednesday last to a furnished hotel in the Rue neuve St. Augustin at Paris, with a determination to put an end to their days. Almost immediately after their arrival, they called for some hot water, and the devoted young woman put her feet into it, while M. Bancal opened the veins in both her legs. This mode not being sufficiently rapid, he administered to her a powerful dose of acetate de morphine, and the poison acting too slowly, he plunged a dagger twice into her heart, and then stabbed himself three times. The dying groans of the young lady brought in the neighbours at the moment she expired. M. Bancal, however, has survived his wounds, and in delivering to the officers of justice the above details, declared that however he may be guarded, he will follow his victim to the tomb. Should he survive, the guillotine will probably accomplish his wish.

The French Chambers are beginning to agitate

the question of the American Indemnity which must now shortly come to a vote. M. Serrurier, on being recalled by this government, had presented his secretary, M. Pageot, as chargé d'affaires.

Tuesday, 31*st*.—Lord Harford arrived on Sunday from Milan, on his road to London; he is, I hear, discontented with what is going on, and allows his dislike of Peel to render him indifferent to the success of the Tory government,—he who is so strong a conservative, and has such a stake in the country. Alas! the news from London is very discouraging; many have fears that the Government will be harassed and worn out by the factious and unceasing opposition in the Commons. Lord J. Russell has given out that his motion on Irish Church Reform, fixed for the 30th instant, contains the appropriation of Church property, even to Roman Catholic purposes and education; let it once be carried, and the two Houses of Parliament are placed in open collision. Lord John Russell is going to be married to Lady Ribblesdale.

Lord Eliot and Gurwood are arrived at Paris on a private mission to Madrid.

The last details from Padang furnish further accounts of the melancholy fate of the two American missionaries, Messrs. Lyman and Mansor, whose murder by the savage tribe of the Battahs has already been made public. It appears that after the coolies, who had attended these unfortunate gentlemen, had at the approach of the savages thrown down their burdens and fled, the brethren, left alone, endeavoured to pacify the savages, who to the number

of 200 surrounded them, by presents of tobacco and cloth, which the Battahs took, but without being satisfied. The brethren delivered up their pistols, when the Battahs demanded the musket which Mr. Lyman's servant carried. This the man refused to deliver to any one but his master, who thereupon required it, and delivered it up to the Battahs, when he immediately received the contents in his breast, and fell. Mr. Mansor was then run through the body, and their cook, who had on a European jacket, had both his arms chopped off.

The remaining servant fled, and in two days arrived at Tappanochy. Those who escaped said, that Mr. Lyman and his servant were devoured on the same night by the cannibals, and Mr. Mansor on the following morning.

Thursday, 2nd April.—No accounts, even by the telegraph, of the result of Lord John Russell's motion on Monday, which was adjourned, and creates an intense interest with all parties, as seeming to involve the fate of the present Ministry. According to the calculations made at home, it will be carried by a certain majority, and compel Sir R. Peel to resign. Even those about the Court and the Duke seem fully impressed with this conviction. Mrs. Algernon Greville* writes to Lady Louisa, "Pray send me the gloves by Monday's bag, as I hear we are to be all out on Tuesday." Horace Seymour writes from Windsor Castle that the game is up for the present; and the Greyites are already preparing

* Her husband was the Duke of Wellington's Private Secretary.

their measures for resuming the reins. They talk of sending Palmerston here as ambassador, and making Lord John Russell Minister for Foreign Affairs. Edward Ellice has returned from abroad, and made a violent speech; *his* arrival has set the mob again in motion, and the poor Duke, who has hitherto been greeted with constant acclamations in the street, was the other day hooted and hissed by a set of hired blackguards as in 1832: and why? because he will not acquiesce in making the Roman Catholic religion more prevalent in the United Kingdom. History will allow, that there never was a more factious, more traitorous, and more profligate opposition raised against any government. If Sir R. Peel does resign, we can only hope that the King will not accept his resignation, as lately he did with Lord Grey; but the object of the Whigs and Radicals, combined for no other purpose but to eject him and his party, is not to stop here; having obtained a majority on this Church Question, they mean to propose a vote of want of confidence, and stop the supplies; but here it is hardly to be supposed that they could secure a majority, and the mass even of this desperate House of Commons would not stand by them. The most consoling words are those which Lord Cowley used to-day to Stopford: "If I thought the Ministry were going to resign at once, do you think I would have come over here last week, and delivered my credentials to the French King yesterday?"

Friday, 3*rd*.—No news. The debate was again adjourned. The speeches of Sir James Graham and

the Solicitor-general, Sir W. Follett, were very impressive for the government side; but a letter from Algernon Greville, who, being the Duke's private secretary, ought to know the secrets of the camp, seems to give the matter up. He imputes the coming defeat very much to the unwearied diligence of the enemy, and the apathy of our friends in their attendance.

The plague has broke out in Alexandria, and is making considerable ravages in Egypt. Cairo is also infected, and the viceroy has retired into Upper Egypt to avoid the scourge. Ibrahim has also removed, and, if the disease continues much longer, it will be many years before Egypt can recover from its disastrous consequences.

Saturday, 4th.—The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche are in much anxiety about the result of their cause, which is now pleading in the courts, for the restoration of the Château de Blaye and its dependencies to the family of the Grammonts. It will probably be decided next week.

Sunday, 5th.—A telegraphic despatch has announced that, on Thursday night, the motion of Lord John Russell was carried in the Commons by a majority of thirty-three against the present Government. Too truly did Sir John Hobhouse say, in his speech, alluding to the Opposition, "We are indeed the Government; we decide the questions in this House, and also use a negative influence in the appointments out of it,"—meaning Lord Londonderry's mission to Petersburg. Lord Hertford leaves Paris to-morrow for London.

The Duchess Cannizaro is still at Paris, giving morning concerts, and surrounded by Italian *dilettanti,* while her husband seems only anxious to avoid every country where she may take up her residence, He is now at Florence. Walewski is returned from his campaign at Algiers. Lord Munster has taken apartments at the hotel at Versailles, and is coming with his family shortly to pass some weeks here.

Monday, 6th.—It is hoped that Ministers have not made up their minds to resign on this discomfiture; but Sir R. Peel throw out the idea that, if continued embarrassments were placed in the way of the executive Government, he would not retain his post. The new bill is to go into commtttee, and Sir Robert has pledged himself to oppose it in every stage.

Tuesday, 7th.—My letters mention that Sir R. Peel did absolutely resign, but the King would not hear of it. The saying at the Carlton Club is, that Sir Robert has every virtue except that of resignation. May it prove so!

A retired advocate of Warsaw, named Stanislas Malinowski, entered the study of M. Rizzozowski, president of one of the tribunals, who was engaged with two secretaries in signing judicial papers, and with a large carving-knife, which the assassin had sharpened for the purpose, at one stroke nearly severed the head of the president from his body. Death instantly ensued. The murderer was arrested, aud at once declared he had been instigated by private revenge. The family of the president were at the time in the room adjoining.

The Count Bernsdorff, Prussian Minister of State, died at Berlin on the 30th ultimo, by an attack of apoplexy. Stopford is made Grand Cross of the Bath. Ashburnham has received by estafette, from Government, an appointment as secretary of Legation at Mexico, for which place he and Mrs. Ashburnham will shortly leave Europe, to our great regret.

Wednesday, 8th.—Prince Augustus of Leuchtenberg, so lately married to the young Queen of Portugal, has been suddenly cut off in the flower of his youth, and died at Lisbon on the 28th March, of a quinsey.

On the preceding Sunday he was at the Campo Grande races in perfect health; next day, it appears, he went out shooting, and, on returning to the palace, imprudently threw off his coat and waistcoat while yet in a state of profuse perspiration. This brought on a cold, which, though slight at first, soon began to assume a more serious character, as it always does in that climate when neglected. Danger, however, only began to be apprehended within twenty-four hours before his dissolution. Friday night, symptoms of inflammation began to be manifested, and in the course of a few hours increased to an alarming degree; at twelve o'clock respiration was impeded, and at twenty minutes past two, P.M., he expired. He was born in December, 1810.

King had, yesterday, a long conversation with Lord Cowley, who said to him that everything was going on unfavourably in London, that he himself felt in a *fausse* position, and did not go out.

At three o'clock to-day a short telegraphic despatch was published at the Exchange, announcing that the English Government had resigned *en masse*. We must wait for the particulars of this public disaster.

Last night was Taglioni's benefit at the Opera. In the middle of the ballet, while some nymphs on the stage were practising archery, a careless young lady shot her arrow in a wrong direction, which went with considerable force close to the head of the Duke of Orleans, who was sitting in his box with the Marquis of Clanricarde, and fixed itself in the woodwork. It might have done very serious mischief, but the circumstance created very little sensation in the house.

The accounts from Jamaica are tranquil and satisfactory. Lord Sligo's conduct as governor is much approved of. The negroes still continue to be indolent, but the arrival of some foreign emigrant labourers seemed likely to create emulation among them.

Friday, 10*th*.—In consequence of another majority against the Ministers, amounting to twenty-seven, on the extraordinary motion of Lord J. Russell, that no measure for the consideration of tithes in Ireland should be received by the House, unless it embodied the resolution of appropriating the surplus funds of the church as carrried by the majority of thirty-three, the Ministers have given in their resignations to the King. O'Connell's tail is reckoned at sixty-six members; one half of it, therefore, has sufficed to eject the Government, and give laws to the country.

Monday, 13*th*.—The difficulties in forming a new

Administration are very serious; but the formation of one which can have any prospect of duration will be found far more difficult. The Whigs and Radicals have combined their forces to destroy the Conservative Government. They have given the latter no trial, no opportunity of showing the soundness of their measures for the public good, but have started a question vitally opposed to their principles. Having carried this point, they then, by the same united power, pass a resolution, that no future ministerial measure shall be received by the House, except it be founded upon their previous resolution; thus destroying the measures of Government before it had the power of explaining them to the country. No men of honour and principle could submit to this degradation, and Sir R. Peel with his party have retired from the Administration with a tenfold addition of high character and real popularity. The next question will be, how the discordant materials of the conquering faction will be able themselves to govern the country, and extricate themselves from the dilemma in which they will find the folly of Lord J. Russell, and the craft of O'Connell, have irremediably placed them. They must split, and then where is their majority?

Mr. Alexander Baring has been made a peer, by the title of Baron Ashburton, of Ashburton. Sir C. Bagot goes as Ambassador Extraordinary to Vienna, to congratulate the new Emperor of Austria.

Tuesday, 14*th*. — The difficulties in forming a new government are becoming daily greater. The King has sent for Lords Grey, Melbourne, and

Lansdowne. The two former have expressed their wishes for a junction with Sir R. Peel, after their satellites have assisted in turning him out of his place. It is unnecessary to add that it was declined.

The accounts from Algiers are unsatisfactory. The expenses of that colony are very great, and many of the tribes continue their hostility against the French garrison. The papers are beginning to canvass the ultimate benefit that can arise from the occupation of it.

The Duchesse de Guiche mentioned this evening the curious prediction made to her by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the noted fortune-teller, in 1827. Having arranged with Lady Combermere to visit Mademoiselle L., every precaution was taken to prevent their being known. The Duchess disguised herself in a black wig, with a large hat, and thick lace veil. They went in a hired carriage, without servants, to the Luxembourg, and walked from thence to the Rue Tournon, where she resided. It was impossible that any suspicion could exist of their name or rank. After the usual preliminaries of asking the day of her birth, consulting the palm of her hand, and dealing out cards, &c., Mademoiselle L. first told her various circumstances of her past life, which were wonderfully correct. She then asked the Duchess what animal she liked best, what animal she most disliked, and what flower she preferred beyond any other? Her answer was, the horse, the spider, the lily of the valley. She next gave her the description of her own character, as well as that of her husband, both of which were so exactly depicted,

particularly that of the Duke, that she actually discovered traits in each which had previously escaped her own observation, and now appeared very evident to herself. But when Mademoiselle L. began to touch upon the future, she told her that her present prosperity was coming to an end, that the most serious misfortunes awaited her, and that all her prospects would be suddenly destroyed on the 30th July, 1830, *à cause d'un favori déchu ;* that from that period she would suffer much adversity and exile, with the above favourite ; that in three years she would return to her own country, and in July, 183–*, she would regain her prosperity, from the circumstance of a prince succeeding to a rich inheritance.

This prediction was so extraordinary and so precise, even as to dates, that Madame de Guiche expressed a wish to have the details committed to paper, which was complied with; and on the following day she sent her *femme de chambre* to the Rue Tournon, who brought back this singular warning, in the handwriting of Mademoiselle Lenormand, with the date, and her signature. How far the first part has been fulfilled, by the three days of revolution in July, and the subsequent flight of the Bourbons from France, every one must know. The second point, of her return to France in three years, was not less singularly verified, as she was at that period at Prague with Charles X., and so little expecting to quit it, that ten days before the circumstances occurred which brought on their resignation of their places, she had been saying to the Duke, "Here Mademoiselle Lenormand must fail, as we

* The last number is unintelligible in the MSS.

have no chance of seeing France again for many years;" but still it came to pass as predicted.

It now only remains to be seen how the conclusion is to wind up; in the meantime, there is the written paper, as undeniable evidence of what has happened.

These things are in themselves so unaccountable, that no opinion can be given on the subject; but a similar circumstance once occurred to myself, which I have often mentioned to my friends, and which has been also partly verified.

I was in Paris in October, 1820, and one morning, meeting John Warrender in the Rue St. Honoré, he urged me to accompany him to visit a fortune-teller who lived in that neighbourhood. She was an old woman in a garret, and not so much known as Lenormand, but had made some successful hits in that line which had gained her a certain celebrity. I have never forgotten the words which she spoke to me, whom she could never have heard of in her life.

"1. Vous n'avez point de père.

"2. Vous avez une mère; elle mourra dans un an.

"3. Vous sérez arrété dans six mois par un huissier, pour cause de dette.

"4. Vous êtes riche, mais dans sept ans vous perdrez toute votre fortune, et puis après vous la regagnerez."

The first was true; the second was fulfilled in about that period; the third was accomplished in rather a curious manner. I was then in very prosperous circumstances, living in Grosvenor Square; the repairs of that house had been performed by

contract, the builder failed before his work was concluded, and the assignees claimed of me the whole amount of the agreement, which I would only pay as far as it had been fairly earned; the difference was only 150*l.*, but the assignees really did send a bailiff into my house, and arrested me, while my carriage was waiting at the door to convey me to dinner at York House, where the story caused considerable merriment at the time. The last has been fatally verified also, but the good fortune at the end alone turns out a complete fallacy.

Wednesday, 15*th.* — Henry Greville, who is just arrived from London to take Ashburnham's place as paid *attaché* to the Embassy, and who dined with myself and others at Lord Bruce's, says they are in great confusion in England, and that Lord Melbourne's difficulties in forming an administration increase daily, from the intimate connexion of the Whig party with O'Connell and the Radicals, who, in their turn, begin to dictate, and feel their power.

Thursday, 16*th.* — The addresses to Sir R. Peel, expressing approbation of his political conduct, are arriving at his house from all parts of the country.

The Minister of State, Baron Charles W. Humboldt, died on the 12th inst. at his estate of Tegel, aged sixty-eight.

I have just received from Glengall the following copy of a letter from the Duke, on the subject of an application which we jointly made to him a few weeks ago: —

"There is no intention whatever that I know of, of removing Dr. Bowring's negotiations, or rather

operations; for I believe that he was latterly employed, very much to the annoyance of the French Government, to convince the agricultural and trading interest of France that the system favoured by the French Government was prejudicial to their interests. This did not suit the views of Louis-Philippe. In respect to consular appointments in France, there are none worth ——'s acceptance. Their income scarcely affords a miserable existence to a man not engaged in trade. I should not like to enter into engagements with any man. But I note down ——'s name as a candidate for consular or other appointments in case of vacancies.

"We are not flourishing in Parliament, as you will see.

"London, April 4. 1835."

Friday, 17*th*.—Good Friday; a cold frost, with hail and snow, very unlike spring. I had a letter this evening from White's Club with the following:—

"We are without a government: Lord Melbourne is trying to form one, and both Houses were again adjourned last night to give time for the arrangements. That they will form a government in spite of all their difficulties I have no doubt, and once in office they will not easily let the executive go out of their hands again. Every body is frightened at seeing the confusion it must lead to. There are those who condemn Peel for having resigned, and say that an abstract resolution of the Commons not backed by the opinion of the Lords ought not to have driven him from office, it being in fact a vir-

tual acknowledgment of the power of the House of Commons to govern the country, without the other branches of the legislature. Lord Grey does not go entirely with John Russell, — at least, so says Lord Sefton, who is very conservative and excessively frightened."

Monday, 20*th*. — On Saturday the French Chamber of Deputies passed the bill for the American indemnity, by 289 against 137.

Lord Melbourne had done nothing up to Friday night in the formation of a government.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—On Saturday the following members of the new cabinet kissed hands: —

Lord Melbourne, First Lord of the Treasury.
Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council.
Lord Auckland, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Lord Holland, Duchy of Lancaster.
Lord Duncannon, Woods and Forests.
Lord J. Russell, Home Secretary.
Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary.
Charles Grant, Colonial Secretary, now Lord Glenelg.
Sir J. Hobhouse, India Board.
Lord Howick, Secretary at War.
Poulett Thomson, Board of Trade.
Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Lord Mulgrave, Ireland.
Lord Morpeth, Secretary.
The Chancellorship to be put in commission composed of the Master of the Rolls, Sir C. Pepys, Vice-Chancellor Sir L. Shadwell, Justice Bosanquet.

Wednesday, 22nd. — There never has been known so cold and dry a season: the east winds have predominated for more than two months, without any rain, and great apprehensions are entertained for the fate of the vineyards.

We passed the evening with the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche: they talked much of their stay in Scotland with Charles X. at Holyrood House, and praised the hospitality of the Scotch, who treated the exiled Royal Family with the most marked attention and respect. They had a very large establishment, whose expenses conciliated the affections of the tradespeople of Edinburgh; and during the time of the cholera, Charles X., who had two private physicians with him, allowed them to visit the sick poor, and distribute medicines gratis at his expense.

When the Duc de Bordeaux made a tour to visit the scenery in that part of the country, he was received everywhere with the greatest hospitality, and the opportunity was not lost by the old Jacobite party to show that they were still true to the feelings of former days. In one instance near Dunkeld, an old man looked at the Duc de Bordeaux, and wished to kiss his hand, saying that he was a nearer relation of the real Royal Family of Scotland than their present rulers. At the pass of Glencoe, they assembled 1500 men of the Clan Macdonald, with white cockades and flags, to receive him; but Baron Damas, who was with the party, declined the invitation for his pupil, as he thought the English Government might not approve of it. On their departure from Leith, the shore was crowded with

people, waving their handkerchiefs, and expressing their regrets and good wishes for the hapless family.

Lord Cowley is preparing to return to London, and Lord Granville is coming to Paris again as Ambassador.

Thursday, 23*rd*, *Paris.*—There was nothing new. Louis-Philippe and Madame Adélaide came down to Versailles to inspect the progress of the Museum. In proportion as the people get accustomed to his reign, the King adopts more state; at his first accession he affected great simplicity in his equipages and mode of life; latterly he has gone with six horses to his carriage, and now he has adopted the old Royal custom of eight horses, and several outriders; perhaps in a short time we shall see him with his body guards like Charles X. The costume of the court is likewise becoming less bourgeois, and more conformable to the etiquette of former days.

At a public sale of the château de Mesnières in Normandy, belonging to the Marquis de Biancourt, the following *bon mot* is related.

"Le Vicomte de Walsh, le plus fin et le plus impitoyable railleur, en fait d'anachronismes de mœurs, se trouvait à cette vente. Il faisait observer dans un avant-salon, à ceux qui se trouvaient là, une de ces grandes cheminées au large mantel, hospitalier abri du temps de nos pères. Dans cette cheminée on venait de mettre une gentille cheminée Prussienne à la Rumford. M. de Walsh écrivit alors, devant moi, sur son album:—Mesnières, 28 Septembre. Cheminée du premier salon: une petite idée d'aujourd'hui dans une grande pensée d'autrefois."

Friday, 24*th.* — It is said that Lord Melbourne wrote to Lord Lyndhurst as to the form of putting the Great Seal into commission. He replied, "I suppose you want to get rid of me, and avoid Lord Brougham." Mr. Hope, son of Gen. Sir A. Hope, who only six weeks ago married Lady Frances Lascelles, daughter of Earl Harewood, has been suddenly carried off by a cold and brain fever at the age of twenty-six. He was a very handsome young man, and much liked. Lord Eliott, after waiting a long time on the frontier, has at last got a safe conduct into Spain, and is gone to the Camp of Don Carlos, to attempt a negotiation between the contending parties; from thence he is to proceed to the army of Isabella; in the meantime the massacre of prisoners, and the most cold-blooded cruelties, are exercised on both sides by these exasperated Spaniards.

Saturday, 25*th.* — The English Parliament i adjourned to the 12th May, to give time for the re-elections.

Sunday, 26*th.* — At a meeting on Wednesday night at the British Coffee House, to forward the election of Lord J. Russell for South Devon, Mr. Hume openly declared that he did not come forward to support this man, or that, but to do all in his power to uphold a great principle, the cause of the democracy against the aristocracy.

This is indeed true, and the passing events are only forerunners to the great collision which must ultimately take place between these two conflicting interests.

The struggle is no longer, as in former days,

between Whig and Tory; it has taken a more comprehensive shape now between conservative and destructive; it will soon throw off the mask, and become a war to the knife between rich and poor.

The last four years have been fatal to the aristocracy; Earl Grey has sealed their future ruin by his Reform Bill. But to show the vanity of all human projects, sixty rotten boroughs were disfranchised, that a few rich individuals might not bias the counsels of the nation, and the result has been, to place in the hands of one factious Irishman a more deadly influence in the House of Commons than all the borough proprietors together under the old system could ever have a chance of possessing. The gulled people of England have strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel.

Tuesday, 28*th.*— At a secret sitting of the Chamber of Deputies in Lisbon, it was lately decided that Her Majesty's marriage with the Prince Maximilian, brother of the late Prince Augustus, should take place immediately; and Count Tarpa moved in the Peers, that a deputation should wait on her to recommend her to carry this delicate resolution into effect as soon as possible.

Friday, May 1*st.* — Birthday of Louis-Philippe. In consequence of the questions put by Alvanley to Lord Melbourne in the House of Lords, as to any compact which the new Government had formed with the Irish agitator to support their measures, and which Lord M. denied in a general manner, O'Connell afterwards in the Commons, with his usual vulgar scurrility, denominated Alvanley a *bloated*

buffoon: upon which the latter has sent him a challenge by Dawson Damer: but as he supposes that he will decline to give him satisfaction, as he has constantly done to others on former occasions, he does not mean to let the matter rest there, but will inflict personal chastisement upon him. It would perhaps have been as well not to have given him this warning, as he may either go armed, or swear the peace against Alvanley, which will at once protect him.

Captain Russell, son of Lord William, and brother of poor Francis who died two years ago, was in the most enviable situation; he married Miss Coussmacher, the niece of Lord de Clifford, to whose title she succeeded with a very large fortune: it was a very happy marriage, with four or five children, and he was the only son of the family in affluent circumstances. A short illness has terminated in his death last week, and cut short his career of worldly prosperity in the very prime of his existence. He could not have been more than thirty-five.

There is an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," written by G. Sand, a popular author of the day, comprising the character of Talleyrand: it is highly coloured, and bitterly sarcastic on the veteran statesman; but as there is much foundation for the remarks, and the style is very eloquent, I have transcribed a few passages as a sample of the whole. It is written in the form of a dialogue between two friends, supposed to be walking in the neighbourhood of the Château de Valençay.

"Ne sais-tu pas que l'homme qui demeure là

joue depuis soixante ans les peuples, et les couronnes, sur l'échiquier de l'univers! Qui sait si la première fois que cet homme s'est assis à une table pour travailler, il n'y avait pas dans son cerveau une honnête résolution, dans son cœur un noble sentiment?

"Jamais! s'écria mon ami; ne profane pas l'honnêteté par une telle pensée; cette lèvre convexe et serrée, comme celle d'un chat, unie à une lèvre large et tombante, comme celle d'un satyre—mélange de dissimulation et de lasciveté; ces linéamens mous et arrondis, indices de la souplesse du caractère; ce pli dédaigneux sur un front prononcé; ce nez arrogant, avec ce regard de reptile; tant de contrastes sur une physionomie humaine révèlent un homme né pour les grands vices et les petites actions. Jamais ce cœur n'a senti la chaleur d'une généreuse émotion, jamais une idée de loyauté n'a traversé cette tête laborieuse; cet homme est une exception dans la nature, une monstruosité si rare, que le genre humain, tout en le méprisant, l'a contemplé avec une imbécille admiration. Je te défie bien de t'abaisser au plus merveilleux de ses talens! Invoquons le Dieu des bonnes gens, le Dieu qui bénit les cœurs simples!

"Ici mon ami s'arrêta d'un air ironiquement joyeux.

"Nous sommes presque sous les fenêtres du plus grand fourbe de l'univers, nous pauvres enfans de la solitude. Vois un peu la face immobile et pâle de ce vieux palais! écoute et regarde, tout est morne et silencieux. Il semble que nous soyons dans un cimetière; cinquante personnes au moins habitent ce

corps de logis. Quelques fenêtres sont à peine éclairées; aucun bruit ne trahit le séjour du maître, de sa société, et de sa suite.

"Quel ordre, quel respect, quelle tristesse dans son petit empire! Les portes s'ouvrent et se ferment sans bruit, les valets circulent sans que leurs pas éveillent un écho sous ces voûtes mystérieuses. Leur service semble se faire comme par enchantement. Regarde cette croisée plus brillante, à travers laquelle se dessine le spectre incertain d'une blanche statue, c'est le salon! Là sont réunis des chasseurs, des artistes, des femmes éblouissantes, des hommes à la mode, ce que la France peut-être a de plus exquis en élégance et en grâce. Entend-on sortir de cette réunion un chant, un rire, un seul éclat de voix attestant la présence de l'homme?

"Je gage qu'ils évitent même de se regarder entre eux, dans la crainte de laisser percer une pensée sous ces lambris, où tout est silence, mystère, épouvante secrète.

"Voici, je crois, le roulement d'une voiture sur le sable fin de la cour! C'est le maître qui rentre; onze heures viennent de sonner à l'horloge du château.

"Il n'est point de vie plus régulière, de régime plus strictement observé, d'existence plus avarement choyée, que celle de ce renard octogénaire. Va lui demander s'il se croit nécessaire à la conservation du genre humain, pour veiller à la sienne si ardemment. Va lui raconter que vingt fois le jour il te prend envie de te brûler la cervelle parceque tu crains d'être, ou de rester inutile parceque tu t'effraies de vivre sans vertu, et tu le verras sourire avec plus de

mépris qu'une prostituée, à qui une vierge pieuse irait se confesser de quelque tiédeur dans sa prière, ou de quelque baillement durant l'office divin.

" Demande par quel dévouement, par quelles bonnes actions sa journée est occupée ; ses gens te diront qu'il se lève à onze heures, et qu'il passe quatre heures à sa toilette,—temps perdu à essayer, sans doute, de rendre quelque apparence de vie à cette face de marbre, que la dissimulation et l'absence d'âme ont pétrifiée bien plus encore que la vieillesse.

" A trois heures, te dira-t-on, le Prince monte en voiture, seul, avec son médecin, et va se promener dans les allées solitaires de sa garenne immense.

" A cinq heures, on lui sert le plus succulent et le plus savant dîner qui se fasse en France. Son cuisinier est dans sa sphère un personnage aussi rare, aussi profond, aussi admiré que lui.

" Après ce festin, dont chaque service est solemnellement annoncé par les fanfares de ses chasseurs, le Prince accorde quelques petits instans à sa famille, à sa petite cour. Chaque mot exquis miséricordieusement émané de ses lèvres va frapper des fronts prosternés. Un saint canonisé n'inspirerait pas plus de vénération à une communauté de dévotes. A l'entrée de la nuit, le Prince remonte en voiture avec son médecin, et fait une seconde promenade.

" Le voici qui rentre, et sa fenêtre s'illumine là-bas, dans cet appartement reculé, gardé par ses laquais en son absence avec une affectation de mystère si solemnelle et si ridicule. Maintenant il va travailler jusqu'à cinq heures du matin. Travailler ! . . .

" Nature entière fais-toi muette et immobile,

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

comme la pierre du sépulcre! le génie de l'homme s'éveille, le plus habile et le plus important des Princes de la terre va se courber sur une table, à la lueur d'une lampe, et du fond de son cabinet il va remuer le monde avec le froncement de son sourcil.

"Misères! vanités! superbes puérilités! qu'a donc produit cet homme étonnant, depuis soixante années de veilles assidues, et de travaux sans relâche?

"Que sont venus faire dans son cabinet les représentans de toutes les puissances de la terre?

"Quels importans services ont donc reçu de lui tous les souverains qui ont possédé et perdu la couronne de France, depuis un demi siècle? Quelles révolutions a-t-il opérées ou paralysées? Quelles guerres sanglantes, quelles calamitées publiques, quelles scandaleuses exactions a-t-il empêchées?

"Il était donc bien nécessaire, ce voluptueux hypocrite, pour que tous nos rois, depuis l'orgueilleux conquérant jusqu'au dévôt borné, nous ait imposé le scandale, et la honte, de son élévation!

"Napoléon, dans son mépris, le qualifiait par une métaphore soldatesque, et d'un cynisme énergique; et Charles X., dans ses jours d'orthodoxie, disait bien bas, en parlant de lui, 'C'est pourtant un prêtre marié.'

"Les a-t-il arrêtés dans leur chute terrible, ces maîtres, tour à tour par lui adulés et trahis? Où sont ses bienfaits? Où sont ses œuvres? Nul ne sait, nul ne peut, ne doit, ou ne veut déclarer, quels titres l'homme d'état inévitable possède à la puissance et à la gloire; ses actes les plus brillans sont enveloppés de nuages impénétrables, son génie est tout entier

dans le silence et la feinte. Quelles turpitudes honteuses couvre donc le manteau de la diplomatie? Conçois-tu rien à cette manière de gouverner les peuples, sans leur permettre de s'occuper de la gestion de leurs affaires et intérêts, et d'entrevoir seulement l'avenir qu'on leur prépare?

"Laisse moi m'indigner à mon aise contre cet homme impénétrable, qui nous a fait marcher comme des pions sur un damier, et qui n'a pas voulu dévouer sa puissance à notre progrès. Laisse moi maudire cet ennemi du genre humain, qui n'a possédé le monde que pour larroner une fortune, satisfaire ses vices, et imposer à ses dupes dépouillées l'avilissante estime de ses talens iniques. Les bienfaiteurs de l'humanité meurent dans l'exil ou sur la croix; et toi, tu mourras lentement et à regret dans ton nid, vieux vautour, chauve, et repu!

"Comme la mort couronne tous les hommes célèbres d'une auréole complaisante, tes vices et tes bassesses seront vîte oubliés; on se souviendra seulement de tes talens, et de tes séductions. Homme prestigieux, fléau que le Maître du monde repoussa du pied, et jeta sur la terre comme Vulcain le boîteux, pour y forger sans relâche une arme inconnue, au fond des cavernes inaccessibles; tu n'auras rien à dire au grand jour du jugement; tu ne seras pas même interrogé. La Créateur qui t'a refusé une âme, ne te demandera pas compte de tes sentimens et de tes passions.

"On ouvrît une fenêtre, c'était celle du Prince. Depuis quand les cadavres ont-ils chaud? dit mon

ami; depuis quand les marbres ont-ils besoin de respirer l'air du soir? Quelles sont ces deux têtes blanches qui s'avancent, et se pénètrent, comme pour regarder la lune? Ces deux vieillards, c'est le Prince et son . . . . comment dirai-je? car je ne profanerai pas le nom d'ami, dont se targue M. de M—— devant les serviteurs et les subalternes. C'est un titre d'ailleurs qu'il ne se permettrait pas sans doute de prendre en présence du maître; car celui-ci doit sourire à tous les mots qui représentent des sentimens. Pour me servir d'un terme de leur métier, je dirai que M. de M—— est l'attaché du Prince, quoique ses fonctions auprès de lui se bornent à admirer, et à écrire sur un album, tous les mots qui sortent depuis quarante ans de cette bouche incomparable. En voici un que je t'offre pour exemple, et qu'il faudra commenter, dans le rôle que nous jouerons, si tu veux, au carnaval prochain, entre deux paravens; nous aurons des masques de plâtre, et la scène commencera par ces mémorables paroles historiques: 'Méfions-nous de notre premier mouvement, et n'y cédons jamais sans examen, car il est presque toujours bon.'

"Mais écoute ce cri rauque, lequel des deux philosophes patibulaires vient donc de rendre l'esprit? Je me trompe, c'est le cri de la chouette, qui part du grand bois. Bien! chante plus fort, oiseau de malheur, crieuse de funérailles! . . . . .

"Ah monseigneur, voilà une voix que vous ne sauriez faire rentrer dans la gorge de l'insolent. Entendez-vous ce refrain brutal des cimetières, qui ne respecte rien, et qui ose dire à un homme comme

vous, que tous les hommes meurent, sans y ajouter *le presque* du prédicateur de la cour.

"Que Dieu prolonge tes jours, O vieillard infortuné, météore prêt à rentrer dans la nuit éternelle! lumière que le destin promena sur le monde, non pour conduire les hommes vers le bien, mais pour les égarer dans le labyrinthe sans fin de l'intrigue et de l'ambition. Dans ses desseins impénétrables le ciel t'avait refusé ce rayon mystérieux que les hommes appellent une âme, reflet pâle mais pur de la divinité, celui qui luit parfois devant nos yeux, et nous laisse entrevoir l'immortelle espérance; chaleur douce et suave, qui ranime de temps en temps nos esprits abattus; amour vague et sublime, émotion sainte, qui nous fait désirer le bien avec des larmes délicieuses; religieuse terreur, qui nous fait haïr le mal avec des palpitations énergiques.

"Etre sans nom, tu fus pourvu d'un cerveau immense, de sens avides et délicats; l'absence de ce quelque chose d'inconnu et de divin, qui nous fait hommes, te fit plus grand que le premier d'entre nous, plus petit que le dernier de tous. Infirme, tu marchais sur des hommes sains et robustes; la plus vigoureuse vertu, la plus belle organisation, n'était devant toi qu'un roseau fragile; tu dominais des êtres plus nobles que toi; ce qui te manquait de leur grandeur fit la tienne; et te voilà sur le bord d'une tombe qui sera pour toi creuse et froide comme ton sein pétrifié.

"Derrière cette fosse ent'rouverte, il n'est rien pour toi, pas d'espoir peut-être, pas même de désir d'une autre vie. Infortuné! l'horreur de ce moment

sera telle, qu'elle expiera peut-être tous les maux que tu as faits.

" Ton approche était funeste, dit-on; ton regard fascinait comme celui de la vipère. Ta parole flétrissait l'espérance, et la candeur, au front des hommes qui t'approchaient. Combien as-tu effeuillé de frais boutons; combien as-tu foulé aux pieds de saintes croyances, et de douces chimères; problème vivant, énigme à face humaine? Combien de lâches as-tu faits? combien de consciences as-tu faussées ou anéanties? Eh bien! si les joies de ta vieillesse se bornent aux satisfactions de la vanité encensée, aux rares jouissances de la gourmandise blasée; mange, vieillard, mange, et respire l'odeur de l'encens mêlée à celle de tes mêts! Qui pourrait envier ton sort, et t'en souhaiter un pire? Pour nous, qui te plaignons autant d'avoir vécu que d'avoir à mourir, nous prierons qu'à ton lit de mort, les adieux de ta famille, les larmes de quelque serviteur ingénu, n'éveillent pas en toi un mouvement d'insensibilité, ou d'affection inconnue; pour qu'il ne jaillisse pas une étincelle de ce caillou qui te servait de cœur. Nous prierons afin que tu t'éteignes sans avoir jamais pris feu au rayon du soleil, qui fait aimer, afin que ton œil sec ne s'humecte point; que ton pouls ne batte pas; que tu ne sentes pas ce tressaillement que l'amour, l'espoir, le regret, ou la douleur éveillent en nous; afin que tu ailles habiter les flancs humides de la terre, sans avoir senti à sa surface la chaleur de la végétation, et la mouvement de la vie; afin qu'au moment de rentrer dans l'éternel néant, tu ne sentes pas les tortures du désespoir, en voyant planer au-dessus

de toi ces âmes que tu niais avec mépris, essences immortelles, que tu te vantais d'avoir écrasées sous tes pieds superbes, et qui monteront vers les cieux quand la tienne s'évanouira comme un vain souffle. Nous prierons alors, afin que ton dernier mot ne soit pas un reproche à Dieu, auquel tu ne croyais pas."

Sunday, 3rd.—The trial of the prisoners for rebellion here and at Lyons last year, which has excited so much interest for months, and for which the petitions for an amnesty have been constantly refused by the Government, is now fixed to take place on Tuesday next in the Chamber of Peers at the Luxembourg. There is a large military force assembled in and near Paris, to repress any demonstration of public discontent at the measure.

Some of the Legions of the National Guard have protested against doing duty at the Luxembourg during the trial; as belonging properly to the Gendarmerie, and being repugnant to their feelings, the National Guard for a year entertained hopes of an amnesty being proclaimed. Several Peers have likewise sent excuses, which the President does not seem inclined to admit, except in cases of ill-health. The only reason assigned by Marshal Soult was his absence at his country-seat at Tarn.

Professor Zahn announces a rich discovery made in the excavations of Pompeii towards the end of last month. In a house of the Strada de Mercurio facing that of Meleager, a building of small importance, although decorated with subjects of Narcissus and Endymion painted on the wall, he found fourteen

silver vessels and a quantity of coin, among which were 29 pieces of gold of the first empire, also two silver vases five inches in diameter, ornamented with Cupids and Centaurs, with rustic and Bacchanalian emblems.

Tuesday, 5th.—The political trials before the Peers at the Luxembourg began this day.

Mr. Livingston has embarked on board the "Constitutional" frigate at Havre for America, leaving his secretary as *chargé d'affaires* at Paris.

Louis-Philippe has just given a specimen of the sleight of hand which he is so prone to exhibit, and which forms such a part of his character. Count Appony, the Austrian Ambassador, in his address to the King in the name of the diplomatic body, on St. Philip's day, made use of the following expression :—

"Our wishes are ever the same, Sire, and with each year that elapses we see them accomplished by the wisdom of the Governments," meaning the different Governments of Europe.

On the following day the official paper, the "Moniteur," in reporting the speech, says, "the wisdom of the Government," which would appear a great compliment to the French Government alone. This *seeming inaccuracy* produced a strong remonstrance on the part of the Austrian Ambassador, in consequence of which the "Moniteur" of yesterday contains a correction of the error at his request, and the juggling has done the author more harm than good.

In the Rue Champ de la Garde here at Versailles lives an old gentleman of independent fortune, who has resided there unscathed during all the tumults

of the different revolutions which have agitated France for the last sixty years; he has taken in, and carefully preserved, the "Moniteur," from the first number that ever appeared, till the present time, and it is acknowledged to be the only complete collection existing of that journal, which has been the official organ of so many different and extraordinary Governments during that period.

The present Government are in treaty with him for the purchase, and that which has been only waste paper in other hands is now valued to him at 300,000 fr., or 12,000*l.* sterling.

In the middle of the Rue Maurepas there is a blank wall which excites no attention, and a little side door seemingly made for the gardener to wheel out his rubbish. Ring at the bell, a servant appears; ask for the Count Medem, and you enter a pretty garden of two acres, in the middle of which is a rustic thatched cottage, of good dimensions, with a great wooden staircase on the outside, leading to the upper story, and forming a massive balcony round the house. It is kept in good repair, has a great air of comfort and solidity, and looks as if some fairy had just conveyed it from the valley of Chamouny in Switzerland, and gently placed it in the centre of Versailles. This house was built secretly by Louis XVIII. when Count de Provence, before the great revolution in 1789, as a private retreat for himself from the grandeurs of the Château, and the plan taken from the *Cabane du Meunier*, in the rustic village built by Marie Antoinette for her *fêtes champêtres*, in the garden of the Petit Trianon. Scandal at one time reported that this secluded spot was in-

tended to facilitate his interviews with a young girl, the daughter of a saddler in Versailles, for whom he had conceived an attachment; but the general tenor of his life and habits proved that he was exempted from weaknesses of that nature. His long friendship for Madame de Balby was never subjected to any imputations of that description; and the lady herself bore testimony to the purity of his conduct by a *bon mot* much cited at the time. When some one was lamenting to her the dissolute manners of that period in France, Madame de Balby replied, "Je ne connais de vierge en France que le Comte de Provence et son épée." The above little cottage is so secluded from the view, that there are few people in the town who are aware of its existence.

The preparations in the Château not being finished, the Museum could not be opened to the public, as was expected, on the King's birthday, but it is now said that it will take place on the 17th.

Thursday, 7th. — The new Government has rescinded the appointment of Lord Heytesbury to India, Lord Amherst to Canada, Sir Howard Douglas to the Ionian Islands, and say that not a Tory shall be left in place.

Mr. Morgan O'Connell has taken up the cudgels for his father, and has written to Alvanley a vulgar scurrilous letter, in consequence of which a duel took place; each fired two or three shots, without injury, and they parted without apology. Alvanley's conduct has been cool and determined throughout, and highly creditable to himself.

The trials are going on at the Luxembourg, but

the noise and confusion among the prisoners entirely interrupt the proceedings of the court.

Friday, 8th.—Charles Grant is made a Peer by the title of Baron Glenelg, and Sir Hussey Vivian Master-General of the Ordnance. Lord John Russell has lost his election for South Devon by a large majority in favour of Mr. Parker.

Monday, 11th.—Two new Peers are made by the Whig Government:—

Mr. Littleton is made Baron Hatherton.

Gen. Sir John Byng, Baron Strafford of Harmondsworth.

Sir Rufane Donkin has resigned his office of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance because his junior officer, Sir H. Vivian, is placed over his head.

The King came down to Versailles: on his return, while the carriages were waiting in the court, I observed, and had indeed often observed on the same occasion, two or three men on horseback, placed at different distances up the great avenue, their eyes constantly fixed on the palace, and waiting for the royal train to be put in motion. I had always concluded that they were simple bourgeois, who were indulging their curiosity with a sight of Majesty; but this time I perceived so much anxiety in the ir manner, that I suspected something might oe going wrong. I went up to the post-house, where the Marquis d'Osmond and his family,* in two carriages and

* Marquis d'Osmond, son of the old Count who was formerly French Ambassador at London. He married Mdlle. Desthilliers, the richest heiress in France, and was father to the present Marquis d'Osmond.

four, were changing horses on the road to their seat at Pontchartrain, which had drawn together a concourse of postilions and stable-boys to the spot. I made my remark on these individuals in the avenue to one of them, who without ceremony told me they were only mouchards of the police in waiting, who attended the King wherever he went, some preceding him on the road, perhaps by a mile or two, in order to give timely notice in case there should be any signs of disaffection, or attempt to molest the King's person. My informant ended by saying, "C'est que le Roi a peur." So much for a Citizen King.

The Duc de Nemours, second son of Louis-Philippe, has been staying lately with his governor at the Grand Trianon. He is not so good-looking as the Duc d'Orléans, nor supposed to be very clever, but some odd speeches and sentiments are related of him; among others, that if the crown should ever devolve upon him, he would offer it to Henri V.

Some time back Louis-Philippe was engaged in a late counsel with his Ministers: it was before he had quitted the Palais Royal, when he lived with less etiquette than at present: at the close of the conference his dinner was announced, and the Ministers were requested to stay and join the family party. When the dinner was over, and coffee announced, they all retired to the drawing-room, where some allusion being made to the existing troubles in the country, and the difficulties which were daily occurring, Louis-Philippe said to the Ministers about him, with a sentimental air, "Ah messieurs, la couronne est un fardeau bien

pesant!" The Duc de Nemours, who at the moment was poking the fire, immediately added, in a very calm tone, "Oui, surtout quand elle ne nous appartient pas."

Tuesday, 12*th*. — Lord Denman is appointed to the novel office of Speaker of the House of Lords. Guiche told me the other day that he had seen at the races in the Champ de Mars an English family consisting of a lady and three daughters, the latter rather handsome, surrounded by half a dozen young Frenchmen, who had got introduced and completely engrossed them: knowing one of the men, he asked their names, but nothing could induce him to tell; his only answer was, "Vous n'avez pas besoin de çà," and they were determined that no others should interfere with them.

How often do I see here cases of that nature! English families who have never lived in the world at home, who are unaccustomed to really good society, come over to Paris for a little recreation, fancy that a Count or a Baron must be a great *gentleman*, fall into the hands of a set of adventurers, who are always on the look-out for such victims, and rue too late their unguarded credulity. There are every day advertisements in the paper offering sums of money to any one who will procure the advertiser an English wife (*bien entendu*) with fortune.

Wednesday, 13*th*. — I went to Paris and saw Lord Eliot and Gurwood, just arrived from Spain, having terminated their mission by obtaining a cessation of the massacres which disgraced the two hostile factions. "Never," said the former to me, "was there a con-

test in which human life was so little valued." On the morning of his arrival at the head-quarters of Zumalacarreguy, sixteen prisoners were led out to be shot, in favour of whose lives Lord E. interfered of course; his request was granted with the same indifference as if he had asked for a pinch of snuff, and the general remarked to him, that if he had arrived a few hours sooner he might have saved a larger number, as in the preceding evening twenty privates and two officers had been executed in the same manner. He dined with Don Carlos, who received him with the greatest civility; his table was very well served, and provisions were very abundant in his camp, as the provinces in which this campaign is carried on are all unanimous in his favour. He prefaced his interview by stating that he was not authorised by his Government to address him otherwise than as Don Carlos, in his public character; but that when invited to his table, as a private individual, he would not hesitate to style him Sire, as the other guests, if not considered as an act of his Government. All this was most readily complied with. The late successes against the army of Valdez are generally true, but not to the extent mentioned in the papers. He thinks that in their present mountainous situation there is no chance of that party being subdued, though perhaps they are not likely to succeed in their ultimate objects.

The equipment of the last reinforcements sent to Valdez has drained the Spanish treasury, and they are again in want of a fresh loan. The inhabitants of all the towns on this seat of warfare are harassed

and tormented by both parties, but the Christinos are far the most undisciplined, robbing and pillaging friend and foe. One innkeeper in a small town where he slept told Lord E. that he and his family had not dared to go without the walls for the last fourteen months, and were often obliged to retreat at night from their own house to a sort of little fortress in the town, for further security.

Lord Cowley left Paris this morning on his return to England, and Lord Granville is expected in a day or two.

At dinner with King they talked of the trials at the Luxembourg, which are going on, but with increased disorder. The prisoners are undaunted by the menaces of the President and the interference of the gendarmes; the court is a scene of tumult; and because they are not allowed to choose for themselves advocates who do not belong to the legal profession, they formally protest against the whole proceedings as tyrannical and illegal.

A fatal duel has just taken place at Rome between the Neapolitan Prince Cottrifiano, Count d'Arragon, and Mr. St. John, brother of Lord Bolingbroke: the former was killed on the spot, the latter received a slight wound on the head.

A further account contains the following particulars: —

"This duel took place on Saturday evening, the 26th inst., at Mola de Gaeta, between the Hon. Ferd. St. John and Count Giovanni d'Arragon, each attended by two seconds. They were placed at thirty paces, with the right of walking to ten paces

and firing when they pleased. After aiming at each other for some minutes, each wishing to reserve his fire, Mr. St. John cried, 'Il faut en finir,' fired, and the Count fell dead, the ball having passed through his heart. The parties were at Rome during the Holy week, and the quarrel is said to have occurred at Torlonia's assembly, where the daughter of an English general had turned both their heads. The fate of Count G. d'Arragon is greatly lamented, as he was of an amiable disposition and much in English society. The parties got their passports at Rome to visit Mola de Gaeta and return. The ground chosen was about a hundred yards from the Villa de Cicerone hotel, and leaving the body as it fell the parties hastened to regain the frontier; the police were immediately on the alert, caught St. John at Terracina, pursued the others as far as Torre-treponte, made them prisoners, and I hear the King has ordered them here in a levy, to undergo a trial, although the duel was *selon les règles;* but whenever death ensues the parties implicated undergo severe punishment."

Friday, 15*th*. — On Wednesday last died in Paris poor Mr. Stibbert, aged sixty-three. His story is short, but one of the most remarkable instances of the infatuation for play ever known. He was the son of General Stibbert, but deformed from his birth; inherited a fortune of 80,000*l*., as I have always heard; and, till the age of forty-five, was a man of regular habits, a cultivated mind, and much respected in England among the friends with whom he lived. Unfortunately, after the peace, eighteen years ago, he

determined to visit Italy, and arrived in Paris with the intention of passing here only a few weeks. One night he was induced to go to the Salon, then kept in the Rue Grange Batelière, and frequented by the best society of all nations, under the superintendence of the old and agreeable Marquis de Livry, —a very different establishment from the Tripot in the Rue de Richelieu at present. He there sat down to play for the first time, lost a small sum of money, returned to win it back, continued to lose, and in the same hopeless enterprise prolonged his stay for several years, till he absolutely lost every shilling of his large property, and has since latterly been dependent on his brother for a small allowance, hovering like a spectre round the gaming-table at Frascati, and risking his few francs every night in that sink of depravity, still hoping that fortune might turn in his favour and enable him to regain his losses. His mild manners, his settled melancholy, and, as he has often told me himself, that infatuation which he felt quite unable to resist, rendered him a constant object of remark to the various English who have visited Paris for many years past.

The English Parliament has met, but nothing of note has as yet occurred.

A speech of Sir Robert Peel at a public dinner given at the Merchant Tailors' Hall by the chief men in the City, has caused some sensation. He particularly alluded to the fact, that notwithstanding the great wealth and influence of the Conservative party in the City, all the eighteen members of the Metropolitan districts had been returned by the

Whig-radical interest, which spoke little in favour of their energy or activity.

Wednesday, 20*th*.—On going this morning to the Embassy, I met General Bacon the partisan in Portugal: he thought that Don Carlos would get to Madrid, and said he was now in treaty with the Spanish Government to raise a corps of 8000 foreigners for the service of the Queen.

Friday, 22*nd*.—When Alvanley returned from his duel with Mr. O'Connell, he gave the hackney-coachman who had driven him to and from the ground a sovereign for his trouble: when the man observed that it was more than was his due for taking him that distance, Alvanley replied, "It is not for carrying me there, my good fellow, but for bringing me back."

Sunday, 24*th*.—Stopford, who is just returned here, describes society in England as divided by political animosities; the King, in very low spirits, had said publicly that he would give no fêtes at the Palace; Lady Lansdowne's remark was, "I suppose he means to spite us." Brinsley Sheridan has run off with Miss Grant, the daughter and only child of Sir Colquhoun Grant.

The Ministry of Lord Melbourne is not considered likely to maintain itself long: the members of the Cabinet are without talent, and give no confidence to the country.

Monday, 25*th*.—Scrope Davies, whom I formerly knew well and intimately in London, promised to pay me a visit here to-morrow; he was apparently in good spirits when we dined together on Wednesday

last: my astonishment was therefore great when I received from him last night the following letter: —

"Dear R.,

"When you met me at dinner on Wednesday last, you might possibly have observed a gloom about me, which the gaiety even of your conversation could not dispel. This moral symptom was, as it often has been, the precursor of physical derangement. Since that period, lethargic days and sleepless nights have reduced me to a state of nervous irritability, such as forbids me to see any society. At some future period, when I am in a healthy state of mind, the perusal of your manuscripts will afford me the highest gratification. At present I must visit nobody, but must strictly follow the advice which Sir George Tuthill gave me: his words were these—'On such occasions avoid all possible excitement, or the consequences may be most lamentable.' He then quoted what Imlac says in Rasselas. 'Of all uncertainties, the uncertain continuance of reason is the most dreadful.' Such language could not be mistaken, and I have acted, and must continue to act, accordingly. I would much rather be accessory to my own death, than to my own insanity. The dead are less to be deplored than the insane. I never saw a maniac, but I found myself absorbed in a melancholy far more profound than that which I ever experienced at the death of any of my friends. Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins. It is a firmament without a sun, a temple without a God. I have survived

most of my friends: heaven forbid I should survive myself.

"Ever yours,
"SCROPE DAVIES."

The perusal of this letter gave me great uneasiness, and I could only write in return an attempt at a cheerful answer, to prove that I felt no participation in his apprehensions, and imputed his lowness of spirits to mere bodily indisposition, which, as I told him, quiet and calomel would remove; but there was one line in his letter which at once solved to myself a question that had long been an enigma to me. Why does insanity so generally prompt to suicide? Because the poor victim, though in other respects deranged and unable to combine his ideas, has still a real sense of his own deplorable situation, and flies to death for relief.

Davies was the intimate friend of Lord Byron, and, as he lived much in his society at one time, has naturally imbibed many of his ideas: he is a classical scholar, with very good natural abilities; but I fear that deadly foe to human intellect, the brandy-bottle, has much to do with the excitement.

It is not extraordinary that he should quote from Rasselas, when it is known that the luminous author of that work was constantly a prey all his life to those morbid apprehensions.

Tuesday, 26*th*.—A stormy day, which I suppose prevented Arthur Upton and Culling Smith from coming to Versailles, as they had intended.

Wednesday, 27*th*.—I went to Paris to inquire

after my invalids; but I suppose my prescription had answered, as I found that Davies was well and gone out; but this letter, coupled with some other previous circumstances, makes me apprehensive for the future about him.

I found my poor friend, John King, far otherwise; his complaint has suddenly taken a frightful turn. Dropsy on the chest and violent spasms of the heart have appeared, and his case seems precisely the same as that of the poor Duke of York in his last moments. I had a long conversation with his physicians, and they give me no hope of his recovery. Thus another friendship of five-and-twenty years' standing is about to be dissolved by death.

A French intervention, with an army of 50,000 men, in the affairs of Spain, is much talked of in Paris. A request to that effect is certainly arrived from the court of Spain, but the French government has not yet given a reply. The subject was well canvassed in autumn, 1833. The powers then gave their consent, from a conviction of the embarrassment and expense that it would cause to France, and the apprehensions of Louis-Philippe alone prevented it; but the present unsettled state of public feeling may render it more politic to occupy the nation with a war.

Three months ago, France was growing daily more prosperous. The general remark was, *tout va bien;* but, to show the susceptibility of this phosphoric nation, the ill-judged project of trying the Republicans before the tribunal of the peers, and

the disorder consequent on that proceeding, have unsettled everything. Trade is paralysed, troops are seen in motion, and, what is a never-failing sign of public apprehension, the agio on gold has risen considerably. If the invasion takes place, it will be a remarkable instance of the versatility of public opinion. During the last thirty years, the French will have fought in Spain—under Napoleon, to establish usurpation; under the Duc d'Angoulême, to establish absolutism; under Louis-Philippe, to establish liberalism.

Thursday, 28*th*.—I went to Paris to visit King, who is fast declining.

On Monday, died, in the Place Vendome, the Earl of Devon, formerly Lord Courtenay, who for many years has resided abroad for reasons well known to the world. He has left no children, and his splendid fortune, with his title, go to a distant relation. The report is that he was killed by the ignorance of his French physician.

Prosper Merimée, the author, is on a visit to England. He writes that nothing can equal the hospitality which he receives and the luxury which he witnesses: he is astonished at the large fortunes of the aristocracy; but he concludes with saying: "Les imbécilles, qui par leur fol entêtément risquent la perte de tous ces bienfaits!"

There has been a curious discussion going on at the Tuileries. Marshal Soult complained to the King of his poverty, which is hardly conceivable, as he is known to be very rich; but Louis-Philippe, wishing to keep well with him, offered him 500,000

francs for the choice of three pictures out of his famous gallery. The selection was confided to M. Montalembert, who, having made his choice for the King, was surprised to find that others were substituted in their place, and sent to the palace. This produced a remonstrance and a long correspondence, in which the Marshal's conduct appeared to so little advantage, that in a pique he broke off the negotiation, and was obliged to refund the first instalment of 150,000 francs which he had already received.

Saturday, 30*th*.—At half-past one this morning died my poor friend, John Harcourt King. He had been more composed and easy during the preceding day, and expired without a struggle. It was a very singular death. He was determined to appear unconscious of his danger to the last, and would not allow any warning to be given him by his physician, who told his friends that any intimation of that nature would produce a nervous affection, which would instantly destroy him.

It was the most persevering self-deception to the last, painful to be witnessed by those around him, and, I am convinced in my own mind, contrary to his own real conviction. He was a man of strict probity and honour, a kind, warm-hearted friend, and a high-bred gentleman, one of the few who remained with a tincture of the old school, which is nearly extinct. His ideas on religious subjects were such as I have long deplored, and must have made this last scene so painful, that he would not bring his mind to contemplate it. He was not more than fifty-three years old. In early life he was employed in

diplomatic situations abroad, but since the peace in 1815, having refused a mission to South America, which he did not think worth his acceptance, he had retired on his pension of 1200*l.* a year, and the small property left him by his father, the late Earl of Kingston. Long must I regret his loss.

Monday, June 1st.—I went up early to Paris to pay the last sad tribute of friendship to poor King. Yarmouth, Stopford, and myself, with his executors, Sir R. Robinson and Mr. Okey, followed him to the grave. It was a sad scene for us who had so lately seen him in the enjoyment of health, and our constant daily companion. He was buried in the Cimetière Montmartre. We had some difficulty in delaying the funeral even to this short period, as the laws of France only allow an interval of twenty-four hours from the decease, which at times must produce dreadful consequences. In this case there could not be much apprehension; but I thought of Mr. Steer, who died in Paris about a year and a half ago, and strongly insisted for a delay. The poor man was seized with an apoplectic fit; every attempt to bleed him proved fruitless; he was laid out for his funeral, which was to take place on the following morning. The nurse appointed to watch by his remains during the night deserted her post, and when the undertakers arrived to place him in the coffin, it was found that the vital action had returned, and his veins being previously opened, he had bled to deeth.

Tuesday, 2nd.—Earl Devon has made a singular will. He has left to his upper servant his house in the country, in the forest of Tenars, his plate, and

in short all his property in France; and to his coachman, his carriages, horses, harness, and everything appertaining to his stables.

George Anson has lost his election for Staffordshire against Sir F. Goodericke; though his brother, Lord Lichfield, supported him with a considerable sum of money.

The successes of Zumalacarraguy, and the application from Spain for assistance from France and England, have produced a panic on the Stock Exchange at London such as never occurred before: the funds of all descriptions have fallen, but those of Spain, in which speculations were going on to an immense amount, have been affected in a most serious manner, and caused the ruin of many: they are 20 per cent lower than at the last settling.

Madame de Balby has been staying with Madame de D—— at her seat at R——, during Talleyrand's visit there: she describes the house as placed in a beautiful situation, overlooking the river, but so encumbered with valuable old furniture, Sèvres china, bronzes, silver and gold plate, every species of curiosity and rarity, that it is really difficult to move through the apartments. In that single residence is contained wherewithal to furnish three spacious hotels, and the value cannot be less than three or four millions.

The amassing character of the lady, and the munificent presents of the Prince, have formed this splendid museum, which is in itself a fortune, if it should be ever realised.

Madame de D—— has three children,—the Duc de

V——, who has married the heiress of the M—— family; a daughter, who was lately with her in England*; and another son, M. de T——, who is very much attached to his father, the Duc de D——, and is living with him in Italy. This young man was in the French Navy, and is a violent partisan of the dethroned Bourbons; he has already fought several duels in asserting their rights, and is at all times ready to quarrel with those who profess a contrary opinion. When the last revolution broke out, he publicly insulted his own captain *on deck*, for remaining in the service of an usurper: he then resigned his commission, and quitting his uniform, he sought out his captain, and told him he was ready to repeat the same insulting expressions, and give him satisfaction now as a private individual: a duel took place, and the unfortunate captain was run through the body. He makes no secret of his contempt for the politics of his wily great uncle, the Prince: he once said to him, "Croyez vous que vos quatre-vingts années de pourriture puissent vous absoudre du rôle infame que vous avez joué?" His father the Duc was always a goodnatured but weak man, and ruined by his own extravagance; he is living out of France on a moderate allowance, to avoid his creditors; but his mother, the Duchesse de D——, who was a daughter of the Princess C——, and co-heiress with Madame de S——f, is possessed of great wealth, which she prudently keeps to herself. Still, her powers of fascination are so great, that her influence over her husband, not-

* Now widow of the Cte. H. de C——.

withstanding her conduct to him *and with others*, remains in full force, and he is at all times ready to submit to any conditions she may choose to impose on him.

Wednesday, 3*rd*.—Lord and Lady Granville returned to the hotel of the Embassy on Friday last, to remain there *jusqu'à nouvel ordre*. Caradoc is arrived from England with his mother, Lady Howden, who is to be presented to his bride the Princess B——.

Thursday, 4*th*.—The Duchesse de Guiche, at whose house we pass most of our evenings, is a woman of superior understanding; she is full of anecdote, and even while lying weak and desponding on the sofa, if a subject is started which excites any interest in her mind, her features become animated, her eyes sparkle, and she will converse with that energy and eloquence which is only to be met with in French women, when acquainted with all the finesse of expression in their own language. In that moment her sufferings and misfortunes are forgotten: but when the charm has vanished, she sinks again. It is a melancholy sight to see a beautiful and accomplished woman, who has been the idol of a court, and the glass of fashion in society, thus daily and gradually fading away.

The Duc Da——g, who died three years ago, was the most intimate friend of Talleyrand,—a professor of the same principles, a partaker of the same pleasures, and an associate frequently in the same speculations, particularly in that unfortunate one of Paravis; by which the Duke, less cautious than his

friend, was almost entirely ruined shortly before his death. His last illness was long and dilatory, during which he was carefully nursed by the Duchess, who is a very religious character. Madame de G—— told me that she took this opportunity to effect the complete conversion of her husband, who made a formal recantation of his principles, and died a very sincere penitent.—Not so his friend, who said lately to his physician: "Je n'ai qu'une peur, c'est celle des inconvenances; je ne crains pour moi-même qu'un scandale, pareil à celui qui est arrivé à la mort du Duc de Liancourt."

Friday, 5th.—It is a curious circumstance that two of the greatest powers in Europe should at this moment be represented at the Court of London by two Corsicans,—Russia, by Pozzo di Borgo; and France, by Sebastiani,—though they have arrived at that distinction by very different routes. Pozzo by the most undeviating energy in the cause of legitimacy, and the principles of the Holy Alliance; Sebastiani by the most barefaced adherence to every government which was in power at the time: he has served under Napoleon under the Bourbons, and now under Louis-Philippe. His supple character, which is strongly contrasted with that of his fellow-countryman, has rendered him a great favourite of the present King, who always calls him his dear Sebastiani, and knows that he can depend on his devotion as long as he has the means of rewarding him. His late marriage with a daughter of the Duc de Grammont, (with which, by the by, his vanity has been much flattered,) has given some umbrage

to the Liberal party here, who now represent him as a relation of M. de Polignac, and consequently in his heart a friend to the Carlist party. Talleyrand, who would naturally exculpate the conduct of a man whose career has been nearly similar to his own, said, upon this occasion: "Vous reprochez à Sebastiani d'être parent de M. de Polignac: est ce que le Roi Louis-Philippe n'est pas cousin de Charles X.?"

M. Sebastiani's connections with the Carlist party and with the family of Grammont will never interfere with his duty to Louis-Philippe, as long as he holds the reins of government; but if Henri V. should be restored to the throne, his new family alliance will naturally induce him then to become a Royalist.

In the meantime, it cements an intimacy with Lady Tankerville and her connections in London, while in France, notwithstanding the reign of Liberal ideas, the name of an old illustrious family still has its weight, and may shed some lustre on a parvenu, even beyond the circles of the faubourg St. Germain.—Though Madame Davidoff had no fortune, the marriage was not a bad speculation for Sebastiani, under all the existing chances.

The news from Spain is still favourable to the cause of Don Carlos: the Queen's army has met with another check, and the state of Madrid is far from tranquil; but there is no appearance of intervention from this quarter, and the news from England is equally pacific.

Mr. Grote has brought forward his motion for the

vote by ballot, which was opposed by the Government, and lost by a large majority assisted by the Tories: still there were 147 in its favour.

Sunday, 7th.—The summer concerts are begun in Paris, and more numerously attended than the theatres. The other night several of the old Royalist families from the faubourg St. Germain met by appointment at the Concert in the Champs Elysées, and unfortunately the Duke of Orleans selected the same evening to make his appearance. On his arrival, he went up to speak to the Duchesse de V——, and found himself in the midst of the Carlist coterie, who all with one accord turned their backs, and showed evident signs of their antipathy to him. After staying a few minutes, he said to the young Duchess, "Il ne fait pas bon pour moi dans ce quartier ci," and retired; which must have given his enemies a triumph. He is a quiet, modest young man, and little formed to cope with all the cabals which are unceasingly made against him; much less will he have the vigour necessary to maintain the succession at the death of his father.

The prisoners who have been tried before the House of Peers at the Luxembourg are all young men under thirty years of age; and if anything could prove the immense progress made in education here, and generally in Europe, it is the wonderful talent and information which has been displayed by them in their recriminations and defence. The hardiness of their replies, and the sarcasm of their remarks on the Court, have severely mortified their judges, to which mainly may be attributed the severity of their sentence.

This march of intellect has been developed, not, as formerly under the old system, by long study of Greek and Latin, but by great knowledge of history, mathematical precision, and eloquence to an extent which surprised the audience, as none of the accused belonged to the higher classes of society. The following prediction of the results of this injudicious trial in the "Révue des Deux Mondes," has been fully verified :—

"Tous ces vieux Pairs, tous ces débris, tous ces courtisans de la fortune nouvelle, ont retrouvé quelque chose de leur verdeur et de leur jeunesse pour se montrer implacables contre les accusés: on se passionne dans ce procès, comme s'il s'agissait de présenter un bouquet au château. Quel contraste! On danse aux Tuileries, des illuminations brillantes fatiguent les yeux, et au Palais du Luxembourg on aura le spectacle d'un procès criminel, dont les annales judiciaires n'offrent pas d'exemple. Les destinées s'accomplissent! mais avant le jugement, que d'apostrophes seront jettées sur ces faces blêmes et flétries qui ont traversé tant de régimes, et veulent affronter de jeunes hommes, égarés peut-être, mais tous hommes de conviction et de dévouement à une cause! Tout ne sera pas facile dans ce procès; les hommes de Juillet vont paraître devant la pairie de la Restauration, et plus d'un souvenir sanglant sera jetté dans l'arêne judiciaire."

The road to Paris was crowded with carriages today, going to and coming from Grignan, which is distant about six leagues from hence, where an annual agricultural meeting is held for the exhibition of cattle,

ploughing matches, and new inventions of agricultural instruments, &c. Medals and prizes are distributed by judges, and our neighbours seem anxious to rival England in solid improvements, as well as in racing and steeple-chases, which now form the great amusement of the Parisian gentry. All these pursuits are quite in their infancy, though adopted with great eagerness, and the contrast is rather amusing to an Englishman, between their anxiety to imitate all our pursuits, and their jealousy of our superiority.

Monday, 8*th.*— The Duke of Orleans, who was so ill received the other night at the concert in the Champs Elysées by the Carlist ladies, has met with many and various rebuffs of the same nature: about two years ago he was at a ball given by Madame Appony, where he asked Mademoiselle de B—— to dance: her reply was, "J'aurois toujours été charmée de danser avec Monsieur le Duc de Chartres, mais jamais avec Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans." Instead of making a witty answer, or saying anything which might have turned the laugh to his own side, he appeared highly offended, and left the room; but, as if everything that night was to increase his dilemma, on looking for his shako (it was a dressed ball), he found that some malicious wag had taken out his tricoloured cockade, and substituted a white paper one in its place.

Mademoiselle Lenormand has predicted that there will be a riot on the 27th of this month in Paris: a person who consulted her the other day was advised not to invest some money in the Funds till next month.

Tuesday, 9*th.*— While we have lately seen in England the unmanageable spirit of our House of

Commons, and its tendency to support every encroachment of a revolutionary nature, whether in the election of a Speaker or the dismissal of a Government,—and even now that these two points have been gained, the uncertain support which it seems inclined to give even to that favoured administration which it has foisted upon the country in defiance of the Royal prerogative,—let us look for a moment to the same assembly in this country, and observe what different tactics are pursued here, and what different feelings influence the Members. I premise by saying that the bias of the country itself is for liberty, and the opposition party in the Chamber pretends to represent that opinion. But here we have a Government sprung from a revolution which has no other object than to repress those principles which gave it being; and to promote that object, there is no denying that it wields, and with considerable address in some cases, the two efficient weapons of power—reward and fear. Its numerous adherents are moved by the one, and the Chamber of Deputies by the other, in assisting this general object. So great a dread exists of popular commotion, that not a voice is raised to advocate the rights of the people, lest even the bare discussion of the subject should create a partial excitement. A proof of this has lately been given in a discussion on electoral reform, and shortly before the wild question of the ballot had been received by a large and apparently increasing minority in our House of Commons. Two years ago the necessity of this reform was generally allowed; it was advocated by the most eminent deputies, who founded upon this question a

plan of systematic opposition to the ministry. Petitions from the country at last brought on the discussion; and what line has now been taken by the opposition? Instead of acting up to their professions, instead of proposing what they deemed suitable to the real wants of the people, or accordant with the progress of ideas (as Lord Grey would term it), they merely expressed some hopes for the future, some anticipations of an ultimate but distant remedy, without proposing any distinct motion, or stipulating for any immediate reform. The electoral census was only slightly blamed; the extension of it was alluded to in fear and trembling. M. Odillon Barrot, and M. Pages de l'Arriége, spoke without boldness, hesitated in their opinions, and seemed only anxious to say what would be palatable to the *château.*

The present *juste milieu* Cabinet is not only disliked but ridiculed in France, and yet it can command a decided majority upon any question; while in England no Government, whether Whig or Tory, can count upon a majority from one day to another. Louis-Philippe has 400,000 men on foot, and sees no advantage to be derived from any concessions to liberty. In the meantime the courtiers flock round him, and the ministers are docile. Sebastiani, who from his new connections thinks himself fit to be a channel of communication between the adherents of the two parties, brought to the Tuileries his new relation, M. de Guebriac, who since the revolution of July had always kept aloof from the *château.* He was not the worse received for his dilatory appearance: the King said to him, "Nous avons grand plaisir à vous

voir; avertissez en bien vos amis, les derniers venus seront toujours les premiers." A quotation from the Scriptures which was not very appropriate to the occasion.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—One of the most striking results of the French Revolution in 1789, is the present state of the Church in France: its influence formerly, and its abuses were unbounded; it was the road to wealth and dignity reserved for the nobility, and the Princes de l'Eglise were the richest, the most powerful, and the most luxurious satraps round the throne; they were the most preeminent in vice as well as in splendour, and their overthrow was marked by more signal vengeance and desolation; it is the only class in France, which, after undergoing the purifying process of adversity, has not revived again from its ashes into any celebrity. For a long period during the Revolution, the priests did not even exist as a profession in France, till Napoleon, feeling the important aid which he might derive from a spiritual power, brought them again into life. But the temporal baits had vanished; the ecclesiastical revenues were confiscated; the abbeys and the convents were destroyed; the immunities in favour of the Church were scattered to the winds; and who in France would enter into a profession where neither honours nor wealth could be attainable? Still under the Empire, the Church did exist, and was acknowledged as a part of the state, but divested of all weight or importance, and by the Concordat separated from all collusive influence with the court of Rome.

At the restoration some hopes were entertained

by the clergy that better days were in store for them; but the philosophical ideas of Louis XVIII., and his indifference to all religion, soon proved that their views of aggrandisement would find little favour from the throne. They gained, however, a step: religious worship, though still an object of scoffing and neglect, became gradually more general; the returned families brought with them their religious recollections, and that wish for spiritual comfort and advice which forms such a part of the Catholic faith; the sacraments began to be administered, and though it was necessary to feel their way with caution and discretion, they lost no opportunity of disseminating what they thought was an increasing influence.

Louis XVIII. died, and a new æra seemed to open for ecclesiastical influence under Charles X., whose bigoted feelings were duly appreciated. So eager were the clergy to avail themselves of this opportunity, that the Liberal party began to feel alarmed. The Archbishop of Paris made himself very obnoxious by some ill-judged regulations in his diocese; the encroaching spirit of the clergy became daily more evident; but the power which Cardinal Latil usurped over the King's conscience only served to precipitate the fall of both the clergy and the throne. He was the promoter of those fatal ordinances in July, which had the double object of restoring the old monarchical system, and reviving the power of the Church in France; the nation rebelled, and in one day destroyed all these illusions.

The Church has now sunk into its former insignificance, and the members of it are, generally speaking, men of low birth and no education; they are in outward circumstances like the Apostles of old, inwardly, I fear, they fall very far short of their prototypes: there may be, and doubtless are exceptions, but the generality of them seem coarse, bigoted, and prejudiced. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? No family, even in moderate circumstances, ever thinks of bringing up a son to that profession; the very idea of it would be laughed at. I asked G—— the other day, from what classes the priests were taken, whether from the peasantry, &c.? His answer was, "Des garçons de ferme et généralement les plus bêtes!" Still there is a visible increase of religion in France: the churches are more regularly attended; communions and confessions are administered at stated times; and there is a corresponding decency of conduct and morality gaining ground, particularly in the provinces, which must strike any one who has known France during the last twenty years as I have done. One thing only astonishes me, which is, that individuals who have received the benefits of a liberal education, like the better classes in this country, can resort for spiritual advice to beings who must appear to be so much their inferiors in all mental acquirements.

Such, however, they must remain for the present, as Louis-Philippe is little likely to throw any weight into that scale; he has the fate of his predecessor before his eyes, and he will never allow the complaint of bigotry to be added to the list of charges

which may be brought against him. His sole object is to reign.

The feelings of the Parisian mob at the last Revolution were so strongly excited against the clergy, that the palace of the Archbishop was completely pillaged.

Thursday, 11*th*. — We have had for the last week very singular weather: the day very hot, and severe storms with thunder and lightning at night.

Friday, 12*th*. — Went to Paris to see Matuscewitz, who is appointed Russian Minister at Naples, and goes to England for a few weeks previously.

Saturday, 13*th*. — The Gazette announces the suspension of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, to allow levies in England for the cause of Isabella in Spain. France has offered for the same purpose the Foreign Legion raised in Africa, now at Algiers. Thus the cause of intervention is to be supported under disguise. The Emperor of Russia has nominated Count Pahlen ambassador to France, but at the same time given him leave of absence for several months.

Sunday, 14*th*. — Montrond and Yarmouth dining with us were very entertaining. Had a letter from G——, with a detail of what is going on in London society, where the gaming at Crockford's is unparalleled. *Alea quando hos animos?*

In the Chamber of Deputies a motion has been made by M. Mercier, for the enactment of penal laws against duelling, which has been referred to the Minister of Justice. If ever it was necessary in any

country it is here, as the most trifling disputes daily lead to the most serious consequences; and all the young men learn to fence or practise at a mark, for no other object than to bully or insult their neighbours. The President of the Council allowed that in liquidating the claim made by Russia on France, for the expenses of the French army in Poland in 1811, the loan contracted by Saxony in Paris in that year should be urged as a set-off, on the plea that the King of Saxony was then Duke of Warsaw.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—I took up a book at the library; it was called "Malheur et Poésie," written by Hyppolite Raynal, a young man who was condemned four years ago for some crime. The preface is a short sketch of his life, with reflections on the past. Referring to an illness which nearly hurried him to the tomb, when he was only ten years old, he remarks:—

"C'eut été finir à point. Lorsque la fièvre chaude me prit je pouvais avoir dix ans. Je n'avais fait de mal à personne. Mon ciel se couvrait; la tombe m'eut mis à couvert des affreuses tempêtes qui m'assaillirent plus tard." And further, in recalling the innocent scenes of his childhood, he says with regret:

"En revoyant l'empreinte de mes petits pieds nus, je ne puis m'empêcher de m'attendrir en songeant que ce n'était point au mal qu'ils allaient, et que c'est là qu'ils ont été contraints d'arriver."

Thursday, 18*th*.—The only news I heard in Paris were the death of the Duchess of Argyll, and Earl Courtown, Stopford's elder brother. Louis-

Philippe is delighted with the news from Spain, and rubs his hands with glee when he hears of Don Carlos's successes.

Friday, 19*th*.—There were several new English faces at the Embassy, which from their appearance would be new everywhere. Two handsome Spanish women, Madame de Navarez and her sister. Prince Paul of Würtemberg spoke very kindly about poor King's death. Lord Granville told me that he had received a letter from the vice-consul at Caen, stating that Brummell had been put into prison for a debt of 800*l*. and was in great distress; he had sent him 500 francs just for present assistance, but after the endless applications that have been made from him to his old friends, since he left England, how can such a sum now be raised? I fear he must now repent the manœuvre by which he induced Lord Palmerston to reduce the consulship at Caen.

Sunday, 21*st*.—This morning I had a long visit from General Pepe, who brought me a letter from Davies. He formerly commanded a brigade in Spain under Napoleon, and since 1814 has been engaged in revolutionary projects in his own country which have brought on his banishment as a Carbonaro from Naples. He is a sensible man, but by his own confession a *propagandiste*, and has been connected with all the *soi-disant* liberals in Europe. He considers the government of Louis-Philippe as merely provisional, for the simple reason, that he has preferred trusting to an armed force and the National Guard, instead of identifying himself with the French nation. If one or two regiments were seduced, the rest would

follow; if the National Guard saw no apprehensions for their shops and their trade, there remain no ties by which they could be bound to him. Liberty and equality are established in France, an armed oppression can only be momentary. A revolution here would be effected quietly in a few days; there would be little, perhaps no bloodshed; there would be even no excitement to pillage, which is the great bugbear held out by Louis-Philippe to the Parisians; during the Revolution of July not a loaf of bread was stolen. France in her revolutions has passed through the ordeal of bloodshed, persecution, and plunder, and the theme is exhausted. If experience did not inculcate moderation, the materials for excess are wanting: here are no nobles, no priests, no abuses (except one), no corporations, no immense fortunes; property is so divided that almost every man has something to defend for himself. Then look at England, warned by no past experience, and see the spoil held out to the robber, the eminences to the leveller, and the abuses to the innovator; a revolution with you, and it is hanging over your head, will be of a far different character. The General has lived thirteen years in England, and is well known to the Whigs. He was told by —— that when they came into power, their object would be to give the frontier of the Rhine and Savoy to France, as it was necessary to increase her strength for the maintenance of liberal opinions in Europe.

Monday, 22*nd*.—On Thursday last died William Cobbett, aged seventy-three.

The French papers mention that enlistments of

troops for Don Carlos are going on with vigour in Holland and the North of Germany, as a counterpoise to the succours from England and France; it looks as if the great struggle of opinions in Europe would be fought at length on Spanish ground.

A pamphlet was published here a few months ago, under the shape of a letter from an English M.P., but evidently fabricated in Paris, giving an account of the reasons which determined M. de Talleyrand to give up his post as Ambassador to London.

It begins by asserting that which bespeaks the greatest ignorance of English politics, namely, that, the Prince had a great hand in overturning the Tory Government in 1830, which is just as true as that the Duke of Wellington persuaded Prince Polignac to issue his famous ordinances which ruined the Bourbons. It then alludes to the sympathy which existed between the French Ambassador and Earl Grey, on all points, even to the dread of that revolutionary impulse in England, which at first was fostered by the latter for his own purposes.

"M. de Talleyrand apperçut le péril comme le Comte Grey lui-même; il savait toute la puissance des opinions jeunes et vivaces; il était impossible d'arrêter le mouvement parlementaire. Le dégoût s'empara tout-à-coup de la vieillesse du Comte Grey, il ne voulût pas porter une main sacrilége sur l'Eglise, il offrit sa démission; et vous vous souvenez de ces explications touchantes, données en plein Parlement sur sa propre conduite ministérielle. La retraite du Comte Grey signala de plus en plus le danger à M. de Talleyrand. Dès la nomination de Lord Mel-

bourne, prévoyant l'invincible tendance des affaires, le triomphe des Ultra-Whigs, et peut-être de Lord Durham, l'Ambassadeur de France songea à sa retraite, car il n'avait plus à Londres ce premier rôle qu'il a toujours ambitionné. Une autre circonstance vînt encore se joindre à celle-ci. Dans la révolution que venait de subir le ministère Whig lui-même, Lord Palmerston avait conservé le *Foreign Office;* déjà il y avait eu entre M. de Talleyrand et Lord Palmerston, caractère difficile, quelques dissidences sérieuses, surtout au sujet d'une démonstration armée dans l'Orient, que M. de Talleyrand sentit être trop hardie, dans la situation où le trône de Juillet se trouvait placé. Cette hostilité pouvait entraîner une guerre véritable, il fallait fortifier plutôt l'alliance morale, et la traité quadruple qui unirait le Midi contre le Nord y fut substitué. Dès ce moment les relations de M. de T. et de Lord P. se refroidirent; celui-ci a un esprit très-irritable, un caractère susceptible et changeant; l'Ambassadeur de France le prit en dégoût; d'un autre côté, le cabinet de Lord Melbourne était entrainé de concessions en concessions.

"On voit dès cette époque M. de Talleyrand quitter l'Angleterre, on apprend que sa santé s'affaiblit. C'est que lorsque M. de Talleyrand voit l'orage gronder, comme Pythagore, il aime le désert et l'écho. Ce qu'il a fui en quittant Londres, c'est moins le Ministère Tory que le cabinet de Lord Melbourne, moins l'aristocratie que la populace, moins le système conservateur que le système radical. Après son sejour à Valençay, il déclara positivement qu'il ne

pouvait retourner à son ambassade en Angleterre, insinuant que si l'on croyait sa personne nécessaire quelque part, c'était à Vienne qu'il pourrait être utile, et qu'il priait le Roi de le laisser aller représenter la France auprès du Prince Metternich. Louis-Philippe conçut des méfiances de ce projet: Vienne est bien près de Prague; le parti légitimiste prêtait des projets à M. de Talleyrand; quand on vieillit, les premières émotions de la vie reviennent puissantes pour dominer les faiblesses de l'esprit; il se fait un retour vers ce qu'on a adoré; M. de Talleyrand a plusieurs de ces faiblesses. Le croirait-on? pour un homme qui a passé à travers tant de vicissitudes de fortune; qui s'est assoupi sous tant d'opinions et de nécessités, le croirait-on? ce qui le préoccupe encore, c'est d'être enseveli en terre sainte avec les honneurs mortuaires de l'Eglise. Qui n'a vu le front impassible de M. de Talleyrand se couvrir de nuages, toutes les fois qu'il lisait dans les journaux un refus de sépulture pour un prêtre non réconcilié. Il veut que la terre lui soit légère; il craint le scandale des funérailles, et voilà pourquoi il désire mourir à l'étranger, ou à Valençay, qu'il accable d'aumônes, dans l'intention de mériter quelques prières du bon chapelain du château.

"Qui sait, si à ces idées de dévotion ne se mêlerait pas aussi quelque autre pensée de la Restauration, laquelle lui assurerait si profondément les suffrages du clergé de France. Qui sait, si le rôle ne jetterait pas sur sa tombe une couronne de fidélité à ses sermens!

"Aussi Louis-Philippe a-t-il refusé toutes les of-

frès de M. de Talleyrand pour le voyage de Vienne, et depuis ce moment, une froideur marquée s'est manifestée entre le Roi et lui. Nous en savons tous les détails, car M. de Talleyrand est un de ces hommes qui communique à ses amis les secrets qu'il veut que tout le monde sache. Il paraît donc que l'ambassadeur, un peu piqué, aurait dit au Roi, que puisque sa vie politique était finie, il était essentiel d'expliquer une conduite que le public pourrait mal interpréter. Le Roi aurait répondu, que ceci sortait de l'usage habituel; les lettres de démission étaient des pièces secrètes entre le souverain et le démissionnaire; à cela M. de Talleyrand aurait répliqué, que par sa position personnelle, et les quelques services qu'il avait été assez heureux de rendre au Roi et à la France, il pouvait mériter une exception; qu'il croyait indispensable de publier quelque chose sur sa démission, et qu'il le ferait en dehors de tout caractère officiel, si le Roi ne voulait point accepter lui-même une publication plus authentique. Louis-Philippe, ainsi pressé, déclara que toute la question était dans les termes, et que le Prince de Talleyrand avait trop l'esprit des convenances, pour ne pas rédiger sa démission de manière à ne point embarrasser son gouvernement. La rédaction a été faite, de concert sur le bureau royal, aux Tuileries; plusieurs projets ont été touchés et retouchés, et M. de Talleyrand a eu la malice d'en envoyer un, avec quelques corrections *de la main du Roi*, à un de ses amis.

"Quant à l'effet produit par cette démission, je puis vous dire qu'elle a été longtemps prévue; M. de

Talleyrand l'avait annoncée en plein salon chez le Comte Grey, avant son départ de Londres, en accusant, avec assez d'aigreur, Lord Palmerston des embarras que pouvait offrir la situation de l'Europe."

The Countess de Poulpry, formerly attached to the Court of the Bourbons, and very hostile to the present order of things, has been staying with the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche here for some days. They all talked with delight of the family of the Duke of Hamilton, and the magnificence of his palace, who received the Court of Charles X. with great hospitality, during their stay in Scotland.

The affair of the pictures which recently took place between Louis-Philippe and Marshal S—— is not the first attempt of the latter to realise the plunder of his campaign in Spain which has proved unsuccessful: a similar negotiation took place with Charles X. for the whole gallery: the price was fixed at, I believe, three millions, and the bargain was absolutely concluded, when the Duchess, his wife, wrote to the King, and demanded an additional sum of 100,000fr. *pour les épingles* for herself; Charles X., who had offered a very liberal price, was so offended at this indelicate encroachment of the parvenue Duchess that he made answer, "C'est par trop bourgeois," and annulled the agreement.

This lady, not distinguished by her elegance or high breeding, was not deficient in that pride which generally accompanies rank of late date. I remember that Mademoiselle Bourgouin, the celebrated actress, told me several years ago of a correspondence which actually took place between her and Madame la

Maréchale, on a singular subject; they were then living as next door neighbours in the same street in Paris, and the great lady had a favourite cat, which, for some private reasons, often strayed to the house of the actress and was missing at home; complaints were repeatedly made of these wanderings, but still the cat was always to be found in the kitchen of the actress, notwithstanding the prohibition given to harbour him. At length the Duchess, who had just received her title from the Emperor, wrote a most indignant letter to Mademoiselle Bourgouin, making her responsible for the absence of her favourite, and signing herself with great pomp, Eugénie de Dalmatie. Mademoiselle B., whose epigrammatic wit was almost proverbial, could not let slip this opportunity of mortifying the pride of her neighbour; she wrote a very appropriate letter in reply, and signed herself Iphigénie en Aulide, which was one of her favourite characters on the French stage, and the world could not help smiling at the parallel.

Tuesday, 23*rd*. — During the examinations at the trials which were still going on at the Luxembourg, and which is now called the *procès monstre*, facts are at times elicited of a most curious nature: a sergeant in one of the regiments forming the garrison at Lyons during the tumults gave evidence last week, that he was ordered to convey a fourgon with cartridges and gunpowder to a distant quarter of the town; he was stopped on the road by a large party of the mob, who insisted upon knowing what was contained in his fourgon; he knew that the rioters were in the greatest want of ammunition, and that this supply

would materially assist their cause; he therefore replied, that it was filled with money from the military chest; these wretched artisans, with perhaps not a sous in their pockets, immediately let him pass unmolested, disdaining, as they said, to tarnish the cause of liberty with the slightest imputation of robbery. The trait is Roman, and almost makes one think that such a cause must be ultimately successful; at any rate it must render the needless severity of the proceedings more publicly odious, and it is said that the authors regret they had ever been commenced.

The Dowager Landgravine of Hesse Rothenburg is travelling about for her amusement to Berlin, &c., but she is closely followed wherever she goes by Baron Von Steuber, as *curator ventris*, who is appointed by the Elector of Hesse to watch all her movements in that capacity, till the hour of her *accouchement*.

In one of the late encounters with the Christinos, Zumalacarraguy has been wounded; but the cause of Don Carlos continues to prosper.

Thursday, 25th.—The Whigs have appointed Lord Charles Fitzroy Vice-chamberlain in the room of Lord Castlereagh: the King, it is said, now treats his household with as much neglect as his ministers, and avoids any communication with them, except when absolutely necessary: he attended the anniversary dinner of Waterloo, at the Duke of Wellington's house, on Thursday last, and was well received by the people. The Municipal Corporation Reform Bill is going through the House without much opposition. The Duke of Orleans is gone on a tour to Switzer-

land, where the Queen of Würtemberg and her family are making a short stay: it is hoped that he may be accepted for one of the Princesses, which would cause great exultation here at the *château*, as all attempts hitherto to procure him a wife have proved unsuccessful, from a dread of the uncertain tenure by which his father holds his crown.

Saturday, 27*th*.—Mademoiselle Lenormand is not infallible: there is no appearance of insurrection to-day, but there certainly has been a fall in the funds since her prediction, owing to the Spanish intervention. The French seem particularly prone to credulity in these matters, and the trade of fortune-teller is not one of the least lucrative in Paris; it is carried on openly, and subject to no legal penalties as in England. The different memoirs attest many communications made to the Kings of France by apparitions or inspired individuals, particularly that of the Blacksmith from the forest of Senars to Louis XIV.; but there exists still in this neighbourhood, between Versailles and Rambouillet, a labouring man, who had several interviews with Louis XVIII. of a warning nature. It was his custom whenever he received the inspired commission, to place himself in the custody of the gens-d'armes belonging to his arrondissement, and request to be led to the Royal presence, which, having once accomplished, orders were given that in future he should always be admitted. I have it from one who stood high in the confidence of that court, that he constantly warned Louis XVIII. of the fate which awaited Charles X., and that he counselled him to use every

means of strengthening his throne during his own lifetime, that fewer difficulties might remain to be encountered by the weakness of his successor. It was in consequence of this warning that Louis XVIII., shortly before his death, issued an ordinance to abolish the liberty of the press in France; which passed without resistance. His speech on that occasion is well remembered: "Un Roi qui touche à sa mort peut ôser de faire ce qu'un Roi à son avènement ne pourrait même contempler."

The first thing that Charles X. did on his accession was to revoke this salutary enactment, in order to obtain a fleeting popularity; and when he at last found the error he had committed,—when after ill-judged severities on one side, and as ill-judged concessions on the other, he found the throne itself in jeopardy, a rash and hasty recurrence to the measure of his predecessor only accelerated his ruin, and fulfilled his predicted destiny.

A letter from G—— this morning says, "Meetings are held at the Duke's, but little hopes of change for the present. Pozzo seems as sulky as a bear. Two days ago I was with the Duke, who spoke very kindly about you, and hoped 'by and by to be of use to you:' I was much pleased at his manner, which was *striking* for *him*."

Sunday, 28*th*.—I heard this morning a singular anecdote. M. Auguet was attached to the Bourbon family, and followed them to their exile at Holyrood House; he afterwards determined, for some motive or other, to retire to Spain, and requested Charles X. to give him letters of introduction to that country.

He was accordingly furnished by him with letters to the King Ferdinand, to Don Carlos, and to the Duchess of Berry. He established himself in Spain, and was warmly protected by the Royal Family. At the death of Ferdinand, he followed the fortunes of Don Carlos, was with him in England, and accompanied him during his escape from thence through France into Spain, which has been matter of so much comment, and has been attempted to be denied by the French Government, in order to excuse the neglect of their police, whose vigilance they deceived. It is however a fact, that Don Carlos, accompanied by M.——, embarked at Brighton, landed at Dieppe, and stayed two days at Paris, visited M. Jauge the banker, and then proceeded by Bayonne into Spain.

On leaving Paris in a postchaise, they passed over the Place de Louis XV., and nearly on the spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded they met Louis-Philippe, in his great omnibus with eight horses, surrounded by the Queen, the Princesses, and Madame Adelaide, &c., driving towards Neuilly. Auguet was the first who observed the cavalcade, and turning to his companion, said, "Voyez donc, Sire, voilà votre Cousin;" upon which Don Carlos, excited by his curiosity, put his head out of the window, and Louis-Philippe mistaking the action of the Prince for a mark of respect from some one who wished to salute him, which from its rarity he is always anxious to return, took off his hat, and made a formal bow to the very person whom he would at the time have been most desirous of placing under arrest.

The travellers then continued their journey, smiling at the mistake; but when they arrived near the frontier, no post-horses were to be procured in the town, and so little suspicion had been created by their appearance, that they absolutely procured by a bribe, the troop-horses of two gens d'armes stationed in the neighbourhood, upon which they mounted, and crossed the small river which separates the two countries; thus owing their safety to the police itself.

Monday, 29*th*.—The telegraph announces that General Zumalcarraguy died on the 25th instant, in consequence of his late wound in the thigh; the loss of his personal influence in Navarre will be severely felt by Don Carlos; but if his cause is likely to prosper, it cannot depend on the life of one single individual. Don Carlos and Queen Christina themselves are only ostensible rallying points, the real struggle is between the two great principles independent of all family interests; and the idea once entertained of concilitating the adverse parties by a treaty of marriage would be useless and nugatory.

On Friday night, the Whigs brought in their Irish Tithe Bill, the resolutions in which are even more appropriative of church property than was expected. As long as they can keep their places, they care not upon what terms they maintain them.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—After a fortnight of storm, cold, and rain, like the month of November, the weather again begins to be mild, but our summer must be short.

Louis-Philippe, when he defaced the fleurs de lis from his arms in 1830, had a precedent in his own family for this act of *poltronnerie*. His father, Philippe Égalité, committed the same *bassesse* when the first revolution broke out in 1789; upon which occasion M. de Crequy remarked, "Qu'il avait gratté de son écusson ce qu'on auroit dû lui marquer sur l'épaule."

Wednesday, July 1*st*. — The trials before the Peers still continue, without exciting any interest beyond the doors of the Luxembourg, though the language held by the prisoners is of the most violent description, and grating to the ears of royalty. As an example, the prisoner Reverchon said yesterday, that he and his companions were "the enemies of the present power which governed the destinies of France, and the partisans of a natural and rational power, which had the future in its favour. It was for a jury to try the prisoners, who refused to enter upon their defence before the exceptional jurisdiction of a star-chamber, composed of judges seated with swords by their sides. Among those judges were men to whom he (the prisoner) could say: 'Brothers and good cousins, — Where are your oaths?' The prisoners had long regarded their lives as not belonging to themselves. They had been prevented from choosing their own counsel; but he would not be prevented from telling the Peers, that there (pointing to the Avenue of the Observatory) walked the shade of a murdered hero! (Violent mumurs.) The Peers might call themselves the devoted servants of the monarch of their choice: he was not the first whom

they had served. The law officers of the crown might demand the lives of one hundred and twenty individuals; but they might at least refrain from asserting that it was for their own sakes that the prisoners had been restricted in their means of defence, thrown into unwholesome dungeons, supplied with food such as dogs would refuse, and exposed to the most atrocious moral torture that could be inflicted on any one. But even this odious tyranny could not shake the firmness of a Republican. He (the prisoner) had been torn from his family, from his wife, from his children, one of whom, though not more than twelve years of age, had written to him in these terms: 'The tyrant Philippe and his valets wish to kill you; but we will avenge you: the future is ours.' These prophetic words would shortly be realised; and the peers, who now heard him, might yet live to witness the exile of the last of their kings. Every circumstance portended that such an event was not far distant." The prisoner then avowed his participation in the insurrection of April, and explained the motives on which he had first acted from its outbreak: "Noble peers," said he, in conclusion, "here is my breast! Strike, if you have the force to strike; for on the seats on which you now sit, I can see only corpses!"

It was highly imprudent to have departed from the usual forms of law, and summoned the peerage to hear language which now gains double publicity. Lord Melbourne has appointed Lord Durham ambassador to St. Petersburg, which may, in some

degree, account for Pozzo's ill-humour in London. It is evidently a nomination to flatter the Radical party. If the Tories showed an ultra feeling in appointing Lord Londonderry, the Whigs have equally gone into the extreme on the other side.

Thursday, 2nd. — The Court of Peers have condemned Reverchon, for an offence against the person of the king, to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 5000 francs, and the loss of civil rights for five years, independent of any further sentence which may be awarded for the political crimes under which he is arraigned on this trial.

One of the most remarkable writers in France is undoubtedly Victor Hugo, though some objections have been made to the scenes of horror which he occasionally introduces on the stage. The following commentary on his works and genius is not without interest, as coming from the pen of an Englishman:—

"We are great admirers of the dramatic genius of Victor Hugo, and of the courage with which he has always endeavoured to employ the theatre as a means of conveying truth to society. There may be some differences of opinion as to what he really effects; but there can be no denial of the intention, or (we think) of the power with which he directs it. If he has committed any errors, it has been through an extreme desire to avoid the errors of others, and to attain a higher point of moral influence and usefulness than others have sought to attain.

"He has been accused of exaggeration and grossness; no one could ever accuse him of flimsiness, of

extravagance; no one could lay affectation to his charge, or a want of refinement; never, with any justice, of a want of truth and nature! Some of these charges we have no hesitation in admitting, while we retain all our admiration of Victor Hugo. We think them incidental, indeed, to the path he struck out for himself so boldly. A man cannot write down intolerable abuses, and then write as if they had never existed. A new dramatic poet of France, who has heaved the ground from under the feet of the admirers of Corneille, and Racine, and Voltaire, must, that he may make himself even heard amidst the roar of opinions loosened from their accustomed hold, speak out himself more loudly, and with more exaction, than he would otherwise think either necessary or appropriate. It is fair to consider, too, the agent with which he works, and whether many things, that are ascribed to a want in him, should not be in reality referred to a want in the agent. On the stage, for instance, in the absence of very great actors, other means of effect must be occasionally used; and in the hands of a man of genius, we can scarcely object to trust them. We are not afraid that our sufferance in his case will lead to an undue toleration of others. There are few painters to whom we would grant the use of a positive relief of paint, because Rembrandt uses it upon the altar-piece of his 'Woman taken in Adultery.'

"The power of a great conception warrants a particular indulgence. Victor Hugo's object is immediate, and so, therefore, must be his means. He wishes to strike a great blow at present, and can

trust nothing to the gradual operation of taste and manners. He will not write with the impression that posterity need be his only care. He believes the theatre to have a great and serious mission to accomplish in the present, and of the greatest importance to humanity. He knows what is ordinarily expected from it; none better than he:—curiosity, interest, amusement, laughter, tears, never-ending observation of all that nature owns; but he would hold it incomplete indeed, and useless, if to all these characteristics, true only in their ability to please, he could not add a power to instruct. He would not have any audience quit the theatre without carrying away with them 'quelque moralité austère et profonde,' something which should survive beyond the mere renown and power of the poet in the very hearts of the multitude: and he aims at this by no remote means. He would accomplish it simply by withdrawing his genius from the service of any party, or of any form of society, and by devoting it to the service of humanity. He would enlarge the sphere of the poet's art, show him best how to secure the sympathy of the present and the future, teach him his influence and usefulness towards the great work of civilisation, and make his art a *power*. A few words out of Shakspere, of whom he professes himself the most devoted and the humblest of disciples, will show his principal means of accomplishing this.

"He would discern the soul of good in things evil; he would penetrate under the surface of society,—deal out to the great the consideration of the little

and to the little the measure of the great,—teach the crowds of the theatre, that there is often a little evil in the best, and almost always some good in the worst,—and so to the bad give hope, and to the good indulgence."

Saturday, 4th.—In consequence of the enrolments which are taking place for Spain, in England, the French Government—not wishing to appear backward in the cause, published a notice from the Prefect of the Seine for the same purpose in Paris; but the determination is suddenly changed, and the parties who offer to enlist are told, that a counter order has been received for the present.

Sunday, 5th.—The Duke of Orleans continues his journey in Switzerland, but the Würtemberg family has taken flight, and returned to their own dominions.

Transports have sailed from Toulon for Algiers, to convey the Foreign Legion to Spain, and 500 of the motley band have sailed from the Tower of London, for the same destination.

Monday, 6th.—I was in Paris for a few hours; at the embassy I learnt that Lord Durham is to proceed to Constantinople on his way to St. Petersburg, that he may form his opinion of the affairs of the East on the spot. Fred. Byng was there on his annual visit to inspect repairs, &c., at the hotel, and going on a tour to Bordeaux, &c.

Letters from England say, that party feeling in society is more bitter than ever, that London is still very gay; but as all the fêtes and amusements are given by the Tory party, the Whigs are quite

in the background. The King does not notice them.

Tuesday, 7th. — The wheels of this old world seem worn by jerks, but every jerk increases their velocity. Ages formerly gave less wear and tear than *lustra* latterly — nations had their routine — society was almost stationary. There were scarcely but two classes, — conquerors and conquered, despots and slaves, — and force or corruption was the order of the day.

At length a new spirit arose, mind, like a giant refreshed with sleep, started up, and man became a new agent. What came next? A new series of events partly the cause, partly the consequence. Printing and protestantism, the compass and Columbus; the nations had a new chain — the new lights were their new links: the portals of long-benighted ages were unclosed, and the aspect of the world was changed. What has done all this? A new process, a new process in civilisation.

Civilisation has its species, its modes, its types, its epochs: it developes man the individual, as well as man in the mass. Go to the savage and learn his art. Seek the nations and mark their ages by the tablets of civilisation. It has its classes; these classes have their conflicts with each other; and these conflicts are sometimes as strange as between refinement and barbarism. We call antiquity barbarous, because our claims to civilisation are so different — posterity may call us the same, for we shall be antiquity to them. Civilisation moves on, it has its monuments, but it has also its milestones and

like the great orb that enlightens us, its risings and settings.

When the north and west were dark, the south and east were in glory, the Chaldeans flourished and Babylon fell. Egypt hands her arts to Greece, the pilgrim looks to her pyramids, the isles show their temples and tombs. Rome the young barbarian running her course called all others barbarians, till Attila came with his Huns: then came Christianity with all its agents and instruments; then chivalry with all its modes, and the Arabs with their arts; then the monks, the monarchs, and the church, and at length comes Mind; here a new process appears, here a new progress is marked; nations hurry on in its march, and civilisation takes its round to the west.

The philosophy of revolutions, unlike their politics, is but the common philosophy of things around us; the physical, like the moral, world has its tablets to date from, and nature, like nations, its chapter and chronology. We distinguish natural from national revolutions by saying, that one works in a chain, the other in a circle, in like manner as we distinguish history itself; but even here their philosophy is united, for the chain may roll out into the circle, and the circle be bound up in the chain. This is of no importance; circles and chains bind up all things — nothing stops short — nothing stands still. The death of the animal gives life to the vegetable, that of the vegetable to the animal; the mineral stands apart, but the mountain wears down. With the sun's last beam comes the first star's brightness; when the last star

has faded, dawn begins to break. There is a great law above, and abroad, in the skies, and in the earth, in man, and in the worm: we all know it, action and reaction, motion and change; but we forget it; our passions blind us; we exaggerate our own little circle within the great one, and like the fly on the chariot-wheel cry, "what a dust we make!" instead of marking the great mandate here assigned, instead of mounting the height and looking out on the main, we stand on the shore; the foam dashes around; we listen to the roar, but are deaf to the warning it conveys. Look at it in events now going on, look at it in the modern nations—go to the ancients,—use tending to abuse, abuse tending to resistance, resistance to reform, and reform often going back to begin the circle.

When revolutions are mere reforms, we see their proud light shining on, and the pure realms they lead to; but when the passions fling in their brands, and brute force is summoned forth, we shrink from their blaze, we turn away in despair, and prefer despotism with its laws to liberty with its terrors. If the Reformation was the insurrection, the French Revolution was the explosion, of mind: we call it the great landmark of our age, but it will be the landmark of ages to come.

England escaped the convulsion, but not the contagion; the sparks that rose so near, fell in the waves that guard our isle; but the air was heated, and the glow breaks out; everywhere the proud spires of our sacred edifices rose up as *paratonnerres;* but though they averted the flash, they could scarcely

divert the commotion. With the new century, therefore, a new scene opened on us; it found us deep in the struggle—the cause was sacred, our altars and homes—when other nations were worn with their woe, England ever watchful at the trembling helm, her greatness grew with the madness of the gale, her bosom hung on the wings of the storm; it was a glorious sight, all looked to her confidently, many loved her sincerely, her features were strongly marked, her barriers staunch and stern.

What produced this paroxysm of public spirit? Our union of all classes. What gave us the victory? Our credit and resources. What was each founded on? The nature of our constitution. It was not our brave hearts and hands that bore us through the fight; but it was that glorious political principle, by which those hearts and hands could pull together. How did this principle differ from that of other states? By having that intermediate power working through all parts, by which none could be displaced without displacing that next to it. What was this power and principle? Our aristocracy.

A strange day came at last—a day of peace. How did it find us? During our struggles all seemed prosperous, all seemed employed, and money circulated in every channel; commerce found new colonies, agriculture new products, manufactures a new impulse: in short, our resources seemed growing from our exigences, and the greater the pressure the higher we seemed to rise; but it was a straining, a stress, an unnatural state of things: like a wheel loaded with weights, or one of our own steam machines, we whirled

on by our own momentum, but without safety-valve or regulator. Peace came — the wheel stopped, our energies were dislocated; we looked about us — we saw the game we had been playing; we saw the inequalities of condition it had given rise to; the rich made richer, the poor poorer, hundreds having gained, thousands having lost.

We gained the race amidst the nations, we then turned to race amidst ourselves: when public spirit ebbs, party spirit rushes in, and when party spirit gains certain heights, what does it not deluge?

Wednesday, 8th. — The great modern trial between England and France, has been *depth* versus *diffusion* or *vice versâ;* in the one all accumulating, in the other all spreading out. France is purely agricultural: the division of the soil by her revolution gave each man an interest in it, and therefore the wealth was no more in holes and corners. This new division produced of course new industry, and with new industry came new ambition; but how did this operate? The great moral principle of the revolution was to equalise society, as its natural principle was to equalise the land, and thus the sentiments of diffusion became the sentiment of democracy.

Now what has been going on with us at the same time? With the first of the storm we thought that all the governments were mob-menaced, and we therefore attacked their democracy in the mere cause of good order; but when their King, nobles, and all fell, our spirit rose higher, and we clung around that class which had supported us.

Against this class in France, revolutionary ven-

geance was hurled; it was not against the monarch, but as the monarch was the head of the aristocracy.

Thirty thousand privileged families had absorbed the land; forty millions of acres had lain bare; the mere cultivation of such was a rush of new wealth, and commerce, and agriculture united, had new products.

England had nothing of this: she looked abroad more than at home, but yet she mingled all: ships, colonies, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, united their interests. This created public spirit and patriotism: our nobles supported us, they infused themselves into all our interests, and society was one great field of aristocracy.

Peace soon showed this; ranks and classes multiplied and extended; and the whole wheel coming to a full stop, showed us plainly what was before us. This would have been of less importance, if we could have lived, and laid by like old Holland, on her savings; but we had new struggles to contend with; England was no longer the bazaar of the nations, her monopoly was over, and we had to meet them in their own markets; fortunately new resources came to us: we had laid aside the arts of war; new impulses gave rise to other arts; and steam and machinery rose up as protecting genii. But what did this exhibit? It lengthened the monied chain; it lessened hands, when population was pressing; it showed depth, but not diffusion. Commerce tends to spread, manufactures to accumulate.

Thursday, 9th. — In old France circles and classes were never marked by *manners*. The real

distinction was immense, and therefore the apparent sought to hide, or at least to soften it, social feeling being the national feeling. This alone promoted ease, and where there is ease, there is not vulgarity. It was necessary to introduce the small coin of complaisance, which soon became current in the realm. From constant friction, it is true, it could seldom show its value, but still ceremony printed certain letters on it, and the whole passed for politeness: this arose from the school of Louis XIV.: under Louis XV. commercial wealth rushed in for a time with its rudeness, but in the last half century all was subverted. The nobles now descended, the people ascended, both met mid way, and the cottage no more copied the court. The social feeling was therefore a little disturbed; ambition and wealth gradually crept in, but still the only real distinctions were proprietorship; these proprietors never could be great, and the love of equality was still in the nation. In so short an interval, therefore, between the death of one kind of aristocracy and the birth of another, there was no time for a new system of manners, no occasion for vulgarity to start forth. Vulgarity only arises when opposite classes mix together: vulgarity is unknown in France as a distinct sentiment, because all have the sentiment of ease and equality. Society is the Frenchman's great school; he looks to the mass not to the individual; he has certain duties in this school to perform, which by means of certain machinery he can easily do; and therefore anything awkward or glossy

would put him out of his way, which he hates. Vulgarity was the levelling feeling of the Revolution, by giving the lower orders brevet rank; but vulgarity could never show itself when all became vulgar together.

In England vulgarity is a modern monster, full grown, full fed, and dressed, and therefore more hideous than in its native deformity; it is a miasma, a plague, a pestilence; it has its colours, classes, and odours, like aristocracies, and our nice sense of difference and distinctions in the one, corresponds pretty nearly with those of the other. Of old, our strainings for gentility were few; we gave it up to our neighbours, battled and brawled about our liberties, and called them courtiers and slaves.

This would do no longer, when we met them after peace; they had got our liberties and laws, and we thought we must get their manners. It, however, was not so much an affair of rivalry with them, as of self-defence for ourselves. New glories and wealth had been showered down upon us. The wheel of fortune had taken such jerks, that dirt was flinging up as dignity was flinging down, and therefore a new school of manners became necessary. Here gentility and vulgarity got their distinct tickets and labels, and in calling our friend a "gentlemanly man," we summed up his entire character. This, however, had nothing to do with Chesterfield. Politeness is of two kinds, moral and mechanical: the one mere friction externally, the other an internal sentiment. True politeness partakes of both, and seeks to make others as easy as itself. How

could this be, when circles were all clashing, when each sought its own exclusiveness, and when the art of ingeniously cutting was the art of ingeniously tormenting?

The mere term Aristocracy, is now becoming ill-favoured. Pride must have its fall: and like the punishment of the Roman General at Carthage, the rapidity of the descent only increases its torture. In France it has undergone its fate, but we are differently circumstanced. Their Revolution destroyed it; the Restoration revived it; the barricades of 1830 brought in a new power, and our Reform threatens to do the same.

Poor Mathews, the comedian, is dead: "he is gone, with his gibes and his jokes." He was a worthy man, an entertaining companion, an excellent mimic, but no ventriloquist, though by the modulations of his voice he attempted to appear so. The first time I ever saw Mathews was at my own house at dinner. Pope, the actor, had been drawing my poor wife's picture in crayons, for which he had a peculiar talent. He brought him to dine with me; and his imitations of Kemble, Munden, Bannister, Quick, &c., were *inimitable*. Pope, in the course of conversation, alluded to some old gentleman in the country, who was so madly attached to the society of Mathews, that whenever he came to town, he went straight to his house, and if he did not find him at home, would trace him, and follow him wherever he might happen to be. This did not excite much attention; but at about nine o'clock, we all heard a tremendous rap at the street door, and my servant

came in to say that a gentleman was in the hall, who insisted on speaking with Mr. Mathews. The latter appeared very much disconcerted, made many apologies for the intrusion, and said that he would get rid of him instantly, as he doubtless must be the individual who so frequently annoyed him.

As soon as he had retired, we heard a very noisy dialogue in the hall, between Mathews and his friend, who insisted on coming in, and joining the party, while the other as urgently insisted on his retreat. At length the door opened, and in walked a most extraordinary figure, who sat down in Mathews's place, filled himself a tumbler of claret, which he pronounced to be execrable, and began in the most impudent manner to claim acquaintance with all the party, and say the most ridiculous things to every one. We were all, for the moment, thrown off our guard; but we soon detected our versatile companion, who had really not taken three minutes to tie up his nose with a string, put on a wig, and otherwise so metamorphose himself, that it was almost impossible to recognise him. Of that party were also Tom Sheridan, C. Calvert, and R. Calvert, all of whom, alas! are now numbered with the dead.

Mathews had one peculiarly good quality, which may rather be called good sense, and formed a contrast to many of his contemporaries. He was always amiable and obliging in company, and ready to enliven a party with his talents; whereas, I have seen many others who refuse every proposal to assist hilarity, lest it should be supposed they were asked merely for that purpose.

Friday, 10*th*.—We rode yesterday through the forest towards Meudon. The scenery is beautiful. Versailles is surrounded by woods of great extent, which are pierced in every direction by alleys, and form the most agreeable rides and drives for many miles in every direction; but the great defect in the prospect is a want of water, where the Seine is not visible.

Lord Suffield, who, some days ago, had a severe fall from his horse, when riding in the streets of London, died on the 7th instant, in consequence of the injury which he received.

We found the old Duc de Grammont, who has a house at St. Germains, where he passes the summer, this evening at the Guiches'.

They said that at one time so little hopes were entertained of a restoration in France, that the Duc de Polignac and his brothers Jules and Melchior joined to form a colony on the shores of the Black Sea, near to Odessa. They collected fifteen Russian families for that purpose, and began a settlement; but the Duc de Polignac soon abandoned the scheme, and the project was sold for 100,000 francs. It has since flourished in other hands, and a town has been built, which is called Polignacoff, and which now carries on a very extensive commerce on that sea.

Saturday, 11*th*.—The tulip mania, which formerly existed in Holland, is not yet extinct, as appears by the following notice:—"A new tulip, reared by M. Patrix, a gardener in Ghent, and which the Society of Florists of the town has named 'the Citadel of Antwerp,' has lately been

purchased by M. Vanderninck, a horticulturist of Amsterdam, at the price of 16,000 francs."

M. Thiers is the great advocate in the cabinet for intervention in the affairs of Spain; he had even brought round or bullied MM. de Broglie and Guizot to his opinion, and the King, who was averse to the measure, sent for M. de Talleyrand, from his seat in Normandy, to come to his assistance. In the meantime, Medem, as Russian chargé d'affaires, jointly with the representatives of Prussia and Austria, were not backward in making their remonstrances.

It is said that M. de Talleyrand has been successful in counter-persuading the cabinet as to the enrolments here, which accounts for the contradictory orders which have been issued by the prefect of the Seine. He is since gone to Bourbon for the benefit of the waters, according to his annual custom.

The "Chronique de Paris," alluding to the talked-of marriage of the Duke of Orleans, says: "La vérité est que l'Europe ne croit pas à la consistance de cette couronne, et puis, il y a dans la noblesse Allemande un sentiment de famille, qui rend toujours odieux les changemens de dynastie. Il s'en suivra que M. le Duc d'Orléans aurait trouvé un meilleur parti princier, s'il était resté Duc de Chartres, qu'avec sa haute dignité de prince royal, avec son écusson vide, son Coq Gaulois, et ses deux ou trois drapeaux tricolores, qui se promenent majestueusement au pied des glaciers de la Suisse. Que n'épouse-t-il donc une simple bourgeoise?"

Monday, 13*th*.—The French Government had

placed at the disposal of M. Jessier the sloop of war "La Mesange," to make his philosophical observations and soundings on the coast of the Black Sea; Admiral Roussin, having demanded from the Porte a firman to permit the entry of this expedition, has received a reply from the Reis Effendi, that the late treaty of Unkiar Skelessi interdicted the navigation of the Black Sea to any ships of war, except those of Russia. Lord Ponsonby has likewise met with a similar refusal for a British steam-boat, bearer of an envoy from England to the court of Trebizond. We shall see what reception is reserved for my Lord Durham, when he arrives at the Straits, on his circuitous route to St. Petersburg.

When Matuscewitz said to me, two years and a half ago, that Turkey would be a *Belgium* for Russia, he did not speak at random; and when Pozzo told me in Paris, in 1833, that Russia would make any concessions to the Duke, if he returned to power (see October 8th, 1833), we may thank the Whigs for this national insult. The "Chronique" remarks: "Et croit-on que l'Angleterre remuera? Pas le moins du monde, elle subira cet affront sans murmurer, car la première condition du principe révolutionnaire est de jeter les peuples ou dans une guerre violente ou dans une complète inertie."

Tuesday, 14*th*. — Several of the prisoners confined in St. Pelagie, who are on their trial before the peers, contrived yesterday to make their escape. It would have been a relief to the government if they had all disappeared; but several refused to join their

comrades in the attempt, which was effected by digging a subterraneous passage from the prison into a neighbouring garden, in the Rue Copeau.

The marriage between Prince Leopold of Naples and the Princess Marie, daughter of Louis-Philippe, is declared.

The cholera is raging with great violence at Toulon. All classes are panic-struck, more than two-thirds of the shops are shut up, one hundred and forty-one deaths have occurred in forty-eight hours, and the town has become a complete desert.

A box at the French Opera has suddenly become vacant by a singular coincidence. It was occupied by two friends, the Counts Delabatue and Dubourg, *roués* of the first class in Paris, and the former very notorious, during the carnival, by his carriage and six horses full of maskers, which made a sensation on the Boulevards. They are both dead. Delabatue died suddenly at an inn at Pisa; and Dubourg, on the very same day, was thrown from his horse, near St. Cloud, and killed on the spot.

F. Howard is to join his uncle, Lord Durham, as attaché at St. Petersburg.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—A letter from a Whig in London, seems to acknowledge that the Melbourne Ministry is tottering. The writer owns to the following statement of its adherents and its adversaries in the country:—

FOR THE TORIES.	FOR THE WHIGS.
The King.	A small majority in the Commons.
The House of Lords.	
The Church.	The manufacturing towns.

FOR THE TORIES.	FOR THE WHIGS.
The Bar, and all the Law.	A portion of the rabble.
A large minority in the Commons.	
The agricultural interest.	
The monied interest generally.	

G—— writes that the King is impatient to give them their dismissal. The Duke of Wellington is now received with the greatest applause wherever he appears. At the Cambridge festival, the other day, he was received, not only by the different colleges, but by all the surrounding yeomanry, with the most signal honour; at Vauxhall and at a grand review in Hyde Park, he was greeted with a burst of enthusiasm. After the experience of the past, it would be rash to be sanguine; but it would really appear as if the country was becoming at last indignant at a reckless faction, which, for its own selfish purposes of place, was ready to destroy the institutions of the country. Wherever the ministers appear they meet with the most perfect neglect and indifference. The contrast must be galling to them.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Some two years ago, at Vienna, when M. de St. Aulaire, who is remarkable for esprit and politesse, was the ambassador of France at that court, a soirée was given by the Princess Metternich, which was attended by the whole corps diplomatique, among whom was the envoy from Sweden, who requested M. de St. Aulaire to present him to the lady of the house. The latter immediately approached the princess, and demanded permission to introduce him, when he was greeted with the following reply: "Fi donc, M. l'Ambassadeur, vouz savez

que je ne peux pas souffrir les illégitimes." Without being thrown off his guard, M. de St. Aulaire bowed and said, with a smile: "Ah, Madame, vous êtes toujours charmante et pleine de malice!"

When my poor friend Lord Dudley was at Vienna (it must have been about the year 1817, before his father's death, when he was Mr. Ward), he was dining one day at the table of Prince Metternich, with a large party, when the conversation turned on the merits of Napoleon as a great general. Every one gave his opinion according to his own impressions, except Ward, who remained silent. Prince Metternich then addressed himself to him, and asked what he thought of the hero's career. When Ward, curling up his lip, as was his practice when he said anything emphatic, made that reply which, for its finesse, has been often quoted and admired in Europe: "Mon Prince, je ne suis pas militaire, mais il me semble qu'il a rendu la gloire passée douteuse, et la renommée future impossible."

The Marshal Maison was also French ambassador at Vienna; but a great contrast in manners and refinement to M. de St. Aulaire. This marshal had a mother of very low birth and homely manners, who had never seen any society but that of the province in which she had resided. She was invited by her son to Paris, and installed in a large hotel which he inhabited, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, nearly opposite to the English Embassy, where she chiefly passed her time in the porter's lodge, conversing with the servants and tradesmen in the neighbourhood. One day, the marshal gave a grand

dinner to some of the most distinguished persons in Paris, at which his mother likewise was present. She was in ecstacy at seeing him surrounded by such magnificence, and listened for a time in silence to all he said; at last, unable to contain herself, and exulting in the idea that she could be the mother of so great a man, she cried out, "Et moi, je suis sa mère! Qui auroit crû que moi j'ai porté ce grand homme dans mon ventre, qu'il a été dans mon corps?" The company were astonished, and the marshal was confused; he could only say: "Merci, ma mère; c'est assez; je vous prie, je vous en supplie, de grâce."

Friday, 17*th*. — The death of General Valdez, commanding the queen's troops, in a state of mental derangement, is announced from Miranda.

In the House of Lords, Lord Radnor's bill for abolishing the subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles in the Universities, which was warmly supported by the Government, was thrown out by a majority of 163 against 57. This may give some idea of the fate of the Church Reform Bill.

Lord Wiltshire told us an anecdote of the Princess Metternich, which passed in his hearing at Vienna. One evening, she appeared with a splended crown of diamonds on her head, which was much admired. M. de St. Aulaire went up to her, and said, "Votre couronne est magnifique, Princesse, et vous va parfaitement." "Oui, Excellence," she replied, "du moins n'est elle pas volée." The ambassador of Louis-Philippe was not so ready in his reply as on the former occasion. The royalty of July is doomed to meet with many rebuffs.

Saturday, 18*th*.—The pageant of the Giant of Antwerp took place on the 14th, in that town, before Leopold and his queen. It is called Druon Antiguon, said to have been the founder of Antwerp, and who was killed by a captain of Julius Cæsar's army, named Brabo, from whom is derived the appellation of Brabant. After this event, all persons who refused to pay the conqueror the tax he imposed on the navigation of the Scheldt had their hands cut off, and were thrown into the river. Hence it is that the bearings in the shield of the arms of Antwerp, are two hands. The present figure of the giant was made in 1567, by a sculptor named Van Aelst, the more ancient figure, which was exhibited for the last time at the entrance of Philip II. at Antwerp, having fallen into decay. The height of the giant was so great, that it was necessary to take away all the lamps and lamp chains which crossed his line of march. He was preceded by an enormous whale, which completely filled the middle of the Place de Meir, flapping his immense fins, and throwing up from his mouth and nostrils fountains of water, which inundated all who came within twenty yards of him, thus effectually clearing the way. Next followed two dolphins, mounted each by a young Triton; then came several small boats, filled with children in sailors' dresses; a large vessel, filled with numerous mariners, who rent the air with shouts of "Vive le Roi," and "Vive la Reine." At length appeared the mighty Druon Antiguon, followed by the goddess Minerva, each in a triumphal car, drawn by six horses. The giant wore a cuirass and arms, after

the fashion of the Romans, but his helmet was adorned with a tricoloured plume of feathers, and he wore a scarf of the national colours of Belgium. On arriving in front of the palace, the doughty champion halted, and, having bowed respectfully to the king and queen, who were placed in a balcony to receive his homage, he returned to the place from whence he came. A representative of Vulcan was to have graced the ceremony, but he had become too much worn out with age to make his appearance. In 1810, when Napoleon and Marie-Louise visited Antwerp, after their marriage, the corporation of blacksmiths, who followed the fabulous god, forged, under the windows of the palace, an iron crown, which Vulcan, from his size, was able to present to the emperor at the balcony.

When Mr. Ward (the late Earl of Dudley) was presented at the Tuileries to Louis XVIII., the king, who knew he was a profound classical scholar, addressed him with a quotation from Virgil. He could not have chosen his author more fortunately for Ward, who knew it almost by heart, and when Louis had finished, he took up the passage, and continued the quotation. The king was delighted: he began in another place, and Ward, in return, followed in his wake. In this way, they went on for above ten minutes, like scholars in a class, to the great astonishment of the surrounding courtiers, who probably did not understand a word of this mysterious discourse. At last Louis stopped, and said, with evident marks of satisfaction, "Monsieur, je vous cède la palme!"

Sunday, 19*th*.—There is a hitch in the marriage between the Prince of Syracuse and Princess Marie, it is said on account of money. The "Chronique" remarks, "C'est une fatalité du Roi des Français de voir toujours attaché à sa personne une question d'argent et de liste civile."

There is much rumour about an attempt to assassinate the King at Neuilly, of which no proof exists, and which nobody believes. The papers openly assert that it is a mere pretext to obtain a regiment of body guards for the monarchy of the barricades.

Monday, 20*th*.—Madame de —— followed the family of the Bourbons to Holyrood House, but instead of trying to keep up the spirits of the party, she caused an additional gloom by her unceasing lamentations at their exile. Charles X. attempted to remonstrate with her, by alluding to her former emigration which she had borne with such fortitude. She said, "Le premier exil fut glorieux, mais celui-ci est honteux;" to which the King replied, "Le fait est, Madame ——, qu'alors vous étiez jeune et jolie, maintenant vous êtes vieille et laide; voilà la différence." The journey was sad enough for all parties, but amidst all their forebodings of the future, not one of the royal family would believe it possible that the Duke of Orleans would seize the Crown; "Jamais il ne prendra notre place," was their constant remark; and it was only when Madame la Dauphine received that celebrated hypocrite's letter from the Duchess of Orleans, beginning with, "Vous êtes bien plus heureux que nous," that their eyes began to be opened. Their flight was

the height of imprudence and folly, and made the game of their enemies sure.

Tuesday, 21*st*. — Count d'Erlon is recalled from Algiers, and is succeeded by Marshal Clausel.

An engagement has taken place between the French troops under General Trezel, and the Arabs under Abdel Kader, in which the former have been overpowered by numbers, and lost 500 or 600 men. The result of the colony seems still doubtful. In the list of killed in the engagement is Colonel Oudinot, son of the Marshal.

Wednesday, 22*nd*. — Madame d'Abrantes has published two more volumes of her Memoirs, in which she does not mention the Bourbons with much partiality or gratitude, whereas the Duc de Guiche informs me that they allowed her 24,000 fr. a year out of their private funds, which he regularly sent to her every half year by a man on horseback to Montreuil in this neighbourhood, where she resided. The authoress of these prolific Memoirs, which have already extended to eighteen volumes, is now left in very reduced circumstances. The facts which she relates are amusing, but not sufficiently accurate to guide the future historian; they are distorted throughout by personal vanity, and a wish to raise her own importance. Whoever could now see Madame d'Abrantes would be at a loss to recognise that *air de cour*, and high-bred manner, with the idea of which she attempts to impress the reader in her own person. Her own conduct has given much handle for censure in the world: she has nearly caused the ruin of M. de Balancourt, *her friend*, who at one

time paid 300,000 fr. for her; and her daughter, Mademoiselle Junot, who is a most estimable character, preferred a refuge in a convent to the irregularities which she witnessed in her mother's house.

Another celebrated authoress of the present day is Madame Dudevant, whose works have appeared in print under the name of G. Sand. She is a woman of superior talent, writes with great ease and elegance, as to style, though not much regulated by the principles of morality. Her novels of Indiana, Valerie, Leoni, are all written to illustrate her favourite axiom,—the inutility and the injustice of marriage, and the absorbing power of love in the female breast. The character of Talleyrand which I have extracted from the "Revue des Deux Mondes," was written by her. She is handsome, romantic, and her conduct through life has been consonant with the principles which she advocates in her writings. Another author of great celebrity in the present day is M. Balzac, whose novels are read with avidity, and paid highly by the booksellers. His stories are full of interest, his style is terse and peculiar to himself, abounding in wit and humour, his descriptions of private life accurately delineated, and presenting a true picture of French manners without exaggeration. His details of provincial life in Eugénie Grandet, and his description of the *Pension* in the Père Goriot, are painted with a truth and accuracy which are unrivalled. But with all this talent and this rare power of amusement, M. Balzac is saturated with the prevailing leaven in French literature of the day, a total want of morality in his

subject, and very frequently even of delicacy in his descriptions. There are few of his works that can be submitted to the perusal of a well-disposed young woman, many that are too gross for the eye of any female. In this respect M. Balzac seems to have followed as much the bent of his own inclinations as the fashion of his contemporaries. I have no acquaintance with him myself, but I have heard ladies remark that his conversation was very much tinctured with the levity of his writings.

Eugène Sue is the C. Vernet in literature; he is the painter of maritime life, and his scenes are full of a thrilling interest. Here is the same national antipathy, the same courage, the same recklessness and superstition which characterise the British sailor; but in spite of all the *poésie* which M. Sue endeavours to throw round his heroes, it is evident that the French sailor is a more ferocious animal than his rival. His novels are upon the whole inferior to the Red Rover, the Water Witch, and other productions of the same kind by the American Cooper. His details of the slave trade are written with some humour, though the atrocities are not concealed. The following is his type of the Corsaire.

"Le blasphème et la pipe à la bouche, fumant de la poudre à défaut de tabac, l'œil sanglant, et le corps couvert d'un réseau de cicatrices profondes à y fourrer le poing."

There is yet more wit in French literature than formerly, because education has become more general, but there is less depth of reasoning and wisdom, because there are few who soar above the crowd.

Friday, 24*th.*—During the debate on the Irish Church Bill on Wednesday, Sir Robert Peel made a long and eloquent speech; but the disorderly conduct of the O'Connells created so much confusion that the House was adjourned to the following day.

Sunday, 26*th.*—Yesterday came on at the Assize Court the trial of Bancal the surgeon, who in March last murdered Madame Prioudland at an hotel in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, intending at the same time to effect his own destruction by taking acetat de morphine and stabbing himself with a knife. He is since recovered, and after a long investigation of the facts, which prove their mutual intention to commit suicide, he was aquitted.

The following is a curious calculation of the proportion of the inhabitants of various countries, who are receiving the benefits of education. In Switzerland 1 in 6, in Bavaria and Baden 1 in 7, in Prussia and Scotland 1 in 10, in Bohemia 1 in 11, in Holland 1 in 12, in Austria proper 1 in 13, in Moravia 1 in 14, in England 1 in 16, in France 1 in 17, in other Austrian states 1 in 18, in the Venetian Provinces 1 in 30, in Denmark 1 in 33, in Italy 1 in 45, in Poland 1 in 80, in Gallicia 1 in 83, in Portugal 1 in 84, in Spain 1 in 346, in Russia 1 in 954.

Monday, 27*th.*—Paris is in movement to begin the celebration of the anniversary of the Three Days; and while the government amuses the populace with fêtes and shows, the advocates of those principles which achieved the Revolution are on their trial at the Luxembourg.

Tuesday, 28*th.*—After all Mdlle. Lenormand has

only failed in her prediction by one month; instead of the twenty-eighth of June, the mischief has occurred on the twenty-eighth of July. While the king with his staff and his sons was proceeding along the Boulevard du Temple, a tremendous explosion was heard from a house opposite; an infernal machine had poured forth a shower of balls upon the cortège. Marshal Mortier, Duc de Trévise, fell and expired without uttering a word. General de la Chasse de Vesigny was killed, and Captain Villate aide-de-camp to Marshal Maison, in all about fourteen victims, besides several wounded so dangerously that little hopes are entertained of their recovery.

Colonel de Rieussec of the 8th Legion of National Guards, who had just arrived at the spot, was struck down by three balls: he was our neighbour at Viroflay, and I had conversed with him for a long time last Sunday fortnight at the concert given by M. de Pigneux. This miserable slaughter has created a general shock and confusion. The king's horse received a wound in the neck, but neither he nor his family received any injury. The author of the murderous plot appears to have been a man of the working classes, about thirty-four years old: he had hired and lived in the room for a fortnight previous to the attempt, with no other sustenance than bread and water: during this time he had screwed into a frame of wood twenty-five gun-barrels pointed on the boulevard, which he ignited by a train of powder. His means of escape were prepared, but some of the barrels having burst during the explosion, he was so

severely wounded in the head himself, that he was unable to avail himself of them, and was taken by the police who rushed into the house. His name is Girard. A delay of one second in lighting the train saved the lives of all the royal family.

The left-handed marriage of Prince Augustus of Prussia, with the daughter of a Prussian Major Ostrowski, has caused a powerful sensation at Berlin. He was born on the 13th of September, 1779. The young lady is of rare beauty.

Pigault-Lebrun, the novelist, died the other day at La Celle near St. Germain.

On the 10th inst. a wild goose was shot on a moor near Dantzig, with a brass collar round its neck bearing the following inscription in Dutch,—*Juis te Baak by Zutphen in Guelderland* 1800, which may be taken as evidence of the long life of the wild goose.

Wednesday, 29th.—Above 100 people have been arrested to-day on suspicion of being accessory to the plot, among these several editors of journals; and it is the general opinion that this act will be followed up by some severe enactments against the liberty of the press. Here there is the same dilemma which cost the Bourbons their throne; but the National Guard is so irritated by the late massacre, in which some of their comrades fell, that they will stand firm round the throne; and then will become evident the fatal error which Charles X. committed, in disbanding that efficient force, which, if he had prudently conciliated it, would have preserved his crown in spite even of his ordinances and his bigotry. The

country in fact is ruled by this force; and as their only object is to protect their shops and property from pillage, they will always stand by the powers that be against any symptoms of anarchy or confusion.

Thursday, 30*th*.— Girard is recovering from his wounds, but as yet little light is thrown on his accomplices: it appears certain that he was not alone in the room, and a man named Boiraud is taken up on suspicion; the first examination before a committee of the Peers has taken place.

Friday, 31*st*.— The Chancellor of the Exchequer has agreed for a loan of fifteen millions, to pay off the W. India indemnities. The funds have fallen about 1 per cent., they are 89⅜; the French funds decline also: national credit is now so generalised in Europe that a demand for money in one quarter is sympathetically felt on every other exchange.

It is presumed that Girard will speak out and betray his accomplices, as it would appear that they had loaded five of the gun-barrels up to the muzzle, so that they must inevitably burst and destroy him who was left to fire the train, by which they hoped to avoid all trace of detection. The inconsistency of Louis-Philippe has long been a subject of ridicule, and he now finds how completely it has failed in its object. On assuming the reins of government his great point was to obtain popularity with the lower classes, for which contemptible object he would cheerfully court the most degrading familiarity with the mob, while in proportion as his power became more firmly established, he was aiming at the destruction of their liberties. He flattered himself

that he could purchase the love of a whole nation by *des poignées de mains*, without any other claim on their gratitude.

During the first year after the Revolution it was the constant amusement of the Parisian mob to assemble in the evening before his windows in the court of the Palais Royal and call out *Vive Louis-Philippe!* In less than a minute he would appear in the balcony, bowing and grimacing to his loyal subjects; and when they began to sing *La Parisienne*, he would turn round with a theatrical air to embrace Lafayette or Lafitte, and join in the chorus, beating time with his hands to his ragged friends below.

Under the pretext of their being National Guards, he would invite the lowest artisans to his dinners and balls, till at last the fêtes at the palace became the most vulgar meetings in Paris and the *risée* of all society. One day when a M. Dufailly was driving in his carriage on the Boulevard, he met the Citizen King walking by himself in a round hat with a large tricoloured cockade, and his umbrella in his hand, *faisant l'aimable à tout venant.* He stopped his carriage and said to his footman, I will give you 20 fr., if you will go and shake hands with the king. The man, who desired no better amusement, jumped down from the foot-board, and, offering his hand to his sovereign, said, "Bonjour, mon ami;" which the other very cordially took, and said in return, "Ah, bonjour; comment te portes-tu?"

In former times, when some impertinent person who wished to be familiar with M. de la Rochefou-

cauld, had said to him, "Bonjour, mon ami; comment te portes-tu?" the old gentleman replied, "Bonjour, mon ami; comment te nommes-tu?"

The result, however, of all this double conduct is, that no monarch is more unpopular, or indeed surrounded by more enemies. There is nothing truly great in the character of this man; he has physical courage without moral courage; cunning without great talents; some head, but little heart; a boundless ambition without magnanimity, but preferring always by instinct the crooked to the straight path; he has no pride, it would mar his projects; he has no private vices, they would interfere with business; but he has above all that insuperable bar to all noble feeling, an inordinate love of money, which no principle can check or hypocrisy disguise: it starts to light in every action of his life, from the infamous collusion with Madame Feuchères to the lowest details of his household.

He might have made a thriving tradesman, but he can never become a glorious king.

Saturday, August 1*st.*—A man with a severe wound on the arm presented himself yesterday at the hospital Saint Louis, stating himself to be one of the victims of the explosion; but the delay in one so much hurt excited suspicion, and as a second hat found in Girard's room exactly fitted his head, he was immediately arrested. Three men, three women, and two children, among the crowd, all seriously wounded, are taken to the hospital Saint Louis; five National Guards are killed; Col. Rieussec is dead of his wounds.

The Rev. W. Long, brother of Lord Farnborough, died suddenly, from a fit of apoplexy (26th ultimo), while showing the house and grounds at Bromley Hill to Prince Esterhazy and a party.

Sunday, 2*nd.*—A *chapelle ardente* is prepared in the church of St. Paul, Rue St. Antoine, which is open to the public from nine in the morning till nine at night, previous to the public funeral on Wednesday, when all the bodies will be interred together in the church of the Invalides. This chapel is hung with black, and no light is admitted from without; but the space is illuminated by silver lamps, suspended from the roof, candles at the foot of the coffins, and large candelabra, which dispense a green and gloomy light around the scene. The different coffins are displayed on a stage, and rise gradually from right to left, up to that of the Maréchal Duc de Trévise, which is elevated above the rest, and forms the centre. Each is covered with a pall; each is distinguished by a crown of stars, in the centre of which are described the name and age of the dead. On that of the Maréchal are seen his sword, the ribbon of his order, and the escutcheon with his arms. On both sides of the chapel altars are raised, where priests remain in constant prayer. National Guards and troops of the line are stationed at the foot of the stage; there are in all fourteen coffins. It now appears that the king's forehead was slightly grazed, and he was bled in the evening.

Monday, 3*rd.*—The Chambers are convoked afresh; the deputies, who had retired to the country for the recess, are returning to Paris; and the new laws

of restriction to meet the present circumstances will be speedily proposed. The press are evidently alarmed; one of the menaced papers observes:—"Quoi donc, nous avons parmi nos ministres trois ou quatre journalistes d'opposition, qui ont oublié déjà ce qu'ils écrivaient eux-mêmes lors du forfait de Louvel."—"A cette époque M. C. Nodier fût mis au ban des journaux libéraux, pour avoir écrit dans le drapeau blanc, que le poignard qui avoit frappé le Duc de Berry était une idée libérale, et aujourd'hui des ministres, qui ont écrit dans le Constitutionnel, dans le National, voient des idées Républicaines et Carlistes dans les 25 canons de fusil à la machine de Girard."

Marshal Mortier was born at Château Cambresis in 1768, and entered young as a volunteer in the French armies, at the call of the National Assembly. He served in all the wars of the Revolution and the Empire; he took possession of Hanover in 1803; he commanded a corps in the wars with Austria and Russia till 1807, and during the invasion of Spain, from 1808 to 1811; after which period he commanded a corps of the Grand Army in the fatal Russian campaign, and remained true to the Emperor till the capture of Paris by the Allies in 1814. During the Restoration he retired from public life; at the Revolution of July, 1830, he was made Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, in which capacity he attended Louis-Philippe to the melancholy scene, where he closed his earthly career by the hand of an assassin, after having escaped the dangers of so many battles.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the English cruisers, the slave trade still continues on the whole coast of Brazil: the annual importation into that country amounts to 40,000 negroes; the number of vessels employed in this horrid traffic is 200, making two voyages each year. In the interior of Africa the cost of a slave is 16*s.*, on the coast it is 1*l.*; the slave merchant pays 5*l.* per head, and on his arrival at Brazil receives 12*l.* or 14*l.* for each slave; whilst the planter in the interior pays 25*l.* to 30*l.*, which is still much cheaper than before the prohibition.

Tuesday, 4th.—An extraordinary circumstance has transpired respecting Girard; his real name is Fieschi, and he is a native of Corsica; he entered early into the army of Naples, and gained the cross under Joachim Murat; he went with that last unfortunate expedition into Calabria in 1815, and has since led a wandering life in poverty. He was recognised by Monsieur Olivier Dufresne, the inspector-general of the prisons, who, having been confined to his house for six weeks by a fall, only saw him for the first time in the Conciergerie on Monday last. The prisoner was evidently annoyed by the discovery; he still refuses to make any disclosure of his accomplices.

An address to the king is published, signed by all the ministers, in which the periodical press is designed as the cause of all the anarchy and discontent which prevails throughout the kingdom, and demanding the strongest measures to repress its licentiousness. The language of this document is

couched in the same terms, but more hardy and explicit, than the ordinances of Charles X.; it ends with saying "Le moment est venu de recourir à des mesures qui rentrent dans l'esprit de la Charte, mais qui sont en *dehors de l'ordre légal*, dont toutes les ressources ont été inutilement épuisées."

After this measure, with what justice can the prisoners at Ham be detained in confinement? After all the cry which has been raised against them, their enemies are at last obliged to adopt the same measures; and the vaunted Revolution of July is proved to the world a barefaced intrigue with only one object, "Oite toi de là, pour que je m'y mette."

Wednesday, 5th.—The funeral passed off very quietly, as might be expected; the procession was splendid, the funeral train of fourteen hearses, commencing with the modest corbillard of Mademoiselle Remy, a young girl of fourteen years old, one of the victims, drawn by white horses and followed by twelve young girls dressed in white and veiled, was closed by the magnificent car of Marshal Mortier, adorned with armorial and military trophies, forming together a very striking scene.* The service took place in the church of the Invalides, before the king, the royal family, the peers, deputies, ministers, &c. &c.

Now that the excitement created by this catastrophe begins to subside, the public press is beginning to raise the cry of alarm, and the journals avail

* "Tout le monde disoit qu'il manquoit deux corbillards, un pour la revolution, un autre pour la presse."—*Gazette de France*, 6 *Août*, 1835.

themselves of the short interval that remains before the new edicts are passed to stir up the country in favour of the liberty of the press. The king and the government are arrived at a fearful crisis; the laws will be passed by a servile and bribed Chamber of Deputies; but discontent will increase, and no one can foresee the results.

Thursday, 6th.—A *Te Deum* was celebrated at Nôtre Dame before the king and all the court, with the usual Catholic pomp.

The English papers announce that the House of Peers has carried an amendment for hearing evidence on the Municipal Reform Bill, by a majority of seventy against the Government; and Lord Melbourne, with the House of Commons at his back, seems determined to browbeat the Peers under their own roof. A collision seems inevitable, and the two most powerful nations in Europe seem given up to their own mad devices, and are marching blindly to ruin.

The city of Brussels has just been condemned to pay the following indemnities for damage occasioned by the riots on the sale of the Prince of Orange's horses. To Monsieur Meeus, Governor of the Bank, 300,000 fr.; to the Prince de Ligne, 50,000 fr.; Countess d'Oultremont, 40,000 fr.; General Jacqueminot, 6000 fr.; and the servants of the Prince de Ligne, 3000 fr. The tribunals moreover decreed that the above-named persons should be entitled to receive double the value of the objects plundered, unless the city should prefer replacing them in kind.

Friday, 7th.—Serious tumults have occurred at

Barcelona; several convents have been burnt, and the monks murdered by the populace.

Sunday, 9th.—It is now asserted that if the infernal machine had been more coolly directed, and if all the barrels had been sound and proof, they were loaded with so many balls, slugs, and missiles, that above two hundred lives might have been sacrificed at one discharge. If any proof could be wanting of the pitch to which crime and immorality have arrived in this disturbed country, the annals of the tribunals during the last three months sufficiently attest it. I was imputing this state of crime to the present state of literature in France, which is notoriously corrupt and depraved. A friend replied: "Vous prenez le cuisinier qui prépare les plats, pour le convive qui les commande. La société existe par elle-même, la littérature n'est qu'un symptôme de sa faiblesse ou de sa santé."

If literature is not the source of crime, it tends at least to perpetuate it.

Wednesday, 12th.—The Government has appointed Lord Auckland to be Governor-General of India.

Thursday, 13th.—Some serious disturbances have occurred at Berlin, which were put down by the armed force, after some loss of life. The cause of the insurrection was of a trifling nature—an interdiction to celebrate the fête of the king in the Thiergarten.

Those who are about the court at the Tuileries, and even the members of the royal family, are continually receiving anonymous letters, menacing the life of the king: some allude to assassination,

others to poison, which, whether groundless or not, have always the effect of spreading terror and dismay throughout the circle. Madame Adelaide is said to be seriously affected by these rumours, and openly expresses her disgust at the French nation. The queen and her daughters live in constant alarm, but the king appears calm and unconcerned in public, though he must naturally pass many bitter hours in private. It is said that when the detonation took place on the 28th, and Louis-Philippe saw the victims bleeding at his feet, his first impulse was to turn back and stop the proceedings altogether, when Marshal Lobau said to him: "Il s'agit de votre couronne." He went on.

Friday, 14*th*.—The burning of convents in Spain continues, and the government remains inactive. The impunity which the perturbators enjoy adds fuel to their animosity against the monks. Barcelona and Saragossa are not the only scenes of these disorders; the same excesses have been committed at Murcia, Cordova, and Carpe. The fury of revolution, under the name of reform, is spreading over Spain.

A French woman, who kept a coffee-house at Algiers, has fallen into the hands of the Bedouins. Having gone to Maelma on a visit, she was returning under the escort of three soldiers, when they were met by a party of Arabs, who cut off the heads of the three men, and carried off the lady to their tribe.

The Court of Peers has pronounced sentence on the Lyonese prisoners at the Luxembourg: fifty have been condemned; their sentences have been transpor-

tation for life and imprisonment from one to twenty years: nine have been acquitted.

The new laws are passing through the Chamber with a large majority.

The other day, a wag called at the hotel of M. Persil, the Garde des Sceaux, and left with the Suisse the visiting card of M. Peyronnet, who held the same office and signed the ordinances under Charles X., for which he is now paying the penalty at Ham.

Saturday, 15*th*. — The Roman Catholic Marriage Bill has been thrown out in the Lords; and the Municipal Reform Bill will be either mutilated or rejected.

Sunday, 16*th*. — The House of Lords went into committee on the Municipal Reform Bill on Thursday night. Lord Lyndhurst moved his amendments, which preserved in perpetuity the rights and properties of the freemen. These amendments, in spite of the opposition of Lord Melbourne and the violence of Lord Brougham, were carried by a triumphant majority against the Government of 97.

Monday, 17*th*. — The drought has been so great this summer in the Departement du Calvados, and the rivers are so low, that the mills have ceased to work. At Falaise water is sold at 50 fr. a tun: in several cantons of Brittany cider is given to the cattle to drink.

The cholera, after having attacked Genoa and Leghorn, has now reached Florence and Savoy, and is rapidly approaching Switzerland.

Tuesday, 18*th*. — Fieschi is gradually recovering from his wounds, but hitherto has made no dis-

covery. Between one and two hundred persons have been arrested on suspicion; but all have been released after examination, except about fifteen, for whose detention the grounds are but slight. Among those arrested was an inoffensive old lady, Madame Giordi, who had ordered post horses and procured a passport on the 28th, to take a journey into the south. Her *femme de chambre* had a lover, a journeyman painter, who was very averse so the separation, and had used every effort, but in vain, to induce her not to accompany her mistress; irritated by the disappointment, he availed himself of the confusion which occurred at the moment to lay an information with the police against the old lady, as concerned in the plot to assassinate the king, and thus prevented her departure. As this was in some measure corroborated by the circumstance of the passport being demanded on that day, the poor old lady was taken up, and only released after a long and tedious examination. On grounds equally slight, M. Gisquet, the prefect of the police, has caused various other arrests, in order to prove his vigilance, which had been seriously called in question previous to the catastrophe.

The four Spanish provinces of Catalonia, Arragon, Valencia, and Murcia have declared themselves independent of the Queen's government. The captains-general, despairing of overcoming this movement, at length determined to second it. The new authorities which have been created in every town have, as their first act, declared and decreed the complete destruction of all the convents.

The royal family came yesterday to Versailles,

and the carriages were escorted by a detachment of Cuirassiers, with the usual number of mouchards from the police in plain clothes. The object of a body-guard is accomplished; but the jealousy of the army will hardly permit a distinct corps to be raised for that service.

Wednesday, 19*th.*—Lord Durham and suite have sailed from England for Constantinople.

Friday, 21*st.*—Lord Lyndhurst's amendments on the Municipal Reform Bill, which quite alters its democratic tendency, are carried by immense majorities in the Lords; but notwithstanding the inability of the Government to carry their own measures, they show no disposition to resign their places.

The massacre of prisoners on both sides still continues in Spain, notwithstanding Lord Eliot's treaty; and Don Carlos has replied to the English consul, that all foreign auxiliary troops which may fall into his hands will be treated with the same rigour.

The Duc de Nemours is gone on a tour to England, where he will see, notwithstanding the violent political agitation which exists, an unexampled state of wealth and prosperity.

Saturday, 22*nd.*—The late Marshal Mortier was educated in the English College at Douay, where he was contemporary with the present Duke of Norfolk, Lord Stafford, George Silvertop, &c., and nearly the whole body of the Catholic nobility and gentry of that day.

One of the new laws against political offences here inflicts transportation, accompanied with imprisonment. To justify this severity, a government

paper states the inconvenience which might result from leaving a political convict at large, in the place of transportation, and adds, "Might not the colonies be tempted to adopt the language of Franklin to the British Parliament, when England claimed the same right: 'You send us your convicts; what would you do if we were to send you our rattlesnakes?'"

Monday, 24*th.*—On Friday night the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved in the House of Commons the *postponement of the Supplies*, which had created an indescribable sensation in the country. This extraordinary and reckless measure is put forward by the Government to intimidate the House of Lords, and by retaining the power of issuing the supplies in their own hands, to prevent a change of administration which has no power to carry its own measures.

On the 15th inst. a revolution broke out at Madrid, in which the urban militia took the lead with cries of liberty and the constitution. A deputation was sent to the Queen with propositions, but the answer has not been received. The Torreno administration was the object of general discontent.

An ambassador said the other day to M. de Broglie, "Nous aurons bientôt, Monsieur le Duc, les ordonnances de Juillet sans émeute, et un coup d'état sans révolution."

Marshal Soult hastened to Paris to congratulate the King on his escape notwithstanding the coolness occasioned by the affair of the pictures; and it is said that the reconciliation will be established by his succession to the place of the unfortunate Marshal Mortier.

Another discovery has been made of an attempt to escape from Ste. Pélagie, which has been frustrated; but on the preceding Wednesday three of the prisoners by means of false keys obtained their liberty. It is supposed that the police have invented the latter plot themselves, to show that they are not always unsuccessful in detection; and that the cry against M. Gisquet's incapacity is unfounded. Among the three individuals who made their escape on Wednesday, is the pretended Baron de Richemont, alias the Dauphin, alias Louis XVII., who was tried last year: when challenged by the sentinel, they stated themselves to be architects employed in the repairs of the prison, and having papers under their arm, were allowed to walk out unmolested.

Tuesday, 25th.—The postponement of the supplies was only to extend to next Friday, under the plea that the Militia Act could not have been passed into a law before that time; but it is easy to see that this proceeding of ministers is intended as a threat to the majority in the House of Lords, if they persist in their hostility to their Municipal and Church Reform Bills.

The disturbance at Madrid seems to have been quelled in a short time without bloodshed, but discontent still prevailed in that capital.

The other day, at the club in Paris, some comments, not of a very flattering nature, passed on the son of an English nobleman who had just re-

turned to England. One of the speakers, a younger son of the Duc de ——, thoughtlessly observed to Yarmouth, who was present: "J'ai toujours remarqué du reste que les ainés des grandes familles en Angleterre avaient plus de suffisance que de mérite." Yarmouth replied: "C'est vrai: ils sont à peu près comme les cadets ici,"—a fair retort.

Wednesday, 26th.—I went to Paris in the morning. The accounts from England are gloomy. The unguarded hint of Mr. Spring Rice of delaying the Appropriation Bill has been taken up by his Radical supporters much more violently than he wished: it was a dangerous subject to moot in such a House of Commons, and any minister who for party purposes has the rashness to glance at such a measure, may live to repent it. His retractation comes too late: every one can see that it was meant only as an empty threat to intimidate the Lords; but it may now be held out *in terrorem* over himself, and he has received a convincing proof by the applause of certain members how readily they would adopt such violent proceedings.

In the Radical press we hear much of what they boastingly call the majority in the House of Commons, which may at the utmost be called 20 members out of 658, including the Scotch and Irish. But take the *English members*, those who represent the property and population of *England*, and you find a large majority in favour of Conservative principles. Thus it will appear from the working of

this Reform Bill, that England herself has no voice in protecting her own institutions and her own welfare; her members are outvoted on their own ground, by a small phalanx of revolutionary Irish, who not only dictate their own laws to the country, but wage war against our peers for opposing them. When to this power is added a Radical ministry, which instead of checking, fawns upon our oppressors, then indeed it becomes a question whether a repeal of the Union, which would confine these foreign legislators to their own parliament and their own affairs, would not be a beneficial measure for England.

In a state of things like this, it is that such men as Hume and O'Connell presume to insist on a stoppage of the supplies, which would break up the whole machinery of the government and the country. I have made a rough calculation of the present Parliament from the general voting and known politics of the members, and it appears that the Conservative interest has a clear majority of thirty among the English members; that including the Scotch members they have a little majority of twelve, but including the Irish members, they are outvoted and left in a minority of from twenty to thirty; it is, therefore, this handful of Irish Radicals, commonly called O'Connell's tail, which rules the destinies of the whole empire.

Thursday, 27*th*.—The Irish Church Bill came into the House of Lords on Monday night, and, undaunted by the clamours of the press, the threats of Lord Melbourne, and the ominous looks of Lord Brougham, the Peers have begun courageously to

throw out the exceptionable clauses, by triumphant majorities of four to one against the Government.

Friday, 28*th*.—The Duc de Nemours has been sent to England by his father, to keep him out of the way. He was received at Windsor on Monday, and joined the royal party at Egham race course. Madame de G—— is indignant at our King's receiving the son of the usurper. The Duc de Damas' grandson and his tutor were drowned, in the Seine near Fontainebleau, as they were bathing.

The King went to pass one day at Fontainebleau and review the troops: among the officers who came to pay their respects at the Palace was M. Berryer; to whom the King said, "Je ne vois plus M. Berryer, le deputé, depuis cinq ans: autrefois il venait me voir. Je concois qu'il ne vienne pas aux Tuileries, mais qu'il vienne me voir en voisin à Neuilly, ou à St.-Cloud; je serai enchanté de le recevoir." The firm opposition deputy is not very likely to accept the invitation.

Monday, 31*st*.—Went in the morning to Paris. Fieschi makes no confessions: he has alluded to one or two individuals of little importance, but nothing transpires in any shape to implicate the Carlist party; whatever supporters he may have are among the republicans. His health is nearly restored.

The Peers are going on steadily in their work of repressing the Radical movement. It is not yet the time for the Tories to take up the Government, they would even commit a fault in attempting it. They must let the Whigs remain in their at present isolated state for some time longer; without their

Radical allies, they are become contemptible as a party. O'Connell is much more prime minister than Lord Melbourne; he can carry with him the majority in the House of Commons. When the country becomes sick of such a degrading cabal, the Tories must be brought in by the voice of the nation.

Tranquillity seems restored at Madrid, but letters announce that an insurrection had broke out in Seville, similar to that in Catalonia and Valencia; convents have been burnt, monks massacred, and the magistrates of the queen deposed.

The "Chronique de Paris," under the head of a letter from Prague, sneers at the new laws. "On sait que Charles X. s'oppose en effet à toute tentative qui tendrait à le faire remonter sur le trône: il est persuadé que la providence a reglé elle-même le jour et l'heure du retour de la branche aînée. Il regarde, lui aussi, son cousin comme l'homme de la circonstance et de la nécessité. La même lettre parle de l'effet produit par la nouvelle de la présentation des projets de loi. Vraiment, a dit Charles X., je reconnais là encore la providentielle mission de mon cousin; à lui appartenait le soin d'exécuter mes ordonnances; je m'y suis pris quatre ans trop tôt, mon cousin a toujours su attendre, j'ai toujours été trop pressé: —Peut-être aussi, a dit la Duchesse d'Angoulême, que votre majesté n'a eu que le tort de mal choisir ses ministres. Avec de francs libéraux comme ceux qui ont remplacé les vôtres, vous auriez obtenu des chambres tout ce que vous désiriez. Ce pauvre Polignac, a répondu Charles X., avait bien raison de me dire, que rien n'étoit plus facile que ce qu'il me propo-

sait. On en voulait bien plus aux hommes qu'aux choses."

Tuesday, September 1st.—The Duchess of Berri is now living at Brandeis in Upper Austria, but her children are still with Charles X. at Prague: the two families continue much estranged from each other. Those individuals who fall under the displeasure of the old king, are assured of a friendly reception from the Duchess.

Wednesday, 2nd.—The following is a proof that the infernal machine is no new invention.

In the year 1789 a watchmaker at Senlis, named Billon, who had been expelled from a company of the Chevaliers de l'Arquebuse, determined on gratifying his revenge, and took advantage of the occasion of the consecration of the colours of the National Guard, in that year. As the procession must pass before his house, he arranged a certain number of gun-barrels at his windows, and fired them all off as the company came in front; the commander of the National Guard, and several individuals, fell pierced with balls. The outer door of Billon's house, and that of the room in which he was, were both barricaded, but were soon forced by M. Aulas de la Bruyère, followed by a lieutenant of the same corps, and a great many of the inhabitants. The lieutenant, on entering Billon's room, was laid dead by a pistol-shot, but M. de la Bruyère seized him, and was dragging him away, when the villian contrived to put a lighted match to a species of infernal machine under the floor, which immediately blew up, carrying with it all the upper part of the house,

and burying those who were in it in the ruins. M. de la Bruyère was, however, alone taken out alive, though he was deprived of an eye, had one of his kneepans broken, and no fewer than twenty-six other wounds in his body. He lived at Santes till a short time ago.

———————.—We went with the Bonnevals, to see the atelier of Horace Vernet, who is established in Versailles for the purpose of painting four great historical pictures for the museum at the château. We found him in the artist's dress, a white linen jacket and trousers, with a cashmere sash, at work on the battle of Jena, of which Napoleon and his horse are the principal objects. The Emperor, followed by Murat and Berthier, is passing the Old Guard, who salute in silence, when young a soldier in the ranks, unable to restrain his enthusiasm, holds up his grenadier cap to shout, *Vive l'Empereur;* the Emperor stops and looks round sternly to remark this want of discipline. The lineaments of the face expressing displeasure are skilfully drawn, but the attitude of the horse, a chestnut Arab, thrown suddenly on his haunches by a check of the bridle, is admirably seized. The horse of Murat, and the lather on his quarters, were quite in nature, and seemed starting from the canvas. I remarked to him that his talent had achieved that which the painter Zeuxis could only accomplish by accident when he threw his brush at the picture in despair at his want of success. Another of the paintings is the battle of Wagram, which is not so forward as the other: here the countenance of Napoleon is

represented in repose, as a contrast to the other; he is sitting calmly on horseback, while the Austrian troops are seen at a distance, and a French regiment of cavalry is defiling before him. The genius of painting seems hereditary in this family; the grandfather, Carl Vernet, is well known and celebrated far his marine views, which are almost equal to those of Cannaletti, then the father succeeded to his renown, and lastly, Horace Vernet, whose name needs no comment. His slightest sketches of horses sell for large sums. The chestnut charger of Napoleon is taken from a beautiful Arab, which we saw in M. Machado's* stables this morning.

Friday, 4th. — I went to visit Ball Hughes at Enghien, a small house prettily situated on the lake near Montmorency, about four leagues from Paris, beyond St. Denis. There is good perch fishing and constant amusement in rowing and sailing on the lake. I went with him on the following day to see the Hermitage at Montmorency and the room where Rousseau lived for some time and composed his "Nouvelle Héloïse:" some of his worm-eaten furniture is still shown as a curiosity, and the garden is ornamented with his bust, as well as that of Gretry the composer, whose heart was buried here, notwithstanding the requisition of his countrymen at Liège, who wished to transfer it to that city. The Cockneys from Paris flock every Sunday to this spot, and as the price of admittance is ten sous a head, it be-

* Employed formerly as an agent abroad by the Cortes Government of Spain after the peace: rich, and very fond of English horses.

comes a valuable property. The proprietor gained last Sunday two hundred and fifty francs by his visitors, who finished their junketing by riding on asses through the woods, and dining at a *traiteur's* in the neighbourhood.

On Saturday and Sunday Lord and Lady G—— came down to dinner. His first wife was Madame de la Bruyère, the widow of a French general, who died in France of the cholera, and he has since married her *femme de chambre*.

On Sunday also arrived M. Bertin, a French physician, who has lived many years in England during the Revolution; he has lately been to Ham to visit Prince Polignac, who is seriously indisposed under a complication of three different disorders,—the gout, an affection of the liver, and a hydrocele, which are very much aggravated by mental anxiety and the severity of his confinement.

The new projet de loi may be considered as carried, but it has been firmly opposed by an opposition of 153, the most considered and the most enlightened Deputies in the Chambers: it has been carried by a majority composed of public functionaries and servile adherents of any power that may be in existence.

The meeting with Lord G—— yesterday, whom I had never previously known, recalled to my mind the melancholy fate of his father, who had been my schoolfellow at Eton, and with whom I had always lived on terms of intimacy. He fell a victim to that system of slander and calumny which has so long disgraced the press in England.

Monday, 7th.—I returned home to Versailles. On a former occasion, in mentioning the Château de Meudon, I forgot to add that it was sold to Louvois by Sabléson of Servient, superintendent of the finances in the time of Louis XIV. who spent treasures in embellishing it. He entirely buried the old village and rebuilt the new one, in order to form that beautiful and extensive terrace on the hill, which is so much admired.

Tuesday, 8th.—Lord Auckland's appointment is ratified, and the usual dinner was given to him by the East India Company on Saturday. His father was of Mr. Pitt's school, by whom he was made peer. The son joined the Whigs at Brookes's, and was afterwards made President of the Board of Trade by Earl Grey, when he came into office. The party was anxious to secure a few peers, for the sake of appearance, in their Radical administration, and as he was not influenced by the same scruples which damped the ardour of his first colleagues, Lord Melbourne readily selected him as First Lord of the Admiralty, where his reserved manner and taciturn habits did not much conciliate the navy. The first object of this administration, which did not foresee any long duration, was to grasp at patronage and displace their opponents; fortunately for their views, Lord Heytesbury, though formally appointed, had not sailed for India; he was without ceremony laid upon the shelf: the Court of Directors would not hear of Grant, now Lord Glenelg; but as the primary object was to ensure the nomination, rather than to select an eligible man as Governor-General, and as the

choice among their adherents was very limited, the appointment was given to Lord Auckland.

He has never lived much in the gay world; his habits are retired, and his manner reserved; a rubber of low whist, and the prosing coteries of a few old dowagers, who prized him as Madame du Deffand did Horace Walpole, formed his chief resource in society.

Thursday, 10*th*.—The Corporation Bill, as amended by the Lords, has passed into a law, and Parliament will shortly be prorogued.

The laws on the press and jury here are also carried. Both countries for the last month have been kept in a state of extraordinary excitement by measures of the most diametrically opposite tendency; that in France enforcing despotism, that in England encouraging anarchy; each principle has triumphed for the moment, but such is the mutability of political opinions in the present age, that a few short years may drive back each country into an opposite track.

Friday, 11*th*.—I showed the Duc de Guiche this evening a paragraph in the English papers, being an extract from the Journal of Sir James Mackintosh during his stay in Paris in 1814. "August 31st. I breakfasted with De Staël; met Lally Tollendal, Constant, and the Duc de Broglie, a young man of twenty-two, who is a patriot, and an active member of the opposition in the House of Peers. *He went to speak for the liberty of the press.*" We both smiled at the inconsistency of his present opinions, and his speech the other day in favour of the new laws. The conversation then turned on * * * * and her

mother, Madame de ——. A gentleman whom she was anxious to secure for a son in law having called on her, she immediately ordered the servant to call down Madlle. ——, who appeared in a sort of fancy costume with very short petticoats and a long muslin veil to form a drapery to her figure: she was first made to exhibit her talents on the piano, which were surprisingly loud and brilliant. Madame de —— then said to the footman, "Where is your fiddle?" he immediately took a little kit from his pocket, on which he scraped, while the young lady danced the Shawl dance with all the theatrical graces of Bigottini. When this exhibition of talents was finished, the mother was anxious to know the effect on her visitor, who could not be blind to the object, and who, feeling really embarrassed, adroitly avoided the dilemma by whispering in her ear, "Quand on est auprès de la mère, on ne peut avoir des yeux pour la fille." Though not satisfactory, the reply was palatable.

I remember a circumstance of the same nature when Madame de —— was in England. Her great object then was to find an English husband of rank for her daughter, and as A—— at that time was living at a great expense, and was pre-eminent among the young men of fashion of the day, he became the object of her chief attention.

One evening at Almack's that he was engaged to dance with the young lady, not feeling much interested in his partner, the conversation began to flag, when seeking for a subject he looked round the room, and seeing Lord Jersey enter at the opposite

end, remarked to her, "What a handsome man Jersey is:" Madlle. de ——, true to her instructions, immediately replied, with a tender look, "He shall not be so pretty than you."

I have often heard him tell the story with glee.

Saturday, 12*th*.— The Revolutionary party is making great strides in Spain: numerous cities have proclaimed the constitution of 1812, and the government of Isabella is now assailed by two factions, both hostile to each other. A decree has been issued from St. Ildefonso, by Torreno, against the Revolutionists, which it is hoped may intimidate this new insurrection; but affairs are becoming daily more complicated in that wretched country, and the cause of Don Carlos must reap benefit from these new divisions amongst his adversaries.

The "Moniteur" contains a mysterious statement that a permission has been given for the Brig "La Mesange" to pass through the Bosphorus, at the request of the French Ambassador, and when it was granted, his Excellency thought proper not to make use of it. It seems a shuffling arrangement with ths Porte, to mislead the public and soothe the clamour, without deranging the plans of Russia: some such manœuvre will probably be repeated with the English steamer, on its way thither with Lord Durham.

* * * * *

Lady —— has just left Versailles for the seaside; her situation is very unfortunate and unmerited. She has been separated many years by mutual con-

sent from her husband, with whom she never agreed, and who is now unjustly suing for a divorce.

It was to him that Brummell said, when he talked of keeping a coach for his friends, "You may keep a *vis-à-vis*, and you will always have a vacant place."

Poor Brummell, what a fate was his! he was in his time the very glass of fashion, every one from the highest to the lowest conspired to spoil him; and who that knew him well could deny that with all his faults, he was still the most gentlemanlike, the most agreeable of companions? Never was there a man who during his career had such unbounded influence, and what is seldom the case, such general popularity in society. Without being a man of intrigue, for I never knew him engaged in what is called a *liaison* in society, he was the idol of the women; happy was she in whose opera-box he would pass an hour, at whose table he would dine, or whose assembly he would honour, and why? Not only because he was a host of amusement in himself with his jokes and his jeers, but because has was such a favourite with the men, that all were anxious then to join the party.

In French society, the women give the *ton*, assert their influence, and by their verdict alone determine the weight which each man shall have in their circle; the men only live under the sanction of their approbation, and the idol of to-day may be the object of *persiflage* to-morrow. From their judgment there is no appeal. Whether it may be that the numerous clubs in London render the men independent of women's society, or whether the absence of those unremitting attentions on their part, which charac-

terise what is called good-breeding in France, renders the English women more anxious to engross the admiration of the men, the thing itself is certain, that not only do they make greater advances to attract attentions, but even in their predilections for certain individuals they are much more influenced by the opinions of the men than by their own. I have generally observed that, with a few exceptions, the greatest favourites with the women have been those who were most popular among men.

Be this as it may, Brummell was as great an oracle among the women of the highest rank in London, and his society as much courted and followed, as amongst his male associates. His opinion on all matters of taste and dress was implicitly adopted. Among the present generation we see no such being. In those days gone by it was considered necessary that a well-bred man should still have some little tincture of what is called the *old school.* Brummell was born in 1777, and was first sent to Eton, where our acquaintance originated. His father, I believe, was under-secretary to Lord North, and left each of his children at his death 30,000*l.*

He commenced his career in the 10th Light Dragoons; where his agreeable manners soon attracted the attention of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, colonel of the regiment, which ushered him at once into the highest and most distinguished society of the day. By degrees he became a constant inmate of Carlton House and of the Pavilion, was introduced to all the Prince's private friends, and admitted by himself into the greatest intimacy.

He afterwards left the army, and lived in a house in Chesterfield-street; where, as he has often told me, the Prince would come in the morning to see his toilette, and would sit there so late, that he would send away his horses, and insist on Brummell giving him a quiet dinner, which generally ended in a deep potation.

This violent intimacy, notwithstanding the disparity of rank, lasted for some years; till at length, in an unguarded moment of inebriety, he risked some freedom of speech to his royal patron: — it was said, "George, ring the bell;" but this Brummell himself always denied. The result, however, was an immediate rupture, and the Prince never spoke to him again. There was no excuse to be made for his indiscretion, but it produced a rancour on the other side which lasted to the tomb.

The ridiculous part of the story is, that Brummell took the matter up in a high tone, and waged open war against his royal enemy, assailing him with ridicule in all quarters, and affecting to say, that *he* had cut the connection. Every one may recollect his saying to Jack Lee, in St. James's-street, whom he had just seen speaking to the Prince, "Who is your fat friend?" and Moore in his Twopenny Postbag commemorates the quarrel in his parody of the letter from the Prince to the Duke of York, in which he says: —

> "I indulge in no hatred, and wish there may come ill
> To no mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell,
> Who declared t'other day, in a superfine passion,
> He'd cut me and bring the old King into fashion."

All these attacks must have increased the royal

animosity. Still he was young, and the Prince had seduced him into many follies.

Deserted by the Prince of Wales, but courted by all the high society of London, he found a new friend and patron in H.R.H. the Duke of York, who was never known, in good or ill report, to desert a friend. The society of Oatlands, which consisted almost exclusively of men, was the most agreeable that could be imagined. I never can look back to any period of my life with so much fond regret as to that which I passed under that roof. The Duchess was very partial to Brummell; and, as she had great *finesse*, excellent taste, and was a very nice discriminator of good breeding and manners, the approbation of such a woman must be highly creditable to the individual himself. It may indeed be said, in favour of the manners of that day, that I have often heard the Duchess remark how superior they were to the tone which existed at the period of her marriage and first arrival in England, when the Duke was surrounded by a set of *roués* who seemed to glory in their excesses, and showed a great want of refinement and courtesy in women's society. She particularly mentioned Charles Wyndham, Hervey Aston, and a few more as the objects of her dread and aversion.

England for very many years had been without a court, till the present reign revived something like the shadow of a shade, which is limited in the extreme; but, during that long interval, the little circle which surrounded the late Duchess of York was the only existing retreat of correct manners and high

breeding. Without impugning the polished manners of high society in England, every one will allow that there is at times an excessive ease, a *laisser aller*, which may degenerate into occasional indecorum; but under the roof and in the presence of a princess of the blood every man must feel the necessity of being constantly on his guard, and even find a pleasure in evincing the most profound respect, while it in no way operates as a *gêne* to the hilarity and pleasure of the society. In this point Oatlands might be deemed a court in which the affability on one side and the respectful attention on the other were equally remarkable. It may be said to have given a tone to the manners of that day. *C'est fini.*

The life which Brummell led at last plunged him into difficulties. He had lived constantly beyond his means, was deeply in debt, and the notorious usurers Howard and Gibbs refused further supplied unless furnished with the securities of friends. Here his popularity supplied a source which was fatal to the purse of many of our friends in the sequel. At this period Watier's Club, which had been originally established for harmonic meetings, became the resort of all the fine gentlemen of the day; the dinners were superlative, and high play at Macao was gradually introduced. The first effort of the beau was unsuccessful, and, as he was then not addicted to games of chance, his depression was very great. It was five o'clock on a fine summer's morning when he was walking home with me through Berkeley-street, and was bitterly lamenting his misfortune; he suddenly stopped on seeing something glittering

in the kennel; he stooped down and picked up a crooked sixpence. His countenance immediately brightened. This, said he, is the harbinger of good luck. He took it home, and, before he went to bed, drilled a hole in it and fastened it to his watch-chain.

The spell was good (this was I think in 1813); during more than two years he was a constant winner at play on the turf, and I believe realised nearly 30,000*l.* The blind goddess then deserted him; but not till after he had formed some projects of domestic life in which Miss ——, the late Lady ——, was the objects of his addresses, which were not accepted. The tide however turned, but I never could understand that his losses were very considerable, and I never was more surprised than when, in 1816, one morning he confided to me, that his situation had become so desperate, that he must fly the country that night and by stealth. The next day he was landed in Calais, and, as he said, without any resources. I had several letters from him at that time written with much cleverness, in which his natural high spirits struggled manfully against his overpowering reverses; but from the first he felt confident that he should never be able to return to his own country. In one of his first letters from Calais, dated 22nd of May, 1816, he writes me:—

"Here I am *restant* for the present, and God knows solitary enough is my existence; of that, however, I should not complain, for I can always employ resources within myself, was there not a worm that will not sleep called *conscience,* which all my en-

deavours to distract, all the strength of coffee, with which I constantly fumigate my unhappy brains, and all the native gaiety of the fellow who bears it to me, cannot lull to indifference beyond the moment; but I will not trouble you upon that subject. You would be surprised to find the sudden change and transfiguration which one week has accomplished in my way of life and *propriâ personâ*. I am punctually off the pillow at half-past seven in the morning. My first object—melancholy indeed it may be in its nature—is to walk to the pier-head, and take my distant look at England. This you may call weakness, but I am not yet sufficiently master of those feelings which may be called indigenous to resist the impulse. The rest of my day is filled up with strolling an hour or two round the ramparts of this dismal town, in reading, and the study of that language which must hereafter be my own, for never more shall I set foot in my own country. I dine at five, and my evening has as yet been occupied in writing letters. The English I have seen here—and many of them known to me—I have cautiously avoided; and, with the exception of Sir W. Bellingham and Lord Blessington, who have departed, I have not exchanged a word. Prince Esterhazy was here yesterday, and came into my room unexpectedly without my knowing he was arrived. He had the goodnature to convey several letters for me upon his return to London. So much for my life hitherto on this side of the water. As to the alteration in my looks, you will laugh when I tell you your own head of hair is but a scanty possession in comparison with that which now crowns my pris-

tine baldness; a convenient, comely scalp, that has divested me of my former respectability of appearance (for what right have I now to such an outward sign?); and if the care and distress of mind which I have lately undergone had not impressed more ravages haggard and lean than my years might justify upon my unfortunate *phiz*, I should certainly pass at a little distance for *five*-and-*twenty*. And so, let me whisper to you, seems to think Madame la Baronne de Borno, the wife of a Russian officer who is now in England, and in his absence resident in this house. Approving and inviting are her frequent smiles as she looks into my window from the garden-walk; but I have neither spirits nor inclination to improve such flattering overtures."

In the year 1818, when the army of occupation was retiring, he wrote:—

* * * * * * *

"I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you indisputable credit, spick and span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon colour and *cramoisi*. Keep it up, my dear fellow, and don't let them laugh you into a relapse so Gothic as that of your former English simplicity. There is nothing to be seen here but rascals in red coats waiting for embarcation. God speed them to the other side the water, for on this they are most heartily loathed. No news of interest to you, excepting indeed what may incense you against Russian indifference to etiquette when betrayed at the expense of one of your favourites. At the great dinner given by Wellington at Valenciennes to the Emperor Alexander and the King of

Prussia, my Lady * * from her rank was first turn for the Autocrat's hand; and, when dinner was announced, the said lady stepped forward in the confidence of being led in first; but Alexander bowed, passed her, and took Lady William Russell (Bessy Rawdon), who was standing next to her, which was remarked by the whole room."

Again in 1820, on the accession of George IV. to the throne, he writes to me on the 13th of February:—

* * * * * * *

"He is at length King. Will his past resentments still attach themselves to his crown? An indulgent amnesty of former peccadilloes should be the primary grace influencing newly throned sovereignty; at least towards those who were once distinguished by his more intimate protection. From my experience, however, of the personage in question, I must doubt any favourable relaxation of those stubborn prejudices which have during so many years operated to the total exclusion of one of his *élèves* from the royal notice; that unfortunate—I need not particularise.

"You ask me how I am going on at Calais? miserably! I am exposed every hour to all the turmoil and jeopardy that attended my latter days in England. I bear up as well as I can; and when the patience and mercy of my claimants are exhausted, I shall submit without resistance to bread and water and straw. I cannot decamp a second time," &c.

At times he would write in better spirits, and the following later extract will very much remind his old friends of his usual style of conversation in society:—

"I hear you meditate a *petite domicile* at Paris for

your children; you cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else; and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into the room upon their elbows, and to find their accomplishments limited to broad native phraseology in conversation, or to thumping the 'Woodpecker' upon a discordant spinet. You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents; and you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or of your ears being distracted by indigenous vulgarisms," &c.

In this way Brummell lived for several years at Calais, constantly visited by the passing travellers, who often left with him very substantial proofs of their friendship and liberality. Independent of which, frequent remittances were made to him from London by those who had liked and known him in better days: as Lord Stuart de Rothesay used to say, no one can lead a more pleasant life, for he passes his time between London and Paris. But even his altered circumstances could not impress him with any ideas of economy; his room was again replenished with commodes in old buhl, with specimens of old Sèvres china, old lacque, and, if he saw a trinket or a curious snuff-box, no reference to his resources would prevent his yielding to the temptation. In the meantime his applications to his friends were unceasing; and though for a long time liberally answered, at

last they were wearied by the repetition, particularly when no signs of indigence could be observed in his habits or mode of life. His kind friends Alvanley, Worcester, and Lord Sefton, with many many others, were constantly ready to assist him on these occasions; but when he at last had recourse to statements of distress and imprisonment which the next post proved to be unfounded, their patience began to be exhausted. His great object was to be appointed consul at Calais; and he would without a doubt have succeeded, through the zeal and interest of his friends, in obtaining the appointment, if a vacancy had occurred, but the incumbent Mr. Marshall persisted in living. At last he was nominated consul at Caen; but the next difficulty was to leave Calais, where he had contracted a considerable debt. This object, however, was, after much perplexity, accomplished by his giving a security on the future appointments of his new office to the Calais creditor.

No sooner was he installed as consul at Caen than he committed an act so extraordinary, so incomprehensible, that it overwhelmed his friends and well-wishers with astonishment and disgust. He wrote a formal letter to Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, stating that the place itself was a sinecure, and the duties attached to it so trifling, that he himself should recommend its being reduced. It remains still a mystery what was the object of this manœuvre, for it can bear no other name; whether he hoped in such a case to get a better appointment, or whether he wished to throw over the creditors who held a lien upon his salary; but, be

it what it may, he was himself the real sufferer. Lord Palmerston, who was his well-wisher, said, "What can I do? In the present time of popular cry for retrenchment and reform I can only act upon his instructions and reduce the place," which was done.

Thus was poor Brummell once more utterly unprovided, and by his own wilful act.

The sequel becomes more melancholy. He continued to live without resources at Caen, incurring fresh debts and plunging into new difficulties from the increasing claims of his creditors, till at length the awful moment arrived, and he was actually thrown into prison. A subscription has since been raised amongst his friends to affect his liberation, but how precarious still must be his future fate! Those who have witnessed his prosperity and his reverses can have but one feeling of regret for his lamentable fate.

Brummell was tall, well made, and a very good figure. He became latterly bald, and continued to wear powder to the last of his stay in England; he rather piqued himself on preserving this remnant of the *vieille cour* amidst the inroads of the crops and roundheads, which dated from the Revolution. He was always studiously and remarkably well-dressed, never *outré;* and, though considerable time and attention were devoted to his toilette, it never, when once accomplished, seemed to occupy his attention. His manners were easy, polished, and gentlemanlike, stamped with what St. Simon would call "*l'usage du monde et du plus grand et du meilleur,*" and regulated by that same good taste which he displayed in most

things. No one was a more keen observer of vulgarism in others, or more *piquant* in his criticisms, or more despotic as an *arbiter elegantiarum;* he could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world by a single word. His dress was the general model, and, when he had struck out a new idea, he would smile at observing its gradual progress downwards from the highest to the lowest classes. Without many accomplishments, he had a talent for drawing miniatures in water-colours, though I believe that beautiful one of the Prince of Wales (George IV.) in the robes of the Garter, which he wished to palm upon us as his own production, was in fact executed by Cosway. He was a fair judge of paintings, but particularly of Sèvres china, old lacque, buhl, and all those objects of art which were encouraged by the old French court, and which in those days were much more rare in England than they have since become. He had a fine collection of valuable snuff-boxes; one of which, remarkable for two fine Petitots of Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Grignan, I bought at the sale of his effects at Robins' auction rooms for 125 guineas.

It is only justice to say, that he was not only good-natured, but thoroughly good-tempered. I never remember to have seen him out of humour. His conversation, without having the wit and humour of Alvanley, was highly amusing and agreeable, replete with anecdotes not only of the day, but of society several years back, which his early introduction to

Carlton House and to many of the Prince's older associates had given him the opportunities of knowing correctly. He had also a peculiar talent for ridicule (not ill-natured), but more properly termed *persiflage*, which, if it enabled him to laugh some people out of bad habits, was I fear too often exerted to laugh others out of good principles.

He was liberal, friendly, *serviable*, without any shuffling or tortuous policy or meanness, or manœuvring for underhand objects; himself of no rank or family, but living always with the highest and noblest in the country, on terms of intimacy and familiarity, but without *bassesse* or truckling; on the contrary, courted, applauded, and imitated, protecting rather than protected, and exercising an influence, a fascination in society which no one even felt a wish to resist.

Here we must stop and mark the reverse of the medal,—never did any influence create such wide and real mischief in society. Governed by no principle himself, all his efforts and example tended to stifle it in others. Prodigality was his creed, gambling was his lure, and a reckless indifference to public opinion the very groundwork of his system. The cry of indignation that was raised at his departure, when he left so many friends who had become his securities to pay the means of his past extravagance, some of them at the risk of their own ruin, was a low and feeble whisper when compared to the groans and sighs of entire families who have since had to deplore those vices and misfortunes

which first orginated in his seductions. What a long list of ruin, desolation, and suicide could I now trace to this very source!

Monday, 14*th.*—Lord and Lady Munster are arrived in the Place Vendôme from Switzerland, where they were nearly killed by a drunken postillion overturning their carriage down a precipice. Lord and Lady Carlisle are expected on Friday at the embassy, which induces Lord and Lady Granville to return immediately from their excursion to Dieppe. Paris will probably be full of English this year, as the cholera will check ramblings to Italy. The King of Naples has issued an order that no one shall quit the country; as the cholera will check the arrivals, he is determined to balance the account by checking the departures.

The sovereigns and a flock of strangers, among whom are Lord Douro and some Englishmen, are arrived at the camp at Kalish. The Emperor of Russia daily hears mass in the open air surrounded by 60,000 troops; which is closed by a crash of music from the bands of above fifty regiments. The manœuvres are to last some time. Colonel Gustavson, who is in the Austrian service, son of the ex-King of Sweden, has been invited to to attend the meeting with some form. King Carl Johann has taken umbrage at this attention to the exiled family, and made remonstrances on the subject to Prince Metternich, which, not being duly regarded, his son Prince Oscar has declined attending the reviews.

Thirty new peers have been created here by Louis-Philippe; which is a most unnecessary promo-

tion in a political view, as the majority for government in that house is overflowing. If it is meant to obtain popularity, it will be unsuccessful, as it has excited jealousy and discontent in the Chamber of Deputies, who find themselves excluded. "Qui accorde un bienfait, fait cent mécontens et un ingrat." The news from Spain is alarming; the revolutionary spirit increases, and it is expected that Queen Christina will shortly take refuge in France. It is even reported that apartments are preparing for her at Fontainebleau with her minion Munoz; where, if he displeases her, she may re-enact the part of her namesake from Sweden with another Monaldeschi.

A grand fête has been given by Rothschild to the Duke of Orleans and a party of *chasseurs* at his estates at Ferrières, where he has a large property, and is daily adding landmark to landmark; perhaps with the intention hereafter of forming an asylum for the lost tribes of his nation. Solomon in all his glory was not so magnificent as the Samuel Bernard of the present day in receiving his guests, for whom great previous efforts had been made to insure a splendid battue; but a common morning's diversion at Sudbourne, or at some other houses in England, would have beat it hollow. Fifteen or sixteen guns could scarcely bring down 300 animals of every description.

The Rothschilds, who began by sweeping out a shop at Manchester, have become the metallic sovereigns of Europe. From their different establishments in Paris, London, Vienna, Frankfort, Petersburg, and Naples, they have obtained a con-

trol over the European exchanges which no party ever before could accomplish, and they now seem to hold the strings of the public purse. No sovereign without their assistance now could raise a loan. When Rothschild was at Vienna, and contracted for the last Austrian loan, the Emperor sent for him to express his satisfaction at the manner in which the bargain had been concluded. The Israelite replied: "Je peux assurer votre Majesté que la maison de Rothschild sera toujours enchantée de faire tout ce qui pourra être agréable à la maison d'Autriche."

When Louis XIV. in his latter days was pressed by foreign wars, and in great distress for money, the famous Jew banker Samuel Bernard positively refused to make him any further advances; in this dilemma, he concerted with Chamillart to appoint a meeting with the capitalist at Marly, and when he was quitting the interview, as refractory as ever, the king met him as if by accident at the door, expressed great pleasure on seeing him, and insisted on showing him the beauties of his park and gardens. During the drive he loaded him with civilities without ever alluding to the object of his visit to the Minister; but when they parted, Bernard was so intoxicated with the honour that he had received from a Monarch, who on common occasions would hardly look at a *roturier*, that he returned to Chamillart, and complied with all his demands, saying, "that he would risk the last *livre* in his purse to serve such a gracious Prince."

Rothschild, however, has taken a higher flight than his predecessor, and that Revolution which

levelled so many nobles, has been the means of his elevation: money has risen in the scale, and titles have descended: "*dat census honores:*" he is a Member of the Legion of Honour and a German Baron: when he obtained the latter title, it was said, "Montmorency est le premier Baron Chretien, et Rothschild est le premier Baron Juif."

Standish said to me the other day, "Qu'est-ce que vous faites à Versailles?" I could not help replying to him as Monsieur de Fervaques, when he retired to the monastery of La Trappe, "Je m'ennuie; je me suis trop diverti; c'est la pénitence."

Monday, 21*st.*—Lord Hertford, who is come to Paris, is of opinion that the resistance to Lord Melbourne's bills in the House of Peers has only protracted the crisis for a few months. Peel has lost favour with the Tories, by the admissions he has made in favour of Reform, and in proportion as the ultra party is inflexible to all concessions, I see that they are desponding, which only proves that Peel is right.

Friday, 25*th.*—Fieschi's trial will come on shortly: he has been greatly reduced by diet and bleeding, in order to weaken his mind through the body, and extort confession, but without success; the other day when his surgeon was taking from him an unusual quantity of blood, he observed to him quietly, "Vous ne laisserez rien pour le bourreau."

Bellini the composer, who has delighted the musical world at the opera both here and in London, with the Pirate, Norma, the Puritani, &c., died on

Wednesday last, at Puteaux near Paris, after a short illness, aged only twenty-nine.

Saturday, 26*th*.—The accounts of the cholera in Italy are still alarming for travellers, and Paris will be thronged with visitors this winter.

I told Lord Granville that Louis-Philippe in his journeys to Versailles, was now always accompanied by a strong guard; he replied, "Yes, it was very much against his will, but *the ministers insisted on it*."

Monday, 28*th*.—O'Connell's journey through the north of England has one sole object,—to stir up the minds of the people against the House of Peers: his motto is, "*delenda est Carthago*." The Melbourne ministry are frightened at the ally whose assistance they implored; and England herself, however she may treat his artifices with contempt or indifference, may take heed lest his crusade produce some serious consequences.

A man of the name of Pepin, who had fled from Paris, has been arrested in the neighbourhood of Meaux as an accomplice of Fieschi; the police attach great importance to this capture, but after all their researches, it is as yet impossible to trace the act to any political party. Pepin is a grocer in the Faubourg St. Antoine, who appears to have supplied Fieschi with money. The trial will commence in December, and as yet not more than seven individuals have been detained on suspicion.

This Government, after having permitted for five years the publication of the most indecent and irreligious works, and winked at the grossest im-

morality, from the contemptible motive of gaining popularity, has now suddenly turned round, and without any warning begun to confiscate them in the shops. It is unjust to the bookseller whose property they seize, renders the government ridiculous, and brings into fresh notice publications which long had been forgotten.

It is a fact that Don Manuel Godoy, the Prince of Peace, formerly so loaded with honours and riches at the court of Spain, is now living on the fourth story of a mean house in Paris, reduced to publish his own memoirs for a meagre subsistence.

A dreadful murder has been committed lately on a Mons. and Madame Maes, in the Rue des Petites Ecuries, who were found dying in their apartment, stabbed with various wounds. A Flemish servant is suspected to have done the deed.

Monsieur Maes was possessed of great wealth; he had lately married his kitchenmaid, who had lived forty years with him, and they were just returned from Ghent, of which town he was a native, and where he was upon ill terms with his relations. A curious point in law has occurred as to the disposal of his large property.

He had left a large portion of it by will to his wife, excluding thus his relations by blood; but as he survived his wife by one quarter of an hour, it becomes a *lapse* legacy, reverts in that interval to himself, and thence (as intestate) to the heirs at law.

Wednesday, 30*th*. — The camp at Kalisch has broken up, and the conferences at Töplitz are begun. But when is agitated Europe to be at rest? Discord,

anarchy, and discontent, are yearly making fresh progress over the earth. Last year we thought it fearful, this year it is worse. Look at England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Greece, and Portugal,—are they not all exploding, or ripe for explosion? where can we find a nook of land on the broad map of civilised Europe which may be termed peaceable, happy, and contented? And what is the cause of this universal furious excitement? Is it the aggressions of a conqueror? No, we are at peace; nation is no longer arrayed against nation. Is it famine or poverty? No; our harvests are abundant, our revenues productive, and all classes amply supplied with the means of support. Is it pestilence and disease? No; all Europe is healthy, thriving, and teeming with population. If then we are by divine mercy exempted from the three great scourges of war, pestilence, and famine, and favoured with a more than usual share of prosperity,—whence is this general cry of discontent that seems to convulse the whole earth?

Truly, our ingratitude and the devices of our own hearts have been the blind means of converting blessings into a curse.

Thursday, October 1*st.*—Accounts from Argos of 6th September, mention that Lord Durham had arrived in Greece, and was well received by King Otho, who presented him with the Cross of the Sauveur. General Strogonoff was at Athens, attempting to negotiate a marriage between the King and a Russian Princess.

Saturday, 3*rd*.—The King and Queen of the Belgians are arrived at Ramsgate, on a visit to the Duchess of Kent, in a steamboat without any retinue. The sovereigns of the present day will soon travel about by the stage coach.

Prince Buteira, the Neapolitan ambassador, is going to marry the Princess Schouvalow, a Russian widow with a large fortune. He is a Hanoverian of no rank, having served in that army as a subaltern. He captivated the Princess Buteira at Naples by fighting a duel in her defence, married her, took her name, and at her death succeeded to her fortune, which he is now about to increase by a new union. He is tall, thin, pale, about fifty, of mild manners, but without either wit or talents to account for his success in these matrimonial speculations.

The Duke de Grammont, father of De Guiche, is now eighty years old, hale and strong, though very deaf, and his memory is stored with recollections of the various scenes which he has witnessed during his long life. He was captain of the guards to Louis XVI., which situation, being venal, like all other places about the court in those days, he purchased for 500,000 fr. This sum is now lost to his family. He has shown me where he rode down the great stone staircase near the orangeries in the garden at Versailles, at the head of his regiment, when the mob came from Paris to assail the king and queen at the commencement of the Revolution. He has been a steady adherent of the Bourbons during their good and bad fortune, which he has shared throughout: he

followed them into banishment wherever they could find a refuge; returned with them at the restoration; accompanied Charles X. to Scotland; and, since his settlement at Prague, has retired to a small house at St. Germain on a limited income, where the cultivation of flowers, and the society of a few neighbours at a game of whist serve to pass away his time. But the name of Louis-Philippe is never mentioned by him or his family, except as an usurper.

Monday, 5th.—Charles André Pozzo di Borgo, the present representative of France at the court of St. James's, was born in Corsica on the 8th March, 1768, and reached the period of manhood at the time when the French Revolution was at its height. The impulse of liberty was readily felt and seconded by the population of Corsica; but even in the origin, two contending parties sprung up among the principal families in the island, who differed essentially as to the application of the new tenets. The Bonapartes, the Arenas, the Salicettis, advocated the principles of Rousseau, Mably, and the rights of man as expounded by the theorists of the day; the Paolis, the Pozzi di Borgos, sought for national independence, and had for their object the restoration of ancient Corsica from a foreign yoke. About this time, Louis XVI. had convoked an assembly of the Corsican nobility at Ajaccio, in order to represent the grievances of which they complained, and the young Pozzo, then twenty-two years old, was appointed secretary, and in a short time afterwards sent as deputy to the National Assembly in Paris.

This was the first theatre on which the future agent of the Holy Alliance appeared in public life; and, what is still more singular, the school in which he first studied the science of that diplomacy which was hereafter destined to wage war with revolutions, was no other than the *Comité diplomatique* under the presidency of Brissot. Roman liberty was then the order of the day, and the sovereign People would hardly deign to treat with kings on a footing of equality. Some specimens of his eloquence in that assembly are still extant, delivered in 1792, which breathe a very different spirit from the principles which he has since devoted his life to maintain. His mission to France having expired, he returned to Corsica, where he enlisted himself in the cause of independence under Paoli, who was bent on forming a republic in that island. Here began that interminable hate between him and Bonaparte, which lasted till the destruction of the latter. The Arenas and Bonapartes, who were affiliated with the clubs at Paris, denounced Paoli and Pozzo at the bar of the Convention, as striving to separate Corsica from the mother country. This open hostility on their part only hastened the catastrophe; and at a public assembly in Corte it was decided that no attention should be paid to the mandate from France, and that the renegade families should be consigned to everlasting infamy. The gauntlet was thrown down, and to recede was now impossible; but what resources could Corsica find to maintain a struggle against the overwhelming power

of France? An army was already assembled at Toulon, and menaced an immediate invasion.

In the midst of this dilemma an English squadron appeared before Ajaccio; Admiral Elliot offered the protection of his sovereign, andon the 10th of J une, 1794, the bases of a constitution were submitted to him, and the independence of Corsica was proclaimed to the world.

This new government only lasted two years; the distant power of England was insufficient to maintain its existence, France was triumphant on all sides, and the frail power of Paoli was gradually undermined. The tricoloured flag was hoisted at Ajaccio, and Pozzo, unable to stem the tide of revolution, embarked on board the English fleet, which quitted its moorings before Corsica, laden with the wrecks of the government.

They touched at Naples, at the Isle of Elba, when Pozzo had the opportunity of visiting that sovereignty which was afterwards destined to be the prison of his fallen enemy. At length the Minerva frigate conveyed our adventurous Corsican to the British shores.

He passed eighteen months in London, where he was well received by our ministers, who did justice to his talents and energy in his late administration; he here formed new connexions among the English nobility and certain of the French emigrants, laying the foundations of those secret negotiations and diplomatic missions, which he afterwards conducted on so grand a scale.

In 1798 he was at Vienna; it was the time of the Coalition, when Suwarrow's arms were crowned with victory in Italy, and Pozzo, embracing the cause with vigour, was indefatigable in promoting his success. But the tide of affairs was turned at Zurich. The Austro-Russian army was defeated at all points by Massena; the Coalition broke up: and, after many fruitless journeys through the seat of war, Pozzo returned to Vienna, where he remained on very confidential terms with that cabinet. Bonaparte in the meantime returned from Egypt, founded that power which he afterwards carried to such a height, and cemented the victory which crowned his arms by the piece of Amiens. But he did not then forget his Corsican friends, who by his orders were subjected to a rigorous proscription.

This fictitious peace was soon followed by a fresh war. Pozzo entered into the Russian service, and commenced his career as a diplomatist, for which character his talents were peculiarly adapted. He was named by Alexander a privy councillor and member of the Cabinet at St. Petersburg, was thence sent on a mission to Vienna, where he organised the fresh coalition against France, which terminated in the fatal battle of Austerlitz. He afterwards followed his master to the army, and after the battle of Jena, being sent again to Vienna, where he found his efforts unavailing to rouse Austria to fresh exertions in the general cause, he was dispatched to the Dardanelles, with proposals of peace to the Turks, under the mediation of England.

He arrived at Tenedos, when he was received on board the ship of Admiral Siniavin, and bore a part in the engagement of Mount Athos, between the Russian fleet and that of the Sultan.

Napoleon was now Emperor, and Europe was at his feet. The bloody struggle between the French and Russian armies had terminated in the treaty of Tilsit, where the unsuspecting nature of Alexander had been completely fascinated by the artful suggestions of his enemy, and expressions of personal friendship were interchanged by the two sovereigns, which excited great jealousy and discontent in Russia.

Pozzo immediately felt the impossibility of retaining his present position; he gave in his resignation, and notwithstanding the entreaties of Alexander, remained firm in his purpose of quitting the service. He had a long audience of the Emperor at St. Petersburg, to whom he expressed himself in the following terms:—"Far from being of service to you at present, I could only be an embarrassment. Bonaparte has not forgotten the hatreds of his early days. A day will come when he will demand that I shall be given up to him. Your Majesty is too generous to accede to such a request, but I should then become a cause of misunderstanding between you, which it is my duty to avoid. After all, I have great doubts if this friendship between your Majesty and Napoleon can be of long duration. You will find at a later period that no conquests can satisfy his insatiable ambition. You have Persia and Turkey on your hands, Bonaparte on your

breast. Well! clear your hands first, and a violent effort will extricate you from Napoleon; in the meantime I remain always devoted to the service of your Majesty; and I foresee that not many years will have elapsed before you will graciously deign to recall me."

Pozzo returned to Vienna in 1808, where he remained during the campaign of 1809, actively employed by Austria, but narrowly watched by Napoleon, who having again conquered a peace, insisted on his being given up, which was pointedly refused by the Emperor Francis. But Pozzo, aware that his stay at Vienna was not more advisable than at St. Petersburg, decided on moving to Constantinople. Thus driven from Europe by his unceasing foe, he took refuge in Asia for a time, and, after visiting Syria, Smyrna, and Malta, he at last bent his course again to England, where he arrived in October, 1810. His predictions to Alexander were now on the eve of accomplishment: the peace of Tilsit had proved only an armed truce; war broke out with redoubled vigour, and the French armies passed the Niemen in 1812. He did not then quit London, but was again attached to the Russian service as a diplomatic negotiator: he was at the close of that campaign recalled to join the Emperor's counsels, and had his first personal interview with that Monarch at Kalisch, after an absence of five years. He found the Emperor, though flushed with success, still biassed in favour of Napoleon, and all his efforts were now directed to counteract an influence so fatal to the interests of Europe. It was to his

urgent solicitations and counsels that may be attributed the steady progress of the war during 1813, and finally the invasion of France by the allied troops, which ended in the deposition of Napoleon. He was next dispatched to England, with orders to return with Louis XVIII. to Paris, and during that journey, he gave such salutary advice to that Monarch, as to the real state of feeling in France, that he was induced to promulgate the charter, which gained him so many adherents among the liberal party. Pozzo has since been continued in his post as ambassador here, till affairs in England becoming more complicated, his services were deemed more useful in London. His talents are of the first order, and his conversation highly interesting; his memory is inexhaustible; not a tissue of anecdotes like that of Talleyrand, but a collection of annals, which embrace the history of Europe during a period which must always be considered the most eventful and most extraordinary in the records of the world.

Tuesday, 6*th*.—About this time died in London at an advanced age the Earl of Chatham, Colonel of the fourth regiment of foot, and late governor of Gibraltar. He was son of the first Earl, who was struck with death in the House of Lords, May, 1778, after making a remarkable speech on the American war, and elder brother to the Right Hon. William Pitt, whose name and high character will last as long as the history of Great Britain shall be read. He was an indolent man, and so remarkable for his want of punctuality that he was frequently called *the late* Lord Chatham. He commanded the unfor-

tunate expedition to the Isle of Walcheren, while the fleet was entrusted to Admiral Sir Richard Strahan: their inactivity on this occasion gave rise to the well-known epigram:—

> "Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
> Keeps waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
> Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Keeps waiting too,—for whom? Lord Chatham!"

General Sebastiani is arrived from London, where he has left his countess. Their hospitalities during the last season have been on a very limited scale, and Lord Hertford*, who has let to them his late mother's mansion in Manchester Square, is under no apprehension that the furniture will suffer by the admission of guests.

The spirit of discord is at its height in the United States, and this land of liberty is the scene of continued warfare between the abolitionists and those who persist in the employment of negro slaves. As the first principle of an American is his own interest, the most violent rancour prevails among the slaveholders against those who advocate the new doctrines of humanity, and they have taken the initiative by committing repeated acts of violence against the abolitionists. In Virginia particularly, the excesses have been most deplorable, and in defiance of all laws; but as the States without negroes form a majority of the whole population, it is hoped that they will have an influence in the new elections, to support the cause of emancipation in the House of Representatives. At the same time the

* The late Lord Hertford.

two Carolinas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, which comprise in themselves four-fifths of the negro population, are secretly uniting themselves to resist the proposed measures of Congress.

For the last twelve months great efforts have been made to establish a steam carriage from Paris hither: one or two essays have been made with partial success; but to-day the whole town was assembled on the Avenue de Paris to witness the arrival of the train which was now completed. After a long fruitless expectation it was announced, that the Directeur des Ponts and Chaussées, apprehensive that the weight of the machine would destroy the road, had forbidden the experiment. The speculator therefore is saddled with the loss.

Wednesday, 7th. — Mendizabal is appointed Minister at Madrid, and some of the juntas in the provinces have sent in their adhesion to his system. Colonel Evans*, with his auxiliary troops, has gone into winter quarters at Bilboa, having deferred their expected laurels till the spring; in the meantime dissensions have taken place amongst them, some of the officers have resigned, and others have been dismissed without ceremony and sent home.

Friday, 9th.—I went to Paris in the morning, called on Yarmouth, and found him surrounded with plans and designs of architects. He has just bought Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, for 313,100 fr. I have already described the place last year. The building itself is substantial, and requires no solid repair; to raise the roof, and convert the

* Now General Sir de Lacy Evans.

first floor into good apartments, will not be very expensive, and it will then be a handsome mansion for a small family; the dependencies out of doors, if entirely repaired, may be the most serious expense.

That Society called the Bande Noire, which has already devastated so many fine palaces in France, buying them for the sake of the materials, was one of the principal bidders at this sale; and it is a fortunate circumstance that this beautiful spot, which is also a *souvenir* of the old court, should have been rescued from their grasp. Count Sebastiani came to Versailles yesterday to pay a visit to the Duc de Guiche: he told him that on a nearer view of affairs in England, his apprehensions of a revolution in that country had much subsided; that he saw so much conservative spirit among all classes, so much power still remaining in the hands of the aristocracy, and perhaps good sense in the nation generally, that though new measures of change and Reform might still be carried, no serious collision or intestine war was in his opinon likely to occur. He thought the return of the Tories to power very distant or improbable, and they seemed themselves impressed with that idea.

Saturday, 10*th*.—Lord Durham has arrived at Constantinople, on board the Barham, where the first circumstance that occurred was a misunderstanding about the salutes. The frigate only fired nineteen guns instead of twenty-one, the number required by etiquette for the Sultan; no return was made from the batteries; and interchange of mes-

sages not of the most cordial nature took place with the shore, which lasted during six hours, without producing the desired effect; at last the two deficient guns being conceded by the frigate, the return salute was made by the Turks in the usual form. This *début* of his Lordship does not promise well for his future negotiations.

A trifling circumstance occurred which has given scope to many satirical remarks in the papers on Count Sebastiani. On his late journey from London being pressed for time, he preferred the English steampacket to the French, which were both waiting in the harbour; as soon as he had departed in the former, the Frenchman, indignant at his choice, put on all his power of steam, set-off and, as it is said, arrived at Calais twenty minutes before his rival. When the Count arrived, he was greeted on the pier by the French Captain and crew with shouts of ridicule. A satirical paper adds, "Le capitaine Anglais s'en est excusé par une plaisanterie; 'Le Général,' a-t-il dit, 'a porté malheur à mon paquebot: je le savais léger de gloire, mais, ma foi! il est si lourd d'esprit qu'il est encore heureux que je n'aie pas sombré en route.'"

A book has lately been published by Gust. de Beaumont, called "Marie, ou l'Esclavage." Its object is to detail the state of the slaves in America, and the cruel regulations both physical and moral under which they labour. In this famed abode of freedom, the slaves form half of the population in certain districts, and are not only treated with rigour by the whites, but with a disgusting contempt and

indignity unknown in our West Indian Colonies. A stain of black alliance in a white family, though it may date a hundred years back, will subject the posterity to the state of Pariahs for ever; they are never allowed to mix with the whites in any society, even in the church; and, unprotected by the law, they are subject to continued assault and persecution. It is difficult to imagine that such unnatural and cruel oppression can exist much longer in the present age. The following census was taken in 1830 of the slaves: —

South Carolina	54 in 100	Virginia	38 in 100
Louisiana	51 „	Alabama	37 „
Mississippi	48 „	North Carolina	33 „
Florida	44 „	Kentucky	24 „
Georgia	41 „	Maryland	23 „

Monday, 12*th*. — Notwithstanding the previous coolness, Lord Durham was received by the Sultan with the greatest civility and attention on the 11th ultimo: his stay at Constantinople was short, and produced no relaxation in the terms of the treaty with Russia, as to the admission of armed ships through the straits, since it is stated, that on the 15th ultimo, his Lordship embarked on board the Pluto steamer for the Black Sea, which having *no guns on board*, was unable to return the salute of the Russian frigate anchored at Buyukdur. The Barham frigate sailed on the following day for Malta. Thus ends this *important* mission, which the Whigs so pompously announced would counterbalance the Russian influence in the East. The sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia are all assembled at

Töplitz, with their numerous retinues; their time is passed in visits and fêtes, at which the only two English present of any note are the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Douro, as representing the Conservative interest in England; the negotiations, if any are really going on, which is very doubtful, are kept in the back ground.

* * * * *

Tuesday, 13*th*.—No event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to that time the English country dance, Scotch steps, and an occasional Highland reel, formed the school of the dancing-master, and the evening recreation of the British youth even in the first circles. But peace was drawing near, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the magnus Apollo of the drawing-rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations; and when the *kitchen* dance became exploded at Devonshire House, it could not long be expected to maintain its *footing* even in the less celebrated assemblies. In London, fashion is or was then everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the Park, were now absorbed at home in practising the figures of a French quadrille, or whirling a chair round the room, to learn the step and measure of the German waltz. Lame and impotent were the first efforts, but the inspiring airs of the music, and the not less inspiring airs of the foreigners, soon

rendered the English ladies enthusiastic performers. What scenes have we witnessed in those days at Almacks', &c.! What fear and trembling in the *débutantes* at the commencement of a waltz, what giddiness and confusion at the end! It was perhaps owing to this latter circumstance, that so violent an opposition soon arose to this new recreation on the score of morality.

The anti-waltzing party took the alarm, cried it down, mothers forbade it, and every ballroom became a scene of feud and contention: the waltzers continued their operations, but their ranks were not filled with so many recruits as they expected. The foreigners, however, were not idle in forming their *élèves;* Baron Tripp, Neumann, Ste. Aldegonde, &c., persevered in spite of all the prejudices which were marshalled against them; every night the waltz was called, and new votaries, though slowly, were added to their train. Still the opposition party did not relax in their efforts, sarcastic remarks flew about, and pasquinades were written to deter young ladies from such a recreation. The following was much cited at the time: —

ON WALTZING.

" With timid step and tranquil downcast glance
Behold the well-paired couple now advance;
One hand holds hers, the other grasps her hip,
But licensed to no neighbouring part to slip,
For so the law's laid down by Baron Tripp.
In such pure postures our first parents moved,
While hand in hand thro' Eden's bowers they roved,
Ere Beelzebub with meaning foul and false
Turned their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz."

A M. Bourblanc, attached to, I forget what Embassy, and a zealous partisan of the new dancing school, took up his pen in reply to these attacks, and wrote some verses advocating the innocence of the waltz, and it may be supposed from the gradual establishment of the custom in society, that his arguments were not without weight in promoting it, though his verses were not very good. This poor M. Bourblanc had a very singular fate for a frequenter of Almacks'; he was sent afterwards by his government on some distant mission out of Europe; the ship in which he sailed got out of her course, and touched at an unknown island, whither the captain sent part of his crew in a boat to obtain information. Bourblanc from motives of curiosity joined the party, which had no sooner reached the shore, than they were surrounded by savages, massacred, and absolutely devoured in sight of the vessel. When the news came to England, he was much regretted, particularly in the circle at Almacks'; and a young lady has been heard to say, on observing an awkward waltzer, "Quel dommage qu'il n'ait pas été mangé par les sauvages, au lieu de ce pauvre M. Bourblanc!" To return to the waltz: it struggled through all its difficulties; Flahault, who was la *fleur des pois* in Paris, came over to captivate Miss Mercer, and, with a host of others, drove the prudes into their entrenchments; and when the Emperor Alexander was seen waltzing round the room at Almacks', with his tight uniform and numerous decorations, they surrendered at discretion.

Baron Tripp was a Dutchman: he and Baron Tuyll

emigrated from Holland at the beginning of the century, and were most hospitably received in England; they were introduced into the first society, where they became very popular from their agreeable manners and good-breeding.

They both entered the British service: Tripp obtained a commission in the Prince's regiment, 10th Light Dragoons, and Tuyll in the 7th Light Dragoons commanded by Lord Paget*, now Marquis of Anglesey, with whom he always lived on terms of private friendship. With such introductions, and belonging to the two crack regiments of the day, which were entirely composed of young men of the first rank and fortune in the country, they lived very much in the world. They were both handsome men: Tripp was an agreeable boaster, swearing like a hussar, and speaking a sort of *baragouin*, half German half French-English, which was very entertaining. Tuyll was a more sedate character, of more polished manners; but both were extremely good-natured and liked in the London circles. Tuyll was unquestionably a man of very good family in his own country, but Tripp's claims to the same distinction were not so generally allowed. When I was at the Hague, in 1814, and constantly in the house of Lord Clancarty, the English Ambassador, where at that time were staying the late Lady Castlereagh and Lady Emma Edgecumbe, now Countess of Brownlow, with several other English, and Tripp himself then in his native country, it was generally observed by us that he seemed to have no relations in Holland of any

* Late Marquis of Anglesey.

importance. After the peace Tripp went to Brussels, where he spent his time in philandering with the fair sex, a propensity which seems constantly to have brought him into trouble. His attention to Miss C. produced at last a duel with the father, which, though it did not end seriously, created considerable comments in the place.

Poor Tripp's end was rather mysterious; he went to Florence, and lived much with the gay society of which Lord and Lady Burghersh's house formed the centre: there were many English in the place, among whom was a Mrs. Fitzherbert, a pretty young married woman, *very coquette*, not much known in the London world. Tripp fell violently in love with her, and became her professed admirer, but whether from jealousy or from what cause is not exactly known, he retired one afternoon to his lodgings, borrowed a pair of pistols from a friend, and shot himself through the head, leaving only a few lines on his writing table, to intimate that he was tired of life. I saw a great deal of him at one period, and always heard him profess the principles of a downright atheist, which may account for the wretched manner in which he finished his career.

Tuyll afterwards obtained a situation under our Government in the West India Islands, where he remained some time; he has since returned and lives partly in Holland, partly in England, but every where generally liked and esteemed by all who know him.

* * * * *

Thursday, 15*th*.—Hopes are entertained that

some alleviation of the fate of the prisoners at Ham may be granted by the Government. Guiche went to Paris yesterday to attend a meeting of the friends of Polignac to further this object. A. Macdonald is arrived from England for the same purpose; and as the prisoners' health is much impaired by confinement, the first step will probably be to remove them to a *maison de santé;* Sebastiani interests himself much in their cause, with a view of ingratiating himself with his wife's family.

Lord* and Lady Munster are still in Paris: the former attracts much notice by riding daily in the Champs Elysées, with his three little boys on ponies; and Louis-Philippe, who pays great court to every thing which has a tinge of royalty, shows marked attention to him.

I called the other day on Lord Granard, who with his two daughters, Ladies Adelaide and Caroline Forbes, have for several years resided in Paris: the eldest daughter, Lady Rancliffe, lives also in their neighbourhood, but much secluded. They were formerly much in the gay world of London, but various reasons have induced them, like so many others, to pitch their tents on the Continent. Lord Forbes, who married a few years ago a woman of fortune, in the north of England, is in a very precarious state of health, and not likely to live long.

Saturday, 17th.—I went to Paris to meet Macdonald, who has been passing a fortnight at Ham with Prince Polignac, and arrives this evening. The

* The late Earl of Munster, the eldest son of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., and Mrs. Jordan.

crowds of English that are flocking to Paris are wonderful; the hotels are overflowing.

Sunday, 18*th*. — I found my poor friend Macdonald in a lamentable state: a severe attack of liver complaint which he experienced in the summer, has ended in total, but I trust temporary blindness,—he can distinguish nothing; he is accompanied by his two daughters, and, wonderful to say, his spirits do not seem affected by this dreadful calamity, though it made me wretched to see it. His account of Prince Polignac's health is more satisfactory; M. Peyronnet remains in the same secluded state, having no communication with his fellow prisoners; M. Chantelauze is nearly out of his mind, and in a bad state; M. Guernon de Ranville alone keeps up his health and spirits, and struggles manfully against his misfortunes. The strictness of the surveillance is perhaps a little relaxed, but I can see that the hopes of liberation rest upon very slight foundation. The Princess and her children still live at the foot of the castle, doing every thing in her power to alleviate her husband's confinement; he is about fifty-four years old, out of which time ten years have been passed in a prison under Napoleon and Louis-Philippe.

I met at Macdonald's in the morning the Duc de Polignac, and the Count de Menars, master of the horse to the Duchesse de Berri, the companion of her journies, and the *père de son enfant*, which died at Blaye, and by the scandal of its birth, proved such a fatal weapon to the unmanly policy of Louis-Philippe against his exiled relations. I staid to dine with Macdonald, and met the Duc de Polignac, young

Armand de P. the eldest son of the Prince, and his tutor, M. Capelle. The Duke is just arrived from Prague, where he left Charles X. in good health; fortunately for him he does not play whist, otherwise he would never have obtained leave of absence from his Royal master, whose whole evenings are devoted to that amusement, and who finds but few partners in his limited suite.

It appears that Sebastiani is come to Paris to solicit for the baton de Maréchal, and the vacant post of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, for which he is willing to resign his embassy; but as the number of marshals is limited to twelve, and Soult has forestalled him in his pretensions to the Chancellorship, he must be contented to return to his 300,000 fr. a-year in England.

The trial of Fieschi seems fixed for the 15th of November; he is quite recovered, and appears perfectly tranquil and unconcerned as to the result; his conduct in prison is marked with levity as well as hardihood; he talks of sparing no one, and making great discoveries, but hitherto he has revealed nothing. The other day he had occasion to write to the Procureur du Roi, wishing to have a private interview with that magistrate, and requested he would visit him in his prison; the letter concluded with these words, "Vous me trouverez chez moi toute la journée." He affects to have the greatest contempt for all his colleagues; he has shown a memorandum of all the sums which he has received, and piquing himself on his exactness, he says that there is a balance of ten francs remaining

in his hands, which he is ready to account for. He says that the discoveries which he means to make on his trial will not only astonish all France, but the whole of Europe. One of the persons implicated with him, named Morey, determined on starving himself to death in prison; he in consequence persisted in refusing all nourishment for several days; at length yielding to the pain of his situation, and the suggestions of his gaolers, he changed his mind, and consented to live; but his constitution had been so undermined by the long abstinence, that great doubts are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

On Monday last, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, a young man in great agitation threw himself into one of the omnibuses which were moving down the Avenue de Neuilly, and heaving a deep sigh, shortly expired in the carriage: he had just time to cry out, "Je n'aurais jamais crû, qu'on en voulait à mes jours." The wretched man had been stabbed with a dagger in various places. The researches of the police soon discovered that he was a working gunsmith, by name Case, and the perpetrator of the murder proves to be a M. Verninhac de St. Maur, a chief clerk in the General Post Office. This man has been suspected of various embezzlements in his department, by stealing remittances out of letters sent through the post office, and the murder is supposed to have been committed in order to make away with an inconvenient and perhaps repentant accomplice.

Tuesday, 20th.—Count Pahlen, the long-expected Russian ambassador, is arrived in Paris, and yester-

day delivered his credentials at the Tuileries. He has recently formed one of the Emperor's numerous suite at Töplitz, where he had frequent interviews with Nesselrode, Metternich, and Ancillon, the prime ministers of the three northern powers.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—Mr. Murray, the celebrated publisher, came to Macdonald's this evening, where I dned. He read us a letter from Miss Fanny Kemble, remarking on the severity with which her journal on America had been treated by the reviews, which she bears with great philosophy. She alludes to M. de Beaumont's book on slavery in that country, which she says is a fair picture of that horrid system, and as the slave owners now wage war like tigers on the abolitionists, the country presents one scene of lawless murder and persecution.

The club in the Rue de Grammont is full of petty jealousies and cabals; they have black-balled two most unexceptionable candidates, Lords W. Bentinck and Alvanley. No one can tell why.

The Duke of Orleans is going to make a campaign at Algiers, and Walewski* is appointed one of his *aides-de-camp*.

Among all the decorations which are so promiscuously lavished by the sovereigns of the Continent, none is more inconsistently ridiculous than the order of Christ, which has been given to the *Jew* banker Rothschild.

Saturday, 24*th*.—I met the Duc de Polignac at Macdonald's. More English arrived: the Duke of Sutherland and family, with six carriages and thirty

* Now Minister of Foreign Affairs in France.

servants; they have taken the hotel Lobau: Mr. Ponsonby and Lady Barbara the hotel Crillon. Paris will be an English colony this winter, and houses are taken at most exorbitant prices.

Sunday, 25th.—At Versailles this evening. At the Chevalier de Pigneux we heard Kalkbrenner play on the piano-forte. There were only a few of the neighbours, but among them were M. and Madame Horace Vernet, and M. and Mde. Paul De la Roche, their son-in law and daughter. Paul De la Roche is a celebrated painter of the modern French school, whose picture of the execution of Lady Jane Grey was so much admired at the Exposition in the Louvre. His wife is a beautiful person, and eccentric in her dress, which was a strict copy of the time of Henry VIII. in England. On leaving the house she put on a white mantle belonging to the order of the *Pénitens blancs*. She was altogether a singularly interesting figure, though a woman with less beauty might not have found this departure from the *mode* a very safe experiment.* After all, in this old world there is nothing really new. A revival of former habits proves at least "Qu'il n'y a rien de nouveau dans la mode que ce qui a été oublié."

There are rumours of a change in the ministry here, and the retirement of M. Humann from the finance department. He is anxious to effect the conversion of the Five per Cents., which the present price of 108 would render a safe operation, and a great relief to the Treasury; but the National Guards, who are all holders of stock, would be-

* Madame De la Roche is since dead.

come discontented at this reduction of their income, and as *they* are the main prop and support of the throne of July, it is thought by those in power that this measure, however beneficial to the country, ought not to be risked at the present moment. There have been likewise some partial signs of insubordination lately shown in the army, which, though perhaps not very serious, are still of sufficient importance to render the Government apprehensive of exciting unnecessary discontent in the country. The large standing army now maintained in France, composed not of mere automatons as in former times, but of men who, from the general spread of education in the present day, can freely exercise their reasoning faculties, and feel not only anxious but qualified for advancement, who are all impressed with Napoleon's favourite maxim, that "*Chaque soldat a le bâton de Maréchal dans son sac*," and at the same time must see that the general peace in Europe, and a life occupied in garrison duty, or in labour on public works, can offer no hope of ever realising such expectations, may very naturally feel dissatisfied with their position, and eventually become a source of real danger to the state. This is one more of the awful difficulties which the intricate position of Louis-Philippe seems doomed to encounter.

A notable object for popular curiosity has presented itself here, in the arrival of General Allard from Lahore. He was formerly an officer in the French service, which he quitted at the restoration, and having travelled through Egypt, Persia, and

Cabul, took up his residence with Runjeet Singh, sovereign of Lahore, married a near relation of that prince, and at last became his prime minister and generalissimo of his armies. Though possessed of immense wealth, and enjoying the highest dignities in the East, he determined to pay a visit to his native country, and is lately arrived in Paris, having left his wife at Troppez, in France, where his relations have always resided. He wears the Eastern costume, with a very long beard, and exhibits himself with much apparent satisfaction at the Opera, and other places of public resort, where the crowd of idlers follow him daily with undiminished curiosity. He has dined at the Tuileries, and in various other houses, appears much struck with the progress of civilisation in Europe, but finds nothing there that can be compared to the riches and magnificence of his own adopted home. His wife is most anxious to return thither, and as soon as he has made arrangements for the education of his children in France, and purchased ordnance for the Lahore army—of which they were in want—he will set sail again for the East, and leave the Parisian idlers to look out for fresh interest in some other wonder.

Tuesday, 27th.—Met young Armand de Polignac at Macdonald's, and a M. Pougeolat, *homme de lettres*, one of the writers for the "Quotidienne," who had travelled in Arabia, and who could only sing the praises of romantic life with the Bedouins.

The committee of physicians who had been ordered to proceed to Ham, and report on the health

of the prisoners, have been suddenly countermanded by the Government.

Having occasion to consult a French solicitor on the subject of a robbery, which I could not exactly trace, he let me into some secrets of the disadvantages and *désagrémens* attending such complaints in the courts; which, though they by no means implicate the justice of a French tribunal, are sufficient, in many cases, to prevent a plaintiff from suing the culprit, particularly if he is one of the lower orders. Independent of the reporters to the public press, who are on the watch to glean for their journals any circumstance in the trial which may furnish satire or ridicule of the parties, in order that they may extort money for the omission of the article hereafter in their reports, there is always a large assemblage of the lower classes in the court, who testify their impatience of any prosecution by what they call the rich against the poor: if a verdict is given in favour of the plaintiff, it is *parcequ'il est riche*, and on his retirement from court he is often assailed by unpleasant demonstrations of their dislike. He recounted to me several instances of this nature, and added that there were many adventurers in Paris who gained a livelihood by wilfully incurring prosecutions, which the parties afterwards seeing that no redress could be obtained, were willing to give money to be allowed to drop. Among other instances he cited the following: — A man came to the proprietor of a house at Batignoles near Paris, which was to be let, and offered to take it on lease for the term: — The owner, without making sufficient in-

quiry, signed the lease; months passed, after possession had been given, and no signs of occupation, or of furniture sent in by the tenant, the property was suffering from neglect, and the landlord at length demanded by law the fulfilment of the contract. The tenant proved his poverty and inability to comply with it, but still refused to abandon his lease, and the landlord, finding he could neither get back his property nor satisfaction for his rent, found it most for his advantage to pay him a sum of money to cancel the agreement.

Succeeding in this point, the rascal then went to the lawyer (my informant), and asked him to lend him 15 fr.: seeing no end to the imposition the latter ejected him from his chambers, and in the struggle knocked off the man's hat on the staircase. The other brought an action against him for the value of his hat, which he rated at 20 fr.; and when the lawyer alluded to his mean appearance, and the impossibility of his hat being worth so much, the mob in court immediately cried out, "*C'est parcequ'il est riche qu'il ne veut pas payer*," and he was glad to pay 10 fr. to get out of court.

These remarks are quite independent of the administration of justice, which is executed with talent and impartiality. The *juge d'instruction* before whom I had made my declaration appeared to me to be a most sensible clear-headed magistrate, but the French people, having succeeded in levelling the distinctions of the aristocracy, would willingly also abolish that of wealth, which alone combats their ideas of equality.

Friday, 30*th*. — Among the innumerable rooms which are destined to form the Museum at the *château* of Versailles, is one which contains the pictures of Napoleon's Marshals, represented in that station from which they originally commenced their military career, — Junot as a private soldier, Bernadotte as a corporal, &c. Flahault was detailing this circumstance the other day to Lord Fitzgerald, but added that he himself had asked the King whether it was well-judged to hold up these examples to the army, at a time when all prospects of such expectations being realised again had passed away for ever.

This government is evidently too weak to attempt the measure for converting the Five per Cents., the unpopularity of which they dare not incur. It is a pitiable state of things in a country when the selfish views of private interest can impede a measure of general benefit.

The speech of Louis XVIII. to Monsieur Villele on this subject, shortly before his death, is still on record: —

" Dépêchez vous pour votre projet de conversion; faites la pendant que je suis en vie, et que j'ai quelques mois seulement de répit que Dieu a donnés à mon existence; en mourant les haînes bourgeoises ne s'attacheront qu'à un cadavre. Mais, au nom du ciel, ne faites pas de cette mesure un des actes de l'avènement de mon successeur, car vous tueriez sa popularité dont il a grand besoin."

No one understood the state of France and the position of himself and his family, better than Louis XVIII.; no one worse than Charles X.

Monday, November 2nd. — Among the painters who are engaged to create historical pictures of the French arms for the new Gallery at Versailles, is a Monsieur Vinchon, who is occupied in representing the siege of New York. Among the prominent figures in this picture, General Rochambeau appears as commanding the French, and General Lafayette the American troops. The other day an *aide-de-camp* of Louis-Philippe came to view the performance, and observed to the painter, that from particular motives the king strongly objected to the introduction of the figure of Lafayette in his picture. Monsieur Vinchon replied, "that he himself was no admirer of the individual; that he entirely disapproved of his political conduct, and thought he had done much injury to France; but that was no reason why in an historical representation he should omit the principal actor, and sooner than mutilate his subject, he would resign the undertaking." Finding him fixed in his determination, the *aide-de-camp* desisted from his objections; but five years ago, Louis-Philippe asserted that he only accepted the crown from the pressing solicitations of Lafayette in the name of the nation.

The Gallery goes on slowly; the inhabitants of Versailles are not deemed loyal subjects, and the *château* will not be opened to the public till next year.

Lord Durham has arrived at Odessa in the "Pluto" steamer, where some fresh difficulties have occurred with the local authorities on the subject of the salute, to which a demur had been made, grounded

on the vessel not being a ship of war, and the Admiralty flag being unknown in the Black Sea. The salute was afterwards conceded, but not to the satisfaction of the Earl, who forwarded a complaint to St. Petersburg.

Thursday, 5th.—Heard at Macdonald's that the prospect of the prisoners at Ham is not cheering; nothing seems likely to be done for the present. The Government holds out hopes of a gradual mitigation of the sentence, and Monsieur Thiers said, "Il faut manger l'artichaut feuille à feuille," but as yet no commencement is made.

The King and Queen of the Belgians are on a visit at the Tuileries, where frequent dinners are given, and many English are invited of all politics.

The Prince of Saxe-Coburg is to marry the Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, widow of the Duc de Leuchtenberg.

General Allard has brought to Paris from India a great quantity of antique medals. Most of them go back to the expedition of Alexander to India, and several of them are said to have been picked up at the very spot where historians and geographers agree to place the field of battle which decided the fate of Porus; some are even of higher antiquity.

The whole collection is valued at 400,000 fr., and it is said the Government is in treaty for it, to enrich the museum of medals at Paris. Accounts are arrived through Persia, stating the defeat of Runjeet Singh's troops by their neighbours, the Afghans; but General Allard maintains that it is impossible, as the discipline which he has introduced

among the army of Lahore renders them invincible by any Asiatic troops.

Saturday, 7*th*.—Admiral de Rigny, one of the ministers of the present cabinet, died this morning.

After many years of public service, he had lately married a lady of large fortune from Mons, and having just moored his bark in affluence and prosperity, he is suddenly cut off by the hand of death from all his enjoyments.

Sunday, 8*th*.—Took leave of Macdonald and his family, who depart to-morrow for England. The Belfasts are arrived in Paris. Alvanley was elected at the club. I sat with Matuscewitz, who is here on his road to Naples, where he is appointed Russian minister: he had just received the account from Marseilles that his baggage had been wrecked on the coast of Italy. He spoke with much warmth against Lord Melbourne and his ministry, and of their truckling to O'Connell, by whom they must now either stand or fall.

Tuesday, 10*th*.—There is no news. Don Sebastian has got through the French frontier from Italy, and has joined his uncle Don Carlos in Navarre, where the war is still carried on by partial skirmishes with the Queen's troops, with no decided success on either side. The new minister, Mendizabel, has decreed a levy of 100,000 men for the army, who as yet have only appeared on paper.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—As the American claim still remains unsettled by France, the Secretary who was left here as Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim* by Mr. Livingston, has demanded his passports and returned

home. In other times this would have been tantamount to a declaration of war; but the world is convinced that neither party have any intention of recurring to hostilities, and looks upon the whole proceeding as a contemptible farce on both sides,—a vapid blustering on the part of America, and an affectation of dignity coupled with much shuffling on the part of France.

Twenty-five years of continued war in Europe have now been followed by twenty years of profound peace; and each nation seems from various reasons so interested in maintaining it, that war would almost seem impossible.

Friday, 13*th*.—On Sunday evening died at Wentworth House, in his twenty-fourth year, Lord Milton, eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam: he was married to Selina, second daughter of the Earl of Liverpool; his disorder was typhus fever.

Saturday, 14*th*.—I have cited so many suicides, that I am weary of the subject, although the papers daily abound with them; but one of so peculiar a nature has just occurred in Paris, that I will relate it.

A working jeweller, named Charitè, scarcely twenty years old, lived with an aged mother, whom he supported by his earnings. His employment at last decreased, his resources failed, and he became tormented with the idea of seeing his infirm mother come to want. His own health likewise became impaired, and he was at times heard to say, that if Providence did not come to his aid, he would terminate his own existence. Last Thursday evening his

mother went out at seven o'clock to visit a relation. In a few minutes afterwards the son went down stairs, gave his candle in charge to the porter, appeared to go out, but privately returned to his room. He there wrote several letters to his friends and relations, particularly to his two sisters, one of whom is living in England, the other is a milliner at Brest. He then carefully stopped up all the issues, by which air could come into his room, and as if he had wished to have his fate to the last moment in his own hands, he placed a table close to a glass-door, which he might easily break with a blow of his elbow, at any time, if he should wish to stop the progress of the suffocation.

The table being thus disposed, with paper, pens, and ink, and a lighted candle near him, he wrote the following lines, which were afterwards found near his body.

"I am twenty years old and I am going to die. To my fellow citizens and the lovers of science. These are the effects of death by charcoal: first of all a thick vapour which makes the eyes to smart; a slight headache; then the vapour causes the candle to burn dim; the light grows fainter; all that in five minutes after lighting the charcoal; the wick turns to ash—the headache does not increase—the pain in the eyes is worse—the headache now increases —tears flow, and in abundance..... At this moment a woman (here the delirium seems to commence),—one does not know what one does—one ....." (here are three words, but illegible, and the writing irregular), and at last "the light goes out

almost . . . and I . . . . . ” It is probable that at this moment the unfortunate young man expired.

About eleven o’clock the mother returned home, and found her son a corpse; a large brazier of charcoal, quite extinguished, was near the chair, from which he had fallen on the floor.

Tuesday, 17*th*.—The Peers have met for the continuation of the State Trials; that of Fieschi will not come on for a month. As I was passing through the Rue des Petites Ecuries at Paris, I observed a crowd at the door of a small hotel; it was that of the unfortunate Maës family, who were murdered a few months back, and their furniture and effects were selling by public auction. Curiosity tempted me to walk in, and I found the auctioneer knocking down the curtains of a bed, still stained with the blood of the victims.

Lord Gardner is come from London to be married in a few days to Miss Hughes, daughter of Lord Dinorben.

The Court of Assizes has lately been occupied with the trial of a man named Lacenaire, and his accomplices Avril and François, for the murder of an old woman and son named Chardon, in a house in the Passage du Cheval Rouge.

Lacenaire and Avril are condemned to death; but the public attention has been singularly engrossed by the former, whose cold-blooded confessions of various revolting crimes, contempt of death, and at the same time highly cultivated understanding, combine to form a picture of reasoning depravity, seldom seen but in this country; and which

may prove that the present indiscriminate extension of education, far from preventing crime, may be the means of fostering and encouraging it. The following extraordinary description of this individual is in the "Constitutionnel."

"Lacenaire is thirty-five years of age, of ordinary stature, and of a bilious sanguineous temperament. His constitution is robust, his complexion dark; his hair is jet black, but in some parts begins to verge upon grey; his neck is short and thick, its arteries pulsate with vigour; his head is large, and his forehead wide and ample. There is an evident predominance of those cerebral organs which denote intelligence, while those of the instinctive faculties or brutal appetites are small. His features are regular and handsome; his health is good; and his sleep is always tranquil and profound. He has received an excellent education, and quotes the Latin authors with facility. Neither the language, the manners, nor the countenance of the man betray the slightest marks of ferocity. He is affable and engaging, his expressions are polished and well chosen, his conversation is solid, and of an elevated cast. He has travelled much, has studied much, and has been a deep thinker. He enters with facility upon the most weighty questions of social interest, he treats them with elevation of thought and great freedom of mind, and without the least pre-occupation of his fate. He knows, however, that in a few days he shall mount the scaffold—he knows it, and he resigns himself to it, or rather he reckons upon it. How is it that this man has not applied this high

degree of intelligence to a noble and useful purpose? How is it, that he has aspired to become a scourge, and an object of horror? And let it not be supposed that Lacenaire was born and fatally organised for crime. He undertakes to refute those who thus attempt to systematise man.

"On the morning of the 7th inst., Lacenaire came into a room of the infirmary in the prison of Laforce, where several men of letters, advocates, and physicians were assembled. We will let one of the interlocutors relate:—

"Lacenaire seated himself by the fire, in the midst of us, and talked of literature, morality, politics, and religion with an *à-propos*, a precision of ideas, a depth of reflection, and a fertility of memory, with which we were all astonished. 'In politics as in gambling,' said he, 'one can be only a dupe or a cheat.' But it was objected to him, that there are men who devote themselves, and die for their cause. 'What is there surprising in that?' rejoined Lacenaire; 'politics are an absorbing passion, like all other passions, and a man stakes his head for a passion.' The conversation took another turn: the new religions, the St. Simonians, the Templars, &c., were talked of. Lacenaire believes with the latter, in the migration of intelligence in all the bodies of nature. He thinks, that the principle which animates organised and living beings, may on leaving them pass into brute matter, remain there, make it live after its manner for a time, and pass subsequently into other bodies, and all this without rules and without limits. It was with a physician that

he supported this doctrine. 'Every thing,' said he, 'lives, every thing feels; this stone has its life, its intelligence.' 'Brute matter has none,' replied the Doctor; 'sensation exists only in organised and living bodies, and in those in which impressions go to a common centre, the brain, which perceives them and converts them into sensations; interrupt this communication, and there is no more transmission of impressions to the brain, no more perception, no more sensation. Such is the case with apoplexy, and paralysis, which is the consequence of it. In vain you cut or burn the paralysed member, the impressions are no longer transmitted to the brain, the patient feels nothing. Such, again, is the case with a man whose head has been cut off.' At these thoughtless words, we looked at Lacenaire, but his physiognomy betrayed no emotion. Shortly after he went out of the room.

"After an hour, we passed to his bedside, in the great room of the infirmary. He had for a neighbour a young man, a professed robber, ruined by the most disgraceful debauchery, devoured by a pulmonary complaint, and having only a few hours to live. 'Lacenaire,' said the young man to him, 'I regret that I am not free to attend your execution, and see whether on mounting the fatal scaffold, you have the same self-possession as you have here.' 'I can give you this assurance,' replied Lacenaire, without affectation, 'as the most guilty I should be executed last, and before dying, I could bear to see the heads of my fellow-culprits fall, if they should be condemned to death.' At these horrible words, I no longer hesi-

tated to talk with him on his own affairs. 'Lacenaire,' said I to him, 'you are not a common man, you have a deplorable direction of mind. How is it that your intelligence has not protected you against yourself?' 'It happened,' said he, 'one day of my life, that I had no alternative but suicide or crime.' 'Why did you not commit suicide?' 'I then inquired of myself, whether I was the victim of myself or of society, and I imagined that I was the victim of society.' 'That is an argument common to all criminals.' Lacenaire made no reply. 'But even if it were true, that you were the victim of society, those whom you smote were innocent.' ''Tis true, and hence I pity those whom I smote, but I killed them because it was a resolution formed against all.' 'Thus you made a system of assassination?' 'Yes; and chose it as the means of my own preservation, and to secure my own subsistence.' 'It is more easy to conceive how a man, urged by imperious necessity, commits a crime to satisfy it; but with you, it was to spend the blood in orgies. Say, Lacenaire, did you never experience some access of moral fever, a sort of frenzy for crime, and pleasure in executing it?' 'No.' 'Then you did this coolly as a commercial operation, by calculation, by combination?' 'Yes.' 'If you were not naturally cruel, how was it possible for you to succeed in stifling within your breast every sentiment of pity?' 'Man does whatever he wishes: I am not naturally cruel, but it was necessary for the means to be in harmony with the end; being a systematic assassin, it was requisite to lay aside

all sensibility.' 'You never then felt any remorse?' 'Never.' 'Any fear?' 'No; my head was my stake; I never reckoned on impunity. There is one thing, in fact, in which one is forced to believe, and that is justice, because society is founded upon order.' 'But this sentiment of justice is conscience.' 'Without the remorse.' 'I do not comprehend the one without the other; does not the idea of death terrify you?' 'No, not at all; to die to-day or to-morrow of apoplexy or by the axe, what does it matter? I am thirty-five years old, but I have lived more than a life, and when I see old men dragging themselves along, and perishing in a slow or painful agony, I tell myself that it is better to die at a blow, and in the exercise of all my faculties.' 'If you could now commit suicide to escape the ignominy of the scaffold, would you do it?' 'No; if I had the most active poison, I would not commit suicide. Besides, is not the guillotine the most active of all poisons? This is why I would not commit suicide, I could have killed myself before I shed any blood. As an assassin, I felt that I had established between the scaffold and myself a bond, a contract,—that my life was no longer my own, but belonged to the law, to the executioner.' 'This then in your view will be an expiation?' 'No; a consequence, the payment of a gambling debt.' 'What logic! Do you believe, Lacenaire, that all will be ended with life?' 'It is a subject upon which I have never been disposed to reflect.' 'Do you imagine that you shall continue to have the same confidence up to the last moment?' 'I be-

lieve that I shall look at the scaffold without fear; the punishment is less in the execution than in the expectation, and the moral agony that precedes it. Besides, I have such power over my imagination, that I create a world for myself. If I wished, I would not think of death till it was before me.' After a pause, Lacenaire said, 'Do you think that I shall be despised?' 'A man such as you inspires nothing but horror.' 'Then it is hatred I am to expect. There is nothing which, according to me, is so insupportable as the contempt of another, or one's own contempt.' After having uttered these words, he filled a glass with wine, and added, smiling, 'This is not Falernian,' and quoting a line of Horace, 'this wine is not

"'Nata mecum Consule Manlio!'

a citation of Horace at the foot of the scaffold!"

There are many more characters of the same stamp, though of inferior understandings, with the same indifference to crime, the same contempt of death still existing here.

Many in this country, whose education and requirements have unfitted them for their original sphere in life, who pant after wealth and distinction, but finding that an overgrown population has closed up every avenue to their worldly ambition, become desperate, and either terminate their own existence, or wage an indiscriminate and cruel war with society.

And these are the unruly spirits that Louis-Philippe thinks he can restrain by fettering the press, which only increases his unpopularity. Monarchs

avail themselves of the indignation, which is generally felt at any audacious crime attempted against their persons, to enact new and unconstitutional means of government, forgetting that the indignation subsides, while the despotism daily becomes more irksome. Thus Bonaparte availed himself of the infernal machine to found his imperial authority. But where is the Empire? The Bourbons availed themselves of the crime of Louvel to undermine the charter, and bring back the old monarchical system. But where are the Bourbons? Lastly, Louis-Philippe avails himself of the Fieschi machine to draw tighter the reins on his turbulent subjects. No one can pretend to say what may happen, but few people will doubt, that he now must regret having bartered the most enviable position that a subject ever held, for the most thorny and perilous crown that ever monarch wore.

Wednesday, 18*th*. — The letters from Kieff state that the interview between the Emperor of Russia and Lord Durham was short and cold.

The French and English papers have teemed with comments lately on a severe speech made by the Emperor of Russia at Warsaw, during his short stay in that city. The Radical London papers will only be satisfied with a declaration of war against Russia, but they forget to state where the supplies are to be found.

The Court of Peers has now decided that five individuals shall be put on their trial for the plot of the 28th of July: namely, Fieschi, Pepin, Morey, and Boiraud, as perpetrators of the crime, and Tell

Becher as accomplice and abettor. There is no clue to any other individual, and Fieschi, who seems to have revealed every thing in his power, has never alluded to any others. He owns that at one moment his heart failed him; he even attempted to pull down the wooden bars with which he had barricaded himself in his room, but the rolling of the drum was suddenly heard on the boulevard, the procession appeared, and, to use his own words, "Cela m'a décidé. D'ailleurs je me croyais engagé d'honneur avec Morey et Pepin, et je devais, tous comptes reglés, vingt francs à ce dernier. Je ne voulais pas passer pour un fripon, et pour un homme sans cœur. J'ai fait ce que j'avais offert et promis de faire."

Sunday, 22*nd*.—This day week died at Belvoir Castle Lord Robert Manners, brother to the Duke of Rutland. He hunted with Lord Forrester's hounds on Thursday, and pursued a hard day's shooting on the Friday, was taken dangerously ill on the Saturday, and died the following day. He was a most amiable, honourable, single-minded man, deservedly beloved by his family and his friends.

Monday, 23*rd*. — Sir Francis Burdett has addressed a letter to the members of Brookes's Club, in which he submits to their opinion the question, Whether the late conduct of Mr. O'Connell does not unfit him for the society of gentlemen, and render him unworthy of being longer a member of the club. He alludes to his vulgar injurious language towards the peerage, during his tour in Scot-

land; to the gross and scandalous abuse which he indiscriminately lavishes against all who offend him, while he persists in refusing the only atonement which a gentleman can demand, and particularly to the scurrility of his invectives against a member of the club—Mr. Raphael—who had charged him with receiving money from him to secure his election at Carlow. All these circumstances render him, in Sir Francis's mind, unfit for their associate. Sir F. Burdett is a high-bred gentleman of the old school, but from a misconceived idea of patriotism, and some share of vanity in his youth, has been one of the great promoters of the new order of things. He has had the weakness to imagine, with Lord Grey and some others, that he could first raise the storm and then allay it. He has given power to the "blackguards," and is now surprised that they should go further than the gentlemen. No, Sir Francis, your letter will have no effect! You have long been helping to fling up dirt and fling down dignity; you have assisted to fill up the old and respected Whig club of Fox and Fitzpatrick with a crew of vulgar Radicals; you have transformed that room, which was once the resort of wit, rank, and high-breeding, into a den of low vulgar brawling demagogues; and forsooth, because you are disgusted with your new associates, you want to turn them out. You had better retire yourself, they are much more likely to turn *you* out. Such are the Whigs of the present day; they begin the mischief heedlessly, then become frightened at their own work, and drop off one by one, leaving the

course of destruction to be pursued by the Radicals with impunity.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—Every young man in France who goes into the army, must either pass through the course at St. Cyr, or do duty as a private soldier in the ranks for two years, whatever may be his rank or his fortune. Many gentlemen therefore are to be found in this humble situation, which accounts for a remark I have frequently made, that the privates often have a more distinguished appearance than their officers, and particularly than the subalterns. Alexandre de Polignac, a youth, the son of the Count Heraclius, was entered lately as a private in a regiment of cavalry; he was aware of the unpopularity attached to his name since the revolution, and was advised to carry it with a high hand among his comrades. Soon after his arrival, his name was affixed at the head of his bed in the dormitory, when a trooper passing by stopped to remark it, and began to spell it—Po—Poli—in a ridiculous manner. M. de Polignac instantly accosted him, and said, "Comment vous ne savez pas lire! votre éducation a été mal soignée: tiens, je vais vous donner une leçon. Sortons, et nos epées serviront de plumes." The other began to make apologies without producing any effect, and it was only from the urgent intercessions of his brother soldiers that M. de Polignac at last accepted them. It is needless to add that no one else thought fit to make a second trial of his courage.

Saturday, 28*th*.—Poor Montrond was seized about a week or ten days ago with an attack of erysipelas

in the head and on the chest; it was at first not considered dangerous; his friends visited him in his bed, and he appeared so gay, in such high, perhaps unnaturally high spirits from the fever, that no serious apprehensions were entertained about him; but suddenly symptoms of an alarming nature took place, and this evening he was given over by the physicians, and little or no hope is entertained of his recovery. Much interest is felt for his situation, and many of those who from political reasons, or personal feelings, used to dislike him when living, now seem softened and speak of him with regret.

On Monday last died at Badminton the Duke of Beaufort, aged sixty-nine. He is succeeded by his son, Lord Worcester.*

I met Lord Canterbury, who was much pleased with Sir Francis Burdett's letter to Brookes's, which he thought a good slap on the face to the present ministry, and their party.

A grand dinner was given last Tuesday at the Tuileries, to Count Pahlen and the Russian embassy, which produced some awkward circumstances of etiquette in the family, as the King and Queen of the Belgians, who are not recognised by the Emperor Nicholas, are staying on a visit at the palace.

If Count Pahlen had dined in company with Leopold, he must have yielded to him the honour of handing in the Queen of the French, and himself must have offered his arm to the Queen of the Belgians. Now as he could only acknowledge him as Prince of Saxe-Coburg, this point was impracticable.

* The late Duke of Beaufort.

It was therefore arranged that the King and Queen of the Belgians should dine in their own apartments, and when they made their appearance in the circle in the evening, Monsieur de Pahlen showed considerable address in maintaining a long conversation with the former, without compromising his own court on the one hand, or showing any want of politeness on the other.

Among various peculiarities of Runjeet Singh, King of Lahore, mentioned by General Allard, is the sum destined by him to charitable purposes, which is thus stated: "Tous les mois Runjeet Singh se fait peser; il y a dans un des bassins de la balance, de l'or, de l'argent, des denrées, le poids du Rajah; le tout est pour les malheureux. Il est donc fort important dans ce pays-là, que le roi soit gras, mais par malheur Runjeet Singh est fort maigre."

Monday, 30*th*. — Went to Paris: a sudden and unexpected improvement has taken place in Montrond's malady, and there are hopes of his recovery. Monsieur de Blancmesnil, a member of our club, fought a duel yesterday, in consequence of a quarrel at the theatre, and was seriously wounded.

The Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, aged eighty-five, was burnt to death in her apartment at Hatfield House on Friday evening; the flames in consequence of this accident have consumed great part of the mansion.

The funds fell to-day on account of the warlike preparations at Toulon, and some violent articles in the "Debats" on the American question.

Saldanhas' liberal ministry has been dismissed by

the Queen of Portugal, and the troops have expressed their disinclination to march into Spain and fight against Don Carlos.

Tuesday, December 1st. — At the sale of the effects of Baron Gros yesterday, the hat which Napoleon wore during the campaign of 1807, and at the battles of Eylau and Friedland, which had been sent to that artist for the purpose of finishing a portrait of the Emperor, and remained in his hands, was sold to Monsieur Delacroix, a physician, for 1920 fr., after a severe contest with several competitors. It was put up at 500 fr.

Wednesday, 2nd. — Further accounts are received of the fire at Hatfield. The Dowager Marchioness had only arrived the preceding day on her annual visit to spend the Christmas holidays with her son. She had retired at five o'clock on Friday evening to her dressing-room to write a few letters, and on her maid entering the room shortly afterwards, she complained of the dimness of light given by the two waxlights on the table, and ordered her to bring a bed candlestick also. Surrounded by these three lights she was left writing; the rest is all conjecture, as she was never seen again. The first alarm was given by the smell of fire, and volumes of smoke issuing from her apartment, in which the flames had made such a rapid progress, that to effect an entrance was impossible. The fire quickly spread to the whole of the west wing, and was not got under till eleven o'clock at night; but the library seems to have escaped, and its valuable contents but very partially injured.

Thus has perished old Lady Salisbury, whom I have known all my life as one of the leaders of *ton* in the fashionable world. She was a Hill, sister to the late, and aunt to the present, Marquis of Devonshire; her two daughters are married to Lord Cowley and the Marquis of Westmeath. She was one of the beauties of her day and famed for her equestrian exploits. Till a late period in life she constantly hunted with the Hatfield hounds, in a sky-blue habit with black velvet collar, and a jockey cap, the uniform of the hunt; riding as hard and clearing the fences with as much ardour as any sportsman in the field. In earlier life she hunted with Mr. Meynell's hounds at Quorn, in Leicestershire, which was the scene of many curious anecdotes in those days.

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Her Sunday parties and suppers in Arlington Street, continued for near half a century to attract all the most distinguished society in London, with this peculiarity, that no cards of invitation were sent out. It was always "come to me on Sunday" to those whom she met in the preceding week, and all the young aspirants were anxious to attract her notice for the summons.

Connecting her with the ancient borough of that name, Lady Salisbury latterly went by the *sobriquet* of Old Sarum, with this exception, that she to the last bid defiance to reform.

She was the last remnant of what may be called the old school in England, and of that particular *clique* composed of the Duchess of Devonshire, Duchess of Rutland, Ladies Sefton, Cowper, Mel-

bourne, &c. &c., who for many years gave the *ton* to society in London. She was an amiable goodnatured person, with the high-bred manners of a *grande dame*, remarkable for her fine figure, but very short-sighted, which perhaps might have occasioned this dreadful catastrophe. Lady Salisbury scrupulously adhered to the state of former days; she always went to court in a sedan-chair with splendid liveries, she drove out in a low phaeton with four black ponies in the Park, and at night her carriage was known by the flambeaux of the footmen. But the last sad pageant is denied to her; not a vestige of her body has been found to claim the rites of a funeral, at least according to the latest accounts.

Saturday, 5th.—Received a letter from Alvanley, which mentions the intended marriage of Lady Charlotte Butler with Mr. Talbot, a rich Welsh heir. He also gives me a detailed account of the Duke of Beaufort's death, which was marked by great calmness and resignation: he announced his own imminent danger to Worcester, the physicians having concealed the fact from all. He then held a long and affectionate conversation with him, earnestly entreating him to bring up the young Lord Glamorgan with care and attention, "as," said he, "we now live in times when his brilliant prospects may be changed, and no one knows how soon he may be reduced to live by his own exertions." He died on the following day with the utmost fortitude, most truly and sincerely regretted by all his family and friends.

The Duke de Guiche left Versailles this morning for Bordeaux to attend a fresh hearing of his impor-

tant cause next week, relative to his family claims on the Château de Blaye and its dependencies.

Sunday, 6th.—The trial of Fieschi, which was at first supposed likely to produce such interesting discoveries of a political nature, now dwindles into an insignificant plot to commit a wanton and detestable crime for a very trifling remuneration. It has produced, however, a curious trait in French jurisprudence, which is quite opposed to all past experience of the duties to which a legal counsel for the defendant is supposed to strictly bind himself, and has created a considerable sensation among the gentlemen of the long robe here.

Monsieur Parquin has been appointed by the court as counsel for Fieschi; he has written the following extraordinary letter to the president, previous to the trial:—

"Vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me designer d'office comme l'un des defenseurs de l'accusé Fieschi à la cour des Pairs:

"La loi d'accord avec l'humanité ne veut pas que même les plus grands coupables soient abandonnés même devant leurs juges. J'accomplirai un pénible devoir; j'assisterai Fieschi dans l'instruction et aux debats; mais le jour de l'audience arrivé, je ne peux pas promettre que ma voix trouvera quelques paroles pour sa défense.

"Je suis avec respect," &c.

It so happens that Fieschi has seen the letter and approves of it. He has in consequence written to M. Parquin a letter in broken French, which has

been published. He therein states the avowal of his crime, and his present regret, the impossibility of his acquittal, his resignation to his fate, and his wish to avoid all attempt to extenuate his crime before the court.

The case is now reduced to that of a simple malefactor: there will be no attempt to give the trial that solemnity which was at first intended; the number of witnesses has been considerably reduced, and the proceedings will be despatched in a summary manner. This result is not satisfactory to the Court of the Tuileries, already disconcerted by the complete failure of the pompous proceedings against the conspirators of April. Great expenses have been incurred; a magnificent hall of justice has been built at the Luxembourg; the Peers have been summoned and kept to a tedious and harassing duty for months; and no one point has been gained in laying open the source of that fermentation which still exists in France.

The King is now opposed to his ministry: their system is approved of generally, but "M. de Broglie n'a pas assez de souplesse dans le caractère: on regrette M. Sebastiani, M. de Rigny surtout, qui se pretaient si bien jusqu'aux moindres nuances *d'une Pensée plus habile et plus haute.*"

Monday, 7th. — The summer of St. Martin, which was unusually late this year, has given place to cold fogs and gloomy weather, which seem to influence the political horizon. Naval armaments continue, and war is the subject of speculation. The English papers preach up hostilities with Russia, the French

papers ominously allude to the American dispute, as big with sinister events.

It is hardly possible to imagine that war can arise from such causes; but when I turn back to Pozzo's conversation with me in October, 1833, at Paris, —his threats against England if she continued the same system under her Whig rulers,—where he says, "Our plans are laid to attack her in the most vulnerable point, her commerce; and we will give such advantages to America her rival, that the whole carrying trade of Europe shall come into her hands;" and when we now see the grand commercial league which has since been formed on the Rhine, and the name of America now joined with that of Russia, as the object of European hostility,—I can only say, *ça donne à penser*. The darling object of the Americans is a port in the Mediterranean, and Russia alone could facilitate that object, and see it without jealousy.

Wednesday, 9th.—Lord Vernon, who had been making a voyage to the Mediterranean in his beautiful yacht the Harlequin, died suddenly at Gibraltar, a fortnight ago, of dysentery, and his body has been conveyed to England in his own vessel. He was only fifty-six years old.

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The melancholy end of the Duc de Bourbon has always remained a subject of great mystery, and the trial which took place threw little light on the real mode of his death. The correspondence between Louis-Philippe (then Duke of Orleans) and Madame Feuchères, so degrading to the character of the

former, was however at that time made public, and the abject court paid by the Prince to the strumpet, in order to obtain her influence with the Duc de Bourbon, to leave his vast property to the Duc d'Aumale, excited universal indignation. The history of Madame Feuchères is well known. Her name was Dawe, she was a servant-maid in the fruit-shop in Oxford Street, opposite the top of Bond Street. She attracted the attention of the Duc de Bourbon, and lived with him as his mistress in England during the period of his emigration. When the tide of affairs turned at the restoration in 1814, Miss Dawe accompanied the Prince to France, and lived constantly under his roof, having apartments assigned to her in the Palais Bourbon, at Chantilly, and other of his royal residences. Under these circumstances, and to avoid scandal, it was given out that she was a natural or adopted child of the Prince, in whom he might be supposed to take a parental interest.

Her power over this infatuated old man became daily more encroaching and irresistible: she saw herself the uncontrolled mistress of a princely establishment, the object of general adulation, and her ambition began to take a wider scope; all recollection of the fruiterer's girl was lost in the visions of grandeur which floated before her eyes. In her present equivocal position, any idea of moving in general society was out of the question: some people might give credence to the story of her birth, and to the innocence of her connexion with the Prince, but to the world in general it was a matter of evident notoriety. An ostensible position in French society

had nevertheless become the point of her ambition, and this could only be obtained by a respectable marriage, which the rumours attached to her situation in the Prince's family by no means tended to facilitate.

Such an object, however, was found in the Baron de Feuchères, an officer in His Highness's household, who in an evil hour consented to lead Miss Dawe to the altar. Notwithstanding this connexion it is said that the Baron was a man of honour, and was duped by the inventions which were fabricated to mislead him, perhaps dazzled by the prospects which might await an alliance with the blood of the Bourbons; one thing, however, is certain, that in a short time after the irrevocable step had been taken, he obtained full conviction of his wife's real character, and quitted her for ever. The separation perhaps might have been a mutually concerted arrangement; but whether it was so or not, it exactly suited the projects of the lady, who became at once Baroness Feuchères to the world, and a free agent for her own purposes. Her influence with the Duc de Bourbon remained unimpaired; she not only continued to reside under his roof, but from that period appeared to take a more prominent part in the subjugation of his mind and the management of his affairs.

The Duke of Orleans, whose mind was always alive to every means of promoting his own interests, was not long in perceiving the advantage which he might derive from the co-operation of this woman, in persuading the Duc de Bourbon to constitute the Duc d'Aumale heir to his vast property. The boy

was nephew and godson to the Prince, on which latter title the claim alone was founded, as the Rohans and several other collateral relations were as nearly connected with him. An intimacy so flattering to the one, and so desirable to the other was very soon established; and the proffered protection of the House of Orleans, not only to further the aspiring views of Madame Feuchères at present, but to assist in securing to her that portion of the Condé property which might be hereafter bequeathed to her, was an incitement too powerful not to make her the ready tool of the pending machinations. There are letters extant from Louis-Philippe to the Duc de Bourbon, on the subject of a proposed visit with his family to Chantilly, written in such a strain of fulsome adulation, and coupled with such affectionate references to a woman of whose existence even he ought to have been supposed to be ignorant, that it is almost difficult to conceive them genuine. To be brief, after various scenes of persuasion and intimidation, in which the Baroness at times had recourse to acts of positive violence and brutality towards the feeble old man, the fatal will at length was signed by him, in opposition to all his own feelings and convictions.

Things were in this state at the time the revolution of July broke out. The Prince was at his seat at Chantilly, when the news arrived of the slaughter in Paris, and the expulsion of his family from the throne. A scene of consternation ensued which baffles all description: his fears deprived him of all judgment; at one moment he was ready to fly

with his family to the frontiers, at another he would hoist the tri-coloured flag on the Castle-gate. At last, when some degree of order had been restored to the capital, he became to a certain extent more calm and composed; he seemed to have brought his mind to a more patient awaiting of the result, and as the tranquillity of his immediate neighbourhood had been in no way disturbed, he gradually returned to his usual habits of life at Chantilly. But amidst this semblance of repose his enfeebled mind was a prey to continual anxiety, and daily occupied in vague and mutable projects for his future conduct. The assumption of power by the Duke of Orleans at the expense of the elder branch, appeared an inexcusable crime in his eyes; the cruel and ungrateful oppression which he had of late years endured from his merciless mistress, particularly on this late occasion of the will, had completely estranged his affections from her, though long habit had engendered a feeling of submission to her will, which was now only founded in fear.

Impressed with these convictions, feeling that all his ties to France were suddenly dissolved, with a mind full of sinister apprehensions for the future, and his reason perhaps impaired by age and frequent domestic vexations, he one morning formed to himself the decision of privately quitting France on the following day. His plan was quickly concluded and imparted only to a confidential servant, who was to make the necessary preparations for the journey secretly, and who was in the first instance dispatched immediately to Paris, with an order on his banker

for a million of francs, which he was instructed to bring back in gold.

On that evening the Prince appeared more than usually calm and serene to all around him; he played his rubber of whist with the accustomed party, and at the usual hour of retiring to rest dismissed his company without expressing the slightest intimation of his intended flight.

But the eyes of Argus were upon him: keenly and vigilantly had he been watched, and how could it be supposed that the wavering projects of a timid old man could escape the searching espionnage of two individuals so interested in his movements? Rumours had come to Louis-Philippe's ears, that he meditated the formation of a new will, and that, commiserating the fate of his exiled relations, he wished to alleviate the misfortunes of the Duc de Bordeaux, by investing him after his death with that property, the inheritance of which had been wrested from him in favour of the Duc d'Aumale. The suspicion of such an act was sufficient to rouse precaution; Louis-Philippe wrote to the Baroness, that the object of all their hopes and schemes was on the eve of destruction, that *coûte que coûte*, the blow must be parried at all events. Her own future prospects appearing equally at stake, the counsel was not less palatable to the Baroness; the same act which disinherited the Orleans branch, might, under present circumstances, be equally fatal to herself.

On the following morning the unfortunate Prince was found in his *robe de chambre* dead, and suspended by a silk handkerchief to the hook of the

window curtain, which was so low that his feet still touched the ground. The doors of his apartment were locked on the inside, and broken open by the servants, which apparently prevented all idea of the act being perpetrated by any other hand than his own. There were nevertheless many facts stated at the time which would repel this conviction: the impossibility of a man being strangled when his feet touched the ground; the handkerchief tied in a slip knot, which it was known that the Prince could never make; moreover, having long ago had the misfortune to break his collar-bone in hunting, he had not since that time been able to raise his arm to his neck, and was always obliged to employ a servant when dressing, to tie his neckcloth; his slippers, which were placed as he had left them in getting into bed overnight; and the bed-clothes found in a state of derangement, such as indicated a violent struggle before he left it. The inquest on this occasion seems to have been summary and inconclusive. A secret influence might have been excited to check a too narrow inquiry, and it may have been deemed inexpedient to implicate the high name, at which the public finger pointed still with independent audacity. The suicide of the Prince was officially declared; the will was legally proved, and their immense inheritances secured to the Duc d'Aumale and the Baroness Feuchères.

The following is the version given of this black transaction, by Prince L. de R——, to a friend of mine, who related it to me:—

That there was a small private staircase which

communicated from the apartment of the Baroness to a door in the *ruelle* of the Prince's bed, of which she kept the key; this is a very customary thing in old French houses, and might have been originally planned for the convenience of servants who clean the apartments, or for other purposes. That by this communication the Baroness gained admittance to the Prince unexpectedly, soon after he had retired to rest (it is supposed), with a view of expostulating with him on his intended flight, and using the same means of intimidation and threats to divert him from his purpose, which on former occasions had been attended with success; that the discussion became serious and violent on both sides, without any yielding on the part of the Prince, who at length from over-excitement was seized with a fit of apoplexy; that at this crisis the Baroness lost her head, and rung a bell, which only communicated with a neighbouring room, occupied by the Abbé de ——, who was devoted to her interest; that on his appearance they soon came to an understanding; that the unfortunate Prince was smothered by a pillow, dragged to the window and suspended in the manner in which he was found in the morning. The room was then vacated by the private entrance, and each retired to their chamber, till the alarm should be given in the mansion.

This Abbé died suddenly in a month from that time. The dead tell no tales.*

That wealth which it was the object of her life to

* Another person holding a confidential situation in the household of the Prince, was likewise soon after found dead in his bed.

secure at any price, has neither furthered the ambition nor secured the happiness of Madame Feuchères. Though surrounded by all the advantages of an immense fortune, she has since lived in an ignominious retirement away from the comments of the world. She resides at present at the Château de Morfontaine, a part of the spoils of the Prince; she has formed an attachment for a young man, who at her instigation has quitted a young and beautiful wife, but in return treats her with great brutality, and has no other object than the enjoyment of her wealth, which he draws from her with great rapacity. It is said, that he frequently beats her, and her life* seems doomed, by a wise retribution, to conclude under the same tyranny and oppression which she so unfeelingly exercised on her first benefactor.

The wags of Paris call her la Baronne de Serrecol.

Saturday, 12*th*.—My old friend Billy Churchill died this week at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. Independently of his estates in Dorsetshire, and 60,000*l*. to his heir-at-law, he has left handsome legacies to all the younger branches of the Mansfields, Seftons, and other families with whom he was in habits of intimacy.

The Princesse de T—— died yesterday, aged seventy-four; she was formerly Madame Grand, a Créole, very handsome, but very stupid; her witty husband said that he took her *pour se reposer l'esprit;* but apparently it did not answer, as they have been separated for the last thirty years. The Prince

* She died a few years ago in great misery in London.

bears her death with much more fortitude than that of Dr. Bourdois, who had attended him for forty years, and was physician to Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X. He lately attended Montrond during his alarming illness, was afterwards seized with the same complaint, erysipelas in the head, and died in two or three days from that time.

Lacenaire is occupied during the interval preceding his execution, in writing his memoirs; he owns to having committed nine murders, and his book will probably appear on the stage shortly in the shape of a melodrama.

M. Berryer, the famous French lawyer, and the staunch adherent of the Bourbons through all their reverses, has made a journey this summer to Prague, to visit Charles X.; from thence he proceeded to Kalisch, and had a long interview with the Emperor Nicholas. His account of that conversation is curious. "With regard to the Bourbons," said the Autocrat, "there is nothing to be done at present; the King has abdicated his crown, the Dauphin has followed his example, and the Duc de Bordeaux is too young to enter the lists and enforce his pretensions. Things must go on as they are for some time; and, if the French nation adheres to Louis-Philippe, they may last till his death; but we the Three Powers are determined never to acknowledge the Duke of Orleans as king; we will never permit him to marry any of the branches of our families, or consider him as having any claim to the throne now occupied by his father."

Monday, 14*th*.—I took an apartment at Paris, in the Rue des Saussaies.

An extraordinary circumstance happened at the hotel of the Princess T—— just before her death. Among all her husband's relatives, none have been so unremitting in attentions to the old lady as the Duchesse d'E——, who therefore formed very just expectations of inheriting a handsome legacy. After the last religious ceremonies had been performed, an assemblage of friends surrounded the bed of the dying, who in a faint voice asked for a particular casket, which she delivered with much earnestness to the Archbishop of Paris, and requested that after her death he would make it over to Madame d'E——, as her valid gift and last testimonial of her affection. At the same time she called upon all present to be witnesses of this bequest. No sooner had the Archbishop received in his hands this deposit than the *homme d'affaires* of Prince T——, who had privately mixed with the group, stepped forward, and formally opposed the delivery of the casket, which he claimed on behalf of his constituent.

This affair has made a great noise, and will probably be litigated in a court of justice; for the box is said to contain jewels to a large amount, and a considerable sum of money. The claim is founded on some articles in the marriage settlement, which decree, that if the Princess survived her husband, she might claim the hotel in the Rue St. Florentin; but if she died first, all her property should devolve to her husband.

Anxious as the Prince appears to claim his rights in this capacity, he seems little inclined to

perpetuate the recollection of his marriage; he has given directions that the inscription on her tombstone should indicate the fact as slightly as possible. After stating her birth, &c. at Martinique, she is described as "Veuve de M. G——, après civilement mariée à M. de T——." Here his dominant foible comes out: he hopes that by treating the ceremony as a civil contract, at that period of the Revolution, he may now palliate that stigma in the eyes of the clergy, which is irremissibly attached to the position of a *prêtre marié.*

The divorce took place in the year 1815, when the Prince was at the Congress at Vienna: he had long been the favoured lover of the Princess of C——, with whom he had previously arranged the marriage of her daughter and his nephew, the Duc de D——, which had been productive of little happiness to both parties. At length the Duchess, who, though possessed of a large fortune in her own right, is insatiably fond of money, began to find her situation with the Duke peculiarly irksome. Notwithstanding that influence over his mind, which a strong understanding always possesses over a weak one, she was unable to restrain his unbounded and foolish prodigality; he was a *vrai panier perçé,* a sieve through which even the largest fortune must inevitably be frittered away, and in the vainest and most trifling pursuits. There were no reproaches of infidelity to be made on either side, as each lived unshackled according to their taste; the Duchess had her adorers, and the Duke his opera dancers; but the constant embarrassments which arose from his idle expendi-

ture at length produced a separation, by which she preserved her own fortune from further risk.

Her ostensible object was to secure a refuge under the roof of her uncle for the present, but the tempting bait of establishing a permanent ascendency over her mother's lover, and becoming the mistress of his princely establishment, was irresistible in the eyes of a woman whose whole heart and soul were devoted to the acquisition of wealth and grandeur. Her beauty and the fascination of her manners, all directed to this one object, without any scruple of virtue to interfere in the attainment of it, soon had the desired effect of enthralling the mind of an old man, bound by no ties of morality in the pursuit of his own indulgences. They soon came to an understanding; their union was decreed permanent, and the first consequence thereof was the public separation between Prince T—— and the late Princess his wife.

Madame de D—— has ever since presided as the mistress of that house.

Wednesday, 16*th*.—The news of the day is that Monsieur de T—— has compromised the affair with Madame d'E—— by paying her a sum of 200,000 fr. and retaining the casket for himself. The contents are not known.

Thursday, 17*th*.—The declaration of the decease of Madame de T—— has been inscribed in the registers of the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin as follows:—

"L'an mil huit cent trente-cinq et le douzième jour du mois de Décembre a été presenté en cette église le corps de Catherine, veuve de George François

G——, *connue civilement comme Princesse de T——*, âgée de 74 ans, décédée l'avant veille, munie des sacremens de l'Eglise, Rue de Lisle, No. 80. Ses obsèques ont été faites en présence de Matheu Pierre de Goussot, et de Charles Demon (homme d'affaires du Prince), amis de la défunte, lesquels ont signé avec nous."

It is rather curious that after all the Satanic allusions to Monsieur de T—— in the public journals, his principal agent should be named M. Demon.

The other day, when the States of Holstein had with great difficulty obtained from the minister of finance an explanation of his budget, it was found that some exorbitant charges had been made for the improvements at the observatory, and the furthering of astronomical science; upon which several of the deputies remarked to his excellency, that they felt infinitely more anxious to reduce the taxes in Holstein, than to obtain information of what was passing in the moon.

We have heard of Sheridan's speech on Hastings' trial, which lasted two days, and of various long speeches from Mr. Pitt, and other celebrated orators in the House of Commons, but a deputy in the Belgian Senate at Brussels, Monsieur de Burdine, has left all his competitors in lengthy discussion far behind. His speech is thus described:—

"Il est monté à la tribune le 9 de ce mois, il a parlé pendant tout la moitié de la séance, or ce n'était là que son exorde. Toute la seconde séance du 10 a été consacrée aux développemens de son exposition, et il n'a pu conclure que le lendemain 11, après

avoir, dans cette troisième séance, occupé la tribune pendant trois heures. Un de ses collègues l'a interrompu le 9, en lui disant, 'Votre discours est la mer à boire.' 'Et vous la boirez,' a repondu l'impassible orateur."

Saturday, 19*th*.—Count Rœderer, Peer of France and member of the Academy, died suddenly on Thursday night. He was at court and in full health on that very day. Born in February 1754, he was a member of the Constituent Assembly at the beginning of the revolution, and a minister of Napoleon during the empire. On the same day died Count Lainé, formerly President of the Chamber of Deputies and Minister of the Interior during the Restoration.

The preparations at Algiers for the campaign against Abdel Kader are completed, and the troops have marched about 10,000 strong to the attack of Mascara. The Arabs are much superior in numbers, but the French anticipate an easy conquest, which they say will be achieved in fifteen days; on the other hand, it is said that Abdel Kader has promised to his army to build a palace with the bones of his French invaders.

The Duke of Orleans, it is supposed, will take a part in the campaign, though there is some report of differences having arisen between him and Marshal Clausel. At all events, the ministry impatiently wait for the expected result, that they may have a spice of glory to insert in the King's speech, at the opening of the Chambers, which may reconcile the national vanity to the heavy expenses incurred

by the late naval armaments, and by the state trials of this year.

Monday, 21*st.* — Some relics of the late Lady Salisbury have at length been discovered in the ruins under her dressing-room, which have been identified before the Coroner's inquest at Hatfield House. They consist of a portion of the lower jaw, and nearly all the bones. Near the spot were found a quantity of trinkets, consisting of portions of rings, chains, brooches, and bracelets; one large ring, the frame of which only remains, the stone having been lost, was particularly recognised as having been constantly worn by her Ladyship.

There are various and valuable articles of jewellery, which were upon the toilette table, still missing in the ruins.

Tuesday, 22*nd.* — The Marquis de St. Pair was formerly the possessor of the fine domain near Andely in Normandy, from which he took his title, and which now belongs to the Viscount d'Arlincourt. In consequence of his wanton extravagance, he was obliged to part with the whole of his estates, and at length became reduced to the utmost degree of want, receiving charity from those upon whom in his prosperity he had bestowed it. Still he could not leave the scenes of his former splendour, and lived for twenty years in a low thatched hut, in the confines of his ancient *château*. On the 15th instant, he was found dead from cold and hunger, under a hedge not far from its walls.

Wednesday, 23*rd.* — Lord Lowther goes away on Saturday for London: he is commissioned to find out

the dimensions of the Salle des Menus Plaisirs at Versailles for Croker, who has read in some book that Mirabeau addressed 6000 people in it in 1789; and as the critic doubts the possibility of the room holding such a number, he is very anxious to be able to contradict it from authority, which I believe I can furnish him.

The circle at the Tuileries was in high spirits last night, on receiving the news of the defeat of Abdel Kader and the taking of Mascara, which has been razed to the ground; the Duke of Orleans was with the troops, and it is said, was *kindly* struck by a spent ball, which will ensure him a crown of laurels on his return to Paris in triumph, where he is expected on New Year's day.

Thursday, 24*th*.—The manner in which Monsieur de T—— has paid the 200,000 fr. to Madame d'E——, is as follows: she would at first hear of no compromise, was determined to go to law for the casket, and the Prince, who was equally obstinate, perhaps from a conviction of his rights, was resolute in enforcing his claim. In this state of things he showed the deeds of his marriage settlement to M. de C——, a friend of both parties, who went to Madame d'E——, told her she was perfectly in the wrong, and strongly advised her to yield that which she could never legally obtain, and throw herself on the Prince's generosity. She was very indignant, urged as a plea her debts, which amounted to 30,000 fr., but at length finished by adopting the advice of M. de C——. M. de T—— then said, I will give her 30,000 fr. to acquit her debts,

20,000 fr. more for any future debts, and 150,000 fr., not to her, but to her husband the Duc d'E——, who is a most estimable man, which shall afterwards revert to the children.

Friday, 25th. — Christmas Day. It is characteristic of the state of religion in France, when I say, that the workmen who are preparing my apartment in Paris voluntarily work on this day, and on Sunday as a matter of course, but on New Year's Day no inducement would make them perform any labour.

Saturday, 26th. — Ever since Wednesday, severe frost after the snow of the two preceding days had rendered the roads impassable; numberless accidents had happened.

Sunday, 27th. — The Sacrament was administered at the English Church, but not on Christmas Day.

Monday, 28th. — A ridiculous problem is given in the *Chronique de Paris,* founded upon the old sayings in England that a cat has nine lives, and that nine tailors make a man, the result of which is as follows: —

1 cat = 9 living men,
1 man = 9 living tailors;
If 9 cats = 9×9 men or 81 men,
9 men = 9×9 tailors or 81 tailors,
9 cats = 81×81 tailors, or 6561 tailors.

According to this calculation the value of a tailor seems mathematically reduced to zero.

This evening the Duchesse de Guiche received the afflicting intelligence from her husband, that

the family had lost their cause by a fresh decision against them in the Courts at Agen. He had received much encouragement in his canvass from the Counsel and the Judges; but three of those who were favourable absented themselves on the day of judgment, and the influence of the Crown defeated all their hopes. It is a hard case, but against such opponents a Carlist family could have but a slender chance.

Tuesday, 29*th*.—The conservative turn of the late elections in Northamptonshire and Gloucester, added to the evident disgust produced in the more sober and rational classes by the avowed intentions of O'Connell to undermine and destroy the British constitution, has rendered the position of the Melbourne government more than precarious. It seems to be the general opinion that they cannot long hold their present position, or even maintain their majority in the House of Commons.

Edward Ellice, notwithstanding his repeated arguments in their favour, could not conceal his impressions that they were in a falling state. If, says he, they go out, which is not impossible, from some fresh blunder of the King or other unforeseen event, either a revolution must ensue, or they must shortly again be recalled to power, as the Irish Church Question will and must be carried by the will of the people. A coalition of parties would be desirable for Melbourne, but he can do without it, and will utimately carry his point.

Thursday, 31*st*.—The King went in state on the 29th to open the Chambers, and for the first

time in a close carriage, probably as a precaution against any hostile attack in the street, which late circumstances have given too much reason to apprehend. The royal procession, as an additional precaution, changed its usual line of march to the Palais de Justice, and at night there were rumours of various arrests, but it appears without foundation.

1836.

Friday, January 1st.—A new year commenced: may it be more fortunate than the long series of those which have preceded it!! The President's message has arrived from America; it is firm, and refuses any explanations, although it refrains from all menace or hostile expressions. Lord Granville said it was very conciliating, which is the way the Government here are disposed to take it: the end of this affair will be as ridiculous as the commencement.

Monday, 4th.—Removed to Paris. Count Ierlsky, a Polish banker, much liked in society here, a great friend of the Guiches, has just failed from losses on the Stock Exchange. Walewski, who was very intimate with him, has lost, I regret to say, considerably by this catastrophe.

Tuesday, 5th.—The Chambers are now met, and everything tends to prove that the majority in favour of the Government will be even more decided than last year; that is, the servility will be more unblushingly apparent. M. Dupin, the President of the Deputies, has lowered his tone of independence, and bends the knee to power; he felt that his re-election to the chair could only be obtained by submission, and his zeal in the cause of liberty has yielded to the more solid attraction of keeping a post which brings him in 10,000 fr. per month.

Certain fractions of the Centre would not believe

in his promises of reformation, notwithstanding the assurances of M. Guizot, and the result of the votes in his favour was just sufficient to show that he owed his nomination to ministerial influence. Here, then, is another prominent liberal completely destroyed as a political character and *chef de parti* for the future. Louis-Philippe's cunning consists in gaining over an adversary, and making him contemptible.

The Speech from the Throne was a mere nullity; every important question was avoided; hardly a word said of the American dispute; little of foreign politics except an exulting confidence in the increased amity of Great Britain, and her cordial acceptance of her good offices to mediate with the United States.

In alluding to the success at Mascara, one expression has excited some remark, "J'ai vu avec emotion *l'aîné de ma Race* partager les fatigues et les dangers;" as if he wished to separate himself from the elder race of the Bourbons, or would appear to consider them as completely extinct.

Poggenpohl, who was attached to the Russian Embassy, and is nominated Minister to Madrid when affairs become more settled there, is lately arrived from London, and inveighed to me in very unequivocal terms against the politics of Lord P——, while the late despotic measures of Louis-Philippe seemed to gain the approbation of Russia. His observation was, he is the cleverest man in the kingdom of France, to which I added, "and the honestest!" he smiled.

Wednesday, 6th.—The Duchess of Dantzic, widow of the late Marshal Lefèvre, died on Tuesday last week, at her house in the Rue Joubert, and has left a fortune of fifteen millions to her relations, the produce of her late husband's earnings under the empire.

An excess of revenue, which has been hitherto the vain dream of nations, appears to have become an embarrassing reality in the United States, which they are even puzzled to employ. The "National Intelligencer" calculates, that on the 1st of January there will be a surplus of twenty millions of dollars in the treasury, to which may be added seven millions of bank actions, forming together the immense sum of twenty-seven millions of dollars exceeding the expenses of the state, without one liard of public debt.

Saturday, 9th.—The address to the King has occasioned much discussion in the cabinet, and much *tournure de phrases*, to avoid touching on certain subjects; the commission appointed to draw it up has at last yielded to the ministerial suggestions, and the question of Poland has only been alluded to in the vaguest manner. That of America has been touched with complacency, as if every satisfaction had been duly given; and as to the conversion of the 5 per cents., it seemed so likely to irritate the bourgeois of Paris that the Government were afraid to allude to it, and leave the mooting of that question to the Chambers themselves. The debate in the Deputies will commence on Monday.

The health of M. de Talleyrand is becoming more

feeble; he will be eighty-three on the second of next month. The number of his visitors is now limited to a few intimates, and the trying inclemency of the season gives cause for apprehension that his days are numbered.

The suicides which are so horridly frequent in France and particularly in Paris, have lately drawn from the pen of the Abbé Guillon, Evêque de Marse (or what is called *in partibus infidelium*), an 8vo. volume, written with a certain degree of eloquence, but evincing more laudable anxiety to stem the evil than knowledge of the causes from which it originates. The learned author, like most of his brethren in France, seems gifted with little knowledge of the world, or of the real state of society in his own country, and instead of (as in duty bound) converting his diocesans, the Africans, he has published a homily to the Parisians, which may be highly approved by the court of Rome, but is little calculated to have much weight with those to whom it is addressed. An answer to this publication has appeared in one of the periodical prints, which throws so much more light on the real causes of this desperate and increasing evil, that I willingly transcribe a few extracts.

"Le suicide, Monseigneur, a deux causes générales; —ou le suicide est engendré par des dispositions constitutives, depuis longtems appreciées par la médecine, et alors il est inévitable comme le sont la goutte, la folie, ou l'hypochondrie; ou le suicide est engendré par d'intolérables souffrances, soit physiques, soit morales. Dans le premier cas, Monsei-

gneur, les médecins les plus savans ouvriraient votre livre, aux plus beaux endroits devant leurs malades; leurs malades ne s'en trouveraient pas mieux; si vous aviez parcouru les annales de la science, vous y auriez vû, que dans ce cas, la contradiction irrite ces monomanes, et que l'éloquence sacrée, vint elle d'un professeur, causerait de graves accidens au prédicateur, aussi bien qu'au patient.

" Quant au second point, Monseigneur, ne croyez pas que le suicide soit une disposition, à laquelle un homme se résolve avec amour; l'âme n'y vient pas sans déchirements. Ce crime n'est pas seulement anticatholique, ou antisocial, il n'est justifiable d'aucune manière. Presque toujours commis dans un paroxysme d'égoïsme, si nous le considérons dans ses rapports avec les ressources sociales, il est surtout entâché de niaiserie: le suicide n'est pas un doute, mais un faux calcul; la morale publique, autant que le christianisme, la raison, aussi bien que l'intérêt personnel, le condamnent.

" Tout est dit là-dessus dans l'Eglise, dans le Monde, en Sorbonne, en Philosophie, et en *Maroc.* Après avoir constaté cet anathème général, afin de ne pas être pris pour un défenseur des insensés qui meurent, permettez nous de vous dire, que votre ouvrage est une belle inutilité. Les infidèles ne se tuent pas à Maroc, et les intelligences meurent en France. Vous auriez dû rechercher les causes de cette différence entre vos deux diocèses; car elle importe à l'éclaircissement du problème merveilleux, constitué par ce que nous nommons orgueilleusement, le progrès des lumières, et qui, selon nous, est en

raison directe avec le progrès de l'irreligion. Vous auriez fait un livre curieux, qui eût expliqué, pourquoi les Turcs ne se tuent pas, et pourquoi les chrétiens commettent de si fréquens suicides. Croyez que les causes des suicides actuels ne sont pas seulement dans l'air; elles sont aussi un peu dans l'inhabileté de ceux qui gouvernent la France, et qui en vantent les prospérités. Le suicide est l'enfant d'une misère, combattue avec orgueil; il est le fils du désespoir, éprouvé par des hommes, dont l'avenir est trompé. Beaucoup de ceux qui vivent dans la méditation, placés entre la mendicité qui les déshonorerait, et la faim qui les presse, ces Gilberts, ces Chattertons, modernes, dont les noms seront une accusation contre notre société, se tuent pour éviter les tortures de la faim; leur suicide est une économie de souffrances.

" Tous épouvantés de l'indifférence, avec laquelle les gouvernans accueillent leurs efforts; les uns réjetés de tous côtés par des gens qui ne prêtent rien à l'avenir d'un homme de talent, et prêtent sur les chances de la bourse; tous ne meurent pas de leurs mains; croyez que certains meurent assassinés par le système social actuel, ou trois cens bourgeois, assis sur ses banquettes, délaissent les arts, les sciences et les lettres, pour s'occuper de fiscalités, de penalités, tandis que peut-être, ils devraient rechercher la cause des souffrances sociales. Au lieu de gourmander les morts, ou ceux qui s'apprêtent à mourir, vous auriez peut-être dû faire tomber votre volume in-8vo. sur les têtes, au dessus desquelles vous place la chaire, où tonna Massillon.

"Le suicide n'est pas dans les cœurs, il est dans nos lois athées. Le suicide est surtout dans toute éducation inconsidérement donnée à des jeunes gens, qui basent leurs espérances sur le rang ou l'instruction publique les place; au sortir du collège, sans s'inquiéter de la masse des ambitions ascendantes, qu'elle a créées. Quand ce flot a menacé le granit des bonnes administrations, il retombe dans l'abîme. Les mœurs fabriquent incessamment des capacités, qu'elles envoyent mourir à l'entrée de carrières obstruées; car chaque année les prétensions et les prétendants augmentent sur une arène, qui ne s'aggrandit pas. Voulez-vous que les gens de talent élevés par vos collèges, échauffés par vos cours en Sorbonne, ou au collège de France, redescendent à la charrue, d'où vous les tirez? Ils meurent, Monseigneur, faute de pain, et vous leur conseillez de ne pas mourir; ils meurent dans toute la puissance de leurs forces déployées par vous-même, et vous leur demandez, pourquoi mourez-vous? Ils meurent après mille tentatives inutiles, après avoir essuyé mille refus; ils meurent pour ne pas aller finir au Mont St. Michel, comme conspirateurs républicains, ou à l'échafaud comme assassins."

Saturday, 9th. — This morning at half-past eight o'clock, Lacenaire and his accomplice Avril were executed on the Place St. Jacques. The time of the execution had been kept secret by the police, but notwithstanding this, and the early hour, a crowd of from 3000 to 4000 persons were assembled, amongst whom were several carriages with ladies, whose presence formed a horrible contrast to the painful scene.

Avril throughout conducted himself with the greatest firmness, but the boasting Lacenaire was pale, aghast, and convulsed with fear. His knees trembled so that they beat one against another, his face became rigid, and the help of the assistants of the executioner was necessary to enable him to ascend the scaffold. He had stated that he would address the people, but he had not the strength to do it. By an unaccountable fatality, the knife did not fall when the string was pulled, and twenty seconds expired before it could be made to do its office. By a violent effort the culprit turned his head, and looked up, and at this moment his eyes and countenance presented an appearance terrible beyond all expression. In reviewing the scenes of this bloody drama, we cannot forbear calling to mind the words of his accomplice François to Lacenaire on his trial: "If I am condemned to death, I shall go firmly, and you, blackguard, will act like the craven coward that you are."* The son of the executioner began his apprenticeship on this occasion; he assisted at what is called la toilette of the condemned, and was deputed to draw the string which let down the knife, during which operation he appeared very pale and agitated.

Monday, 11*th*.—A few months ago when the elections for a member of the Academy were going on, a Mr. Dreitz, who was a candidate for this literary distinction, was very active in making his

* It is yet a curious circumstance that after the murder for which he was arrested, Lacenaire at the risk of his life had gone back to the room to shut out a cat he had seen there, for fear it should attack the bodies of the two persons he had murdered.

visits, and canvassing the votes of those who could forward his success. Amongst others he called on the Prince Talleyrand, who was out, and left his card. The Prince shortly returned from his drive, accompanied by Montrond, and the porter presented to him the letters and cards which had been left in his absence. On observing that of Mr. D., he exclaimed, "Ha! voilà un candidat pour l'Académie." Montrond, who was still present, exclaimed, "Qu'est-ce qu'il est donc ce M. Dreitz, quels sont ses titres, qu'est-ce qu'il a écrit?" "Vous voyez," said the Prince, showing him the card; "il a écrit son nom."

Tuesday, 12*th*.—The Duchesse de Cazes, whom I met at Lady Helena Robinson's evening party, announced that the Chamber of Deputies, in their discussion on the address this morning, had carried by a majority (soi-disant against the Ministers) the amendment of M. de Mornay, that the nationality of Poland should be preserved. It is said that the Ministers, in conjunction with the English Cabinet, tacitly approve of this demonstration. The fact is, that the English press, and indeed the French also, rail against Russia; our Whig Government, in their thirst for popularity, encourages the cry, and the French ministry, in servile imitation of it, is glad to obtain a share of that popularity without daring to avow the measure which produces it.

Sir Robert Wilson has obtained the colonelcy of the 15th regiment, Light Dragoons, which must be a bitter pill to the Whigs, whose party he deserted for the Duke a few years ago, which they have never forgiven.

A dreadful fire broke out last month in New York,

and has destroyed about 700 houses, and property to an immense amount.

Thursday, 14*th*.—A shocking instance of the uncertainty of life has just occurred here. Young Lionel Ashley, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, whom we saw on Friday night at the Embassy, gay and engrossed with society, was taken ill on Sunday evening with a bilious fever, and died this morning early.

Friday, 15*th*.—The ministry are in an uproar. M. Humann, the Minister of Finance, in his speech on the budget, has alluded to the reduction of the 5 per cents, without having previously consulted his colleagues. The Duc de Broglie is very discontented, and it is supposed that some fresh changes must occur in the cabinet.

Saturday, 16*th*.—It would seem that the Ministers are not so much surprised at M. Humann's allusion to the 5 per cents as they would wish to appear; it was rather a concerted plan to sound the public feeling without risking the unpopularity of making it a cabinet question; and they have seen with pleasure that M. Giraud has moved the discussion of the project on Monday next. The whole is in character with their general policy, which can never go straight. It is a system of tripotage, and, as I wrote the other day to Neumann at Vienna, "Tout ici est ou astuce, ou bassesse, ou jactance."

Sunday, 17*th*.—The English papers bring the new ministerial arrangements; Sir C. Pepys is appointed Chancellor; Mr. Bickersteth Master of the

Rolls; both are raised to the peerage to strengthen the Government party in that house.

My poor friend Sir Thomas Farquhar died on the 12th; he had been in a declining state for the last twelve months.

Monday, 18*th*. — Baron Humann has resigned his portefeuille, which he had been previously anxious to quit; M. d'Argout appeared in the Chamber as Minister of Finance in his stead. When the question of the conversion of the 5 per cents was started, M. de Broglie stated that however desirable such a measure might be, it was very inexpedient to bring it forward this year; the opposition remained perfectly docile and gave up the point without a comment, and thus the affair remains in *statu quo*.

One of our countrywomen the other day innocently avowed that she could not get into what was called good society in England, and was therefore come to France, where she hoped for better success.

There are 40,000 English in Paris, a great proportion of whom leave their names at the Embassy, and expect to be invited to the assemblies: and of those who are naturally omitted on such occasions, some have the vulgarity to write and inquire the reason, others send pasquinades to the English newspapers, and in a few instances have absolutely made complaints at the Foreign office in Downing-street of the neglect which they have experienced from their ambassador in Paris. This is one of the inconveniences of our new levelling system at home; such were never experienced here in the time of Lady Elizabeth Stuart.

The tribunals have just condemned to death another infamous *scélérat*, named L'Huissier. A foolish woman, a Madame Fremond, with a fortune of 2000 fr. in money, advertised for a husband, and was introduced by the office-keeper to this man, who was then living with a girl by name Leconte. The marriage was shortly concluded; and in two days afterwards the unfortunate wife was murdered in her apartment, Rue de Richelieu, by L'Huissier and his accomplice, who cut the body in pieces, and hired a porter to carry the packet to the quay, saying that it contained two bleeding legs of mutton for a friend in the country. The man was condemned, but the girl was acquitted from want of evidence.

The police here, so busily attentive to political offences, is most culpably negligent as to other crimes; robberies and murders in the streets are frequent, and a passenger on foot who may be out late in the evening runs a serious risk of his life; most of the young men carry arms in their pockets to defend themselves.

Wednesday, 20*th*. — A curious fatality was attached to the death of young Lionel Ashley. He was by profession a sailor, and had served in India. On one occasion, when on shore, he went with two young lads, midshipmen of his own age, to visit a famous Indian juggler and fortune-teller, who, after observing them with some interest, informed them that none of the three would live to be twenty-five years old. One of them shortly afterwards was drowned; the second has since met with an untimely death; and so impressed was Ashley with the convic-

tion of his own fate, that he has often been heard to say, "I hear other people talk of what they shall do when they are forty or fifty; as for me, I shall never reach that period myself." But still on the present occasion he did not seem to anticipate his immediate end, and was unaware of his danger.

Friday, 22nd.—The new English peerages are in the "Gazette." Lord Chancellor Sir C. Pepys is made Baron Cottenham; Master of the Rolls, Mr. Bickersteth, Baron Langdale, and the wife of Sir John Campbell, Baroness Stratheden.

Lord Melbourne has written the most urgent letters to all the Peers of his party in Paris commanding their attendance for the opening of parliament. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Gardner, &c. &c. are all preparing to depart without delay. Everything indicates that the Whig Government is straining every nerve to muster their forces for the opening. The Tory peers, strong in their majority, have given their proxies, and remain here quietly.

The ministry here is still in a dilemma; there is so little high character amongst them that the loss of Mr. Humann is severely felt: if his magnanimity had not prompted him to resign, he might have broken up the cabinet, or compelled M. de Broglie to promise the conversion of the five per cents in a year's time—as it is, the Chambers appear intent on bringing forward the question.

In Spain matters remain in the same state—constant warfare with insignificant success on either side: Colonel Evans and his mercenaries have as yet done nothing.

There have been dreadful murders and excesses at Barcelona, with cries for the constitution.

The new minister Mendizabel is concocting visionary plans of finance at Madrid, but his new levies proceed but slowly.

Saturday, 23*rd.* — The election of a deputy to Congress for the Jefferson county occasioned a melancholy duel on the 28th November last in America. The quarrel arose from mutual accusations of calumny and intrigues during the canvass, and measures were taken to decide the difference by the death of one of the parties. The combatants were Captain White and Colonel Bellamy, who, attended by their seconds, and armed with two brace of pistols each, were placed at sixty paces distance; they were to advance towards each other till within ten paces, and fire at will.

Captain White received three times the fire of his adversary without any injury; and when he returned it was within fifteen paces of the colonel. His first shot shattered the left arm of his adversary; the second entered his abdomen; and while he was drawing from his girdle the second pair of pistols, Colonel Bellamy, with a faint and faltering hand, took aim with his fourth pistol and shot him through the heart. Captain White was buried the following day, and the colonel lies without the smallest chance of recovery.

Monday, 25*th.*—The peers will assemble on Saturday for the trial of Fieschi and his comrades. Little interest is now felt on the subject.

Tuesday, 26*th.*—Grand balls are given this week

by the Ministers and at the Tuileries, as next week it will be considered a breach of etiquette to give any *fête* while the trial of Fieschi is going on.

Wednesday, 27th. — Lord Carington, who is eighty-four years old, has just married at Bath a Mrs. Trevelyan. His grandson, Lord Gardner, who is here with his father-in-law, Lord Dinorben, a widower, says it is a very bad precedent.

Friday, 29th.—As Greffulhe and I were going out of the embassy this evening we met in the ante-room General Alava, who arrived this morning from Madrid. We asked him how affairs were going on in Spain? His answer was, "Parfaitement bien, rien de plus solide." At which we smiled.

Saturday, 30th.—The opening of the trial of Fieschi took place to-day. The crowd was immense, as may be inferred from the applications to the Grand Referendary for tickets, which amounted to 17,500.

The infernal machine was set up before the bar, near the table on which other proofs of the crime were placed. Fieschi was stationed first with his back to one of the pillars, between two municipal guards, and two subalterns were seated behind him. On his left were placed Morey, Pepin, Boireau, and Becher, each separated by two municipal guards.

Fieschi appeared gay, smiled on all around, and seemed anxious to attract attention. On arriving in the court he shook hands with MM. Pasquin, Chaix d'Estange, and Patorni his counsel. The other accused remained tranquil. The day was chiefly occupied in reading the act of accusation, during which Morey and Pepin were calm and un-

embarrassed, while Boireau and Becher appeared more like curious spectators than like culprits. Fieschi was in constant agitation, rising at one minute, sitting down at another, crossing his arms, and changing his attitude; he took snuff repeatedly, offered it to his guards, and seemed piqued at the refusal which was enjoined by their military discipline. The chief part of the time he remained on his legs, anxious to show himself to the spectators, who seemed all desirous of examining his features. His answers were prolix, entering into minute details, the dryness of which he seemed desirous to enliven by an attempt at repartee, which was evidently prepared beforehand.

Monday, February 1st.—An attempt was made this evening to assassinate Mademoiselle Grisi, the singer at the Italian Opera-house. A man presented a pistol at her head, and was arrested by the guard before any mischief ensued. He had another in his pocket destined for himself. He is supposed to have been a slighted lover.

Tuesday, 2nd. — The trial of Fieschi and his accomplices proceeds daily, though little new is elicited. The conduct of the former is still easy and flippant, but, what is unheard of in a court of judicature, his assertions are the sole accusations brought against the others, while their defence consists in simple and flat contradictions of all that he asserts.

Friday, 5th.—An express from London arrived in twenty-four hours, bringing the King's speech delivered yesterday at the opening of Parliament. It is not very significant on any precise point, except

that it alludes to an increase of our naval force, which appears meant as a hint to Russia on the Turkish question.

In the Chamber of Deputies the motion for converting the five per cents was carried by a majority of one against the government; in consequence of which the ministers adjourned to the Tuileries, and gave in their resignations.

Saturday, 6th.—It appears that an amendment to the address was moved by Sir R. Peel, and seconded by Lord Stanley, who seated himself on the opposition benches. The house divided, and, to the shame of the Conservatives, the address was carried by a majority of forty-one in favour of Ministers; a larger number than they ever carried with them during the last session. I say shame, because a letter from London states that twelve Tories never came down to the house, and several more disregarded the summons to come from the country. Another letter from a very impartial quarter says, "Never were more blunders committed, or worse speeches made on either side; but the result must give an increase of moral force to the Government."

In the House of Lords the same amendment was moved by the Duke of Wellington; but here the Premier, conscious of his weakness, consented to adopt it without a division, considering the difference not material, though he battled for it in the Commons.

Here no arrangements are made for a new ministry. Lists are handed about, which are not likely to be

realised; and, in the midst of these embarrassments, it is said that those who resigned yesterday are very anxious to be recalled to-day.

The following is a description of the state prisoners now on their trial before the House of Peers:—

Fieschi is a short man about forty years of age, stoutly built, all nerve and muscle; irritable to excess, but with great power over himself; easily affected, but mastering his emotions with a will of iron; prompt in reply; speaking in metaphors, and never at a loss for expressions; at times overflowing with ideas, but never losing sight of one, his principal object, which is to represent himself as a great malefactor, and not a low pitiful assassin. At present, that the plot which he himself styles horrible has failed, he has only one passion, which is to engross notoriety and be the subject of general remark. Not inaccessible to repentance or remorse for the wide-spreading mischief which he has committed, he exhibits no weakness in his regrets, but has brought himself, and tries to induce his audience, to look upon the details of his scheme as a very natural recital. More at his ease than the president of the court, who during the examination is constantly recurring to notes before him which had been previously arranged for his use, he has during his long interrogatories constantly replied with the utmost readiness and precision to questions, even the most lengthy and embarrassing. He seems to preside over the discussions, and even to direct them. Having established himself in a manner *assistant* to the *accusation,* which he affects to consider as a plea in his

own favour, he cannot help occasionally dropping casual expressions which would intimate that he had not quite abandoned all hope. This circumstance perhaps gives an interest beyond mere curiosity to everything that he says; so strong indeed, that, incredible as it may appear, it has at times excited cheers and bravos from the peers themselves.

His forehead is prominent, his eyes hollow, his nose thin and pointed, his complexion pale. His skull and his lips are deeply scarred with the dreadful wounds which he received from the explosion of the machine. He is in fact the Italian bandit, with his vanity, his cold-blooded ferocity, but at the same time susceptible of love, friendship, and generosity. He even exhibits the same repentance at the last which characterises that description of criminal before his execution, who confesses his atrocities to the priest, beating his breast, and loading himself with the most execrable appellations.

It is a singular circumstance, and remarked by every one, that in figure, countenance, and even voice, he most strongly resembles Count Matuscewitz.

Morey is an old man, a prey to a dreadful malady, under which he seems daily sinking; he seems still, by repeated denials, to take an interest in averting his fate; but, when the excitement of these discussions which now animate him is past, he will drop into the grave; and even the scaffold, which will so soon follow his sentence, if he is convicted, may yet be deprived of its victim.

Pepin, the grocer of the Faubourg St. Antoine, is

mild, talkative, and prolix: he makes contradictory and unguarded replies to the questions which are put to him. His apparent calm and tranquillity are affected; the paleness of his countenance and the depression of his looks indicate either a sense of guilt or a dread of the accusations brought against him, and his whole defence seems a struggle to deny with equal pertinacity the most trifling as well as the most serious charges adduced by the evidence against him. Unable to rebut the one, he loses himself in a maze of trifling discussions on the other, with a view of drawing the public attention to those points where he is the least vulnerable.

Boireau has throughout shown an unparalleled energy and assurance. A simple working pewterer, he has given proofs of wonderful eloquence. In reply to the different written questions proposed by the president, he has always expressed himself with the utmost readiness and facility. Partially spared by Fieschi, the great *public accuser*, and inspiring a certain interest from his extreme youth, he has at length entered into a string of confessions, which will go far towards saving his life.

As for Becher, he appears to be, of the whole assembled audience, the one least interested in the great drama of which he is ostensibly, or at least nominally, one of the actors. He seems impressed with the certainty of his acquittal, and, if it were not for the two guards which are attached to his person, one would be inclined to suppose, from his manner and appearance, that he was merely a privileged spectator, for whom a prominent place in

the court had been reserved by favour, that he might witness the proceedings with more facility than the others. He does not indeed seem to be much criminated.

Monday, 8*th*.—The Duke of Hamilton and the Marquis of Lansdowne have been created Knights of the Garter.

No progress made in forming a new cabinet. I met General Count Ernano, just come from the Luxembourg; he said it was even betting that the trial would be finished before the ministry was settled. The French copy us now in betting, as in other things.

Lord Canterbury gave me a long account at dinner of the communications which he had with the King, as Speaker in 1834, on the subject of the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament, which were afterwards maliciously interpreted by the other party into secret machinations to effect the overthrow of the Whig cabinet, which took place shortly afterwards; and it tells very ill for the openness and honesty of Lord Melbourne's character, that though regularly made acquainted by the Speaker with the object of these private discussions, he should afterwards have lent his aid to encourage those reports, and impute to him an underhand conduct which is so foreign to his nature. It was on the demise of Earl Spencer and the removal of Lord Althorpe to the Upper House that Lord Melbourne went to Brighton to communicate the altered position of the Government. The King then said, "Such being the case, my lord, how far do you feel

competent to carry on the trust confided to you?" Melbourne's reply was far from confident: they must see how matters would turn; they must try their strength; and, if the case became desperate, there would be no other alternative but a resignation. The King then said, "If you yourself look upon the prospect as so doubtful, would it not be better at once to make up your mind, and break up the Government. Melbourne, who at the time really felt anxious for retirement, from a sense of his own incompetence without the aid of Althorpe in the Commons, readily assented to the proposal. Upon which the King observed, that he really was unprepared for this crisis, and hardly knew himself to whom he should apply to form a new administration. Lord Melbourne then without any hesitation remarked, that there was one individual whose services he doubted not would be at the command of his Majesty, and that was the Duke of Wellington. "Do you then approve," said the King, "of my writing to him?" Melbourne replied in the affirmative; and moreover added, "As I shall probably travel to London quicker than any ordinary messenger, I will myself take charge of the letter."

Tuesday, 9th.—The Queen of Naples died at twelve o'clock on January 31st, of a bilious fever, about a week after giving birth to a son. She was a daughter of the late King of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel, and sister to the Empress of Austria and the Duchess of Modena. A short time previous to this event, Prince Charles, the king's brother, eloped with an Irish young lady, Miss

Smith, and fled with her to Switzerland, for the purpose of being married.

The king has been closeted to-day with M. Dupin, to form an administration of the liberal party, including M. Sauzet and M. Passy; and though many difficulties have occurred, they are not deemed insurmountable.

At Lady Helena's assembly the following burlesque was handed about as the list for the new cabinet: —

"Le roi ne trouvant pas des hommes d'état convenables en France, a jugé à propos de faire une administration de dames.

"Madame de C——, Ministresse de Commerce.

"Madame de D——, Ministresse des Affaires Etrangères.

"Madame de B——, Président du Conseil.

"Madame de F——, Ministresse de la Guerre.

"Madame de R——, Ministresse de la Marine.

"Les autres dames n'ont pas voulu siéger, sans Madame de Lieven, au Ministère de l'Intérieur."

Stopford and his son dined with us.

Wednesday, 10*th*. — A telegraphic despatch announces that the President Jackson had recommended a law for shutting the American ports against French shipping.

The "Quotidienne" says, that the King is become an advocate for the conversion of the five per cents. and cites the following anecdote: —

"Dans une conférence récente en haut-lieu, on s'est montré plus accessible au projet sur les rentes.

Voici les premières paroles qui auraient été, dit-on, adressées à M. Humann, dans cette entrevue : —

" 'Nil *humani* a me alienum puto.'

" M. Humann a répondu que la situation était grave, et qu'il y avait déjà perdu son latin. On prête du reste beaucoup de bons mots à M. Humann, dans ces derniers jours, et le moins spirituel ne serait pas celui qu'il aurait dit sur son projet de conversion, qui de financier est devenu politique : — ' Je puis le méconnaître, on me l'a changé en nourrice.'

" M. Theirs a réuni hier a dîner plus de vingt convives, qui se sont trouvés tous, des *ex-ministres.* On a parodié le vers de M. Arnaud : —

" ' Et ces vingt grands débris se consolaient entre eux. ' "

Thursday, 11*th.* — The negotiations with M. Dupin seem to be at fault. The King wants to be everything, and they want to be something. It seems as if there would be a return to the old leaven. The *on dit* of the day is : —

" La place la plus difficile à remplir est celle de la marine, puisque le Roi a trouvé tous les hommes d'état trop hommes de terre. (Pommes de terre.)"

Friday, 12*th.* — The trial of Fieschi is drawing to a close ; the counsel for the defendants have spoken, and, though the evidence against all, except Fieschi, is chiefly presumptive, no doubt is entertained of their guilt. So great is the curiosity excited by the parties in this plot, that the celebrated café in the Palais Royal has offered Nina Lassave, the mistress of Fieschi, and one of the principal witnesses, a

large sum of money to sit in their *comptoir* for a month, and show herself to the public.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Among the amusements of the carnival this year should be mentioned the masquerades at Musard's in the Rue St. Honoré, which present twice a week scenes which can be witnessed in no other country. In the centre of a spacious saloon, which was formerly a riding-house, is placed the orchestra, filled with good performers, and so numerous, that it is called *l'orchestre monstre*, round which may be seen, dancing the gallop, 1200 couple of every character and costume that can be imagined, all carried on as it were by the stream, men and women raving with delight, panting with fatigue, while the crash of the music is at times heightened by the beating of broken chairs and the reports of pistols. Such an orgy was never seen; it is the celebration of the mysteries of a pagan deity performed by satyrs and bacchantes.

The receipts are immense, and the projectors are making a rapid fortune, as the saloons are open for concerts during the whole year. An idea of their success may be formed from the following circumstance: At the commencement of the undertaking, when their funds were low and the result precarious, they bargained with M. de Monjoyeux for some orange trees, which were valued at 2000 fr.; but not having the money at hand, they offered to give him in payment ten shares in the undertaking, valued at 200 f. each. This he declined. Had he accepted it, he would now, in the space of little more than one year, have received for his orange trees an annual

income of 10,000 f., for such are the profits now divided among the proprietors.

While the name of Madame de Rumford was handing about on the list of the female administration last week, the old lady died of a dropsy at the age of eighty-one. She was the widow of the celebrated chemist, Lavoisier.

Sunday, 14*th*.—The trial of the state prisoners closed to-day. Fieschi spoke for near an hour in his defence; but no further discoveries were made from any of the parties. The sentence will be pronounced to-morrow.

Fieschi has left by will his head to Nina Lassave, that a mould may be taken from it and the plaster busts sold for her benefit.

The secret of this attempt, if indeed there is any secret at all, now remains sealed up in the hearts of Pepin and Morey. If in the short moments before their final doom they make no revelation, the object of the government, which was to trace it directly either to the Carlist or Republican party, will be completely frustrated.

Monday, 15*th*.—The peers assembled this morning at eleven o'clock in the Luxembourg to deliberate on their verdict. The sitting was held with closed doors; and at a quarter before eleven at night they condemned Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin to death. The former will be conducted to the place of execution barefooted, his head covered with a black veil, and exposed on the scaffold during the reading of the decree of condemnation. Morey and Pepin will be decapitated in the usual

manner. Boireau has been sentenced to twenty years' close confinement, and at the expiration thereof to be subject during his life to the surveillance of the police. Becher has been acquitted.

On the 2nd of this month died Madame Marie Letitia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon, at Rome. She was born 24th of August, 1750, being nearly eighty-six years old. Since her fall at the Villa Borghese she had lost the use of her limbs, and had never quitted her couch. Few women have had a life of such extraordinary vicissitudes.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Mardi gras. The crowd on the Boulevards was unprecedented, the maskers numerous, and at night all the theatres and balls were thronged with visitors. The motley assemblage at Musard's were so numerous, that I hear hundreds were sent away from want of space to contain them.

Becher was set at liberty on Monday night immediately after the judgment was pronounced.

The sentence was read to the others this morning in prison. Morey received the communication with the utmost calmness; Pepin was completely overwhelmed; Boireau preserved the same indifference which he had assumed during the trial. Fieschi the moment he saw vanish from before him the hope which had induced him to become an informer, fell into a state of frenzy, and has had the strait-waistcoat put on him.

Pepin having sent to inform the president that he had some important revelations to make, Baron Pasquier, attended by a registrar, was shut up in close conference with him for several hours; and it is

generally supposed that, if these revelations are of any importance, his execution will be retarded beyond that of the others.

The executions will take place very soon, but nothing certain is as yet known, as the order is never issued from the office of the Procureur du Roi till late on the preceding evening, and it is only known by the executioner himself a few hours before it takes place. The royalty of July seems to live in such constant dread of large popular assemblages that it even fears to execute the laws in public.

Still no ministry; but fresh negotiations with the retired cabinet. MM. Broglie and Guizot remain firm, but M. Thiers is striving with all his might to be president of the council.

Friday, 19*th*.—This morning at eight o'clock Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey, were brought in three carriages from the prison to the Place S. Jacques, and guillotined in presence of a dense mass of spectators, who, notwithstanding the erection of the scaffold at a quarter before seven o'clock was the only notice given to the public of the approaching execution, had in the course of one hour filled every street and avenue leading to the spot. They all behaved with calmness and fortitude. Morey was so exhausted by malady, that he was lifted by the executioner and his assistants to the scaffold. He said nothing. Pepin declared his innocence to the last. Fieschi addressed a few words to the crowd, indicating that he had told the truth, and died without fear. The entire ceremony did not last more than five minutes. No disorder was manifested by the multi-

tude; but a large military force was in attendance. The execution of the sentence had been deferred one day, in consequence of a wish on the part of Pepin to make some revelations; but they were of so little importance, that the law was allowed to take its course. He has left a wife and four children. When at seven o'clock Fieschi was delivered into the hands of the executioners, to undergo *la toilette*, he merely said, "Is it not heart-breaking that I should be the first executed for a political cause since 1830? I should have preferred remaining on the field of battle at Beresina."

Pepin came next with a pipe in his mouth. While his hair was being cut off behind, he said, "Well, Fieschi, I am your victim." Fieschi was going to reply, but his confessor enjoined silence upon him. Pepin added, "Since I must die, I will die." Morey was quite silent and motionless, but greatly dejected. Before they quitted the prison, as Pepin was pressed to speak, Fieschi entreated him, and even threw himself at his feet, begging him to tell the whole truth, as he had done, and then he might appear before God without fear. Pepin heaved a sigh, and replied, "No; I can say nothing; I will not compromise fathers of families." The sentence of the black veil was remitted to Fieschi.

Saturday, 20*th*.—It appears that the judgment of the peers was nearly unanimous as to the guilt of the three prisoners executed yesterday: not so as to the capital punishment; Pepin had a minority in his favour of 31, and Morey of 21, out of 161 voters. Whatever may have been

the secret of this horrible plot, it is now buried in the grave; and perhaps many an anxious mind has been relieved by the stroke of the axe, which has rendered all further confessions impossible. Though nothing of importance was even to the last obtained from Pepin, who was even again interrogated on the scaffold, enough was dropped to convince the government that many still remained behind to make further attempts against the king's life. This may be the fact or not; everything seems involved in doubt, but as the case stands at present the only apparent result of the trial is this: That three individuals without name or importance have planned, prepared, and executed a diabolical crime without being instigated by any known motive of hatred, vengeance, or political fanaticism; that they have perpetrated it without any probable advantage to themselves, either present or future. The political and perhaps party interest which was excited, not so much by the trial itself, as by the consequences and discoveries which were expected from it, being now dissipated, there can only remain one feeling of astonishment, that in the very heart of this city a crime has been perpetrated which threatened to plunge the whole nation into anarchy and disorder, while the means of its execution were limited to a miserable sum of 300 f. advanced by Pepin; and the definitive reward received by the principal agent amounted only to 37 f. By what a thread may hang the destinies of nations and the lives of kings!!

Monday, 22*nd*. — A ministry is declared; and

M. Thiers, supported by Marshal Maison, MM. Montalivet, Passy, and Pelet, is President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs. In the afternoon he made a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, proclaiming his constant adhesion to the principles of the Revolution of July; which feeling, he said, was that of the former as well as of the new cabinet. It met with a cool reception from his auditors.

A flaming speech has been made in the House of Commons by Lord Dudley Stuart, to exasperate the public mind against Russia; but, though the ministerial prints have done everything of late to encourage this feeling in the country, the ministers themselves, when driven to the point, have not dared to avow them. Nothing could be more pacific than their replies.

The Prince of Saxe-Coburg has been solemnly affianced to the Queen Donna Maria da Gloria of Portugal.

The number of our countrymen here is great; many almost residents, who form a society distinct amongst themselves. It is this class of English who, unaccustomed to good society at home, commit so many follies in Paris, which discredit the nation in the eyes of foreigners; and, as they generally herd together, and make themselves objects of notoriety, the stigma becomes more national than individual. You constantly hear the observers remark on these occasions: "Les Anglais ont fait telle et telle chose," instead of commenting on the individual, as in the case of other nations who are less gregarious.

The other day a party of this description, who were anxious to witness the bloody ceremony at the Place S. Jacques, hired a room in a *guinguette* opposite to the scaffold, and left Meurice's hotel at two o'clock in the morning, that they might avoid the expected crowd and take their station without any inconvenience. When arrived at their destination, they ordered supper, and passed the night in drinking champagne and noisy mirth, till the waiter informed them that the preparations for the melancholy scene were arranged. In this state of mind, and heated with debauch, they rose from table to gratify an unfeeling curiosity with a bloody spectacle, which even a savage would not have witnessed without awe and emotion. These are traits which must excite disgust in the breast of every one.

Wednesday, 24*th*.—The Café de la Renaissance, in the Place de la Bourse, was for the last two days completely thronged, in consequence of the proprietor having engaged the too celebrated Nina Lassave to take her seat at the *comptoir* at a salary of 1000 f. per month. She appeared in a satin flame-coloured gown, and her hair adorned with rich ornaments. At the entrance of the room two men were stationed, who demanded a franc from each visitor, giving them in return a ticket for refreshments to that amount. Nina is rather pretty, and unless approached close, the loss of one of her eyes is not apparent. She seemed overwhelmed by the notice she excited, and from time to time the most cruel sarcasms were thrown out against her. Some one having reproached her for daring to show herself

in public four days after the execution of Fieschi, she fainted, and was carried out of the room. In half an hour she resumed her seat, and when any one seemed disposed to be severe in their censure, she entreated that sport might not be made of her misfortunes.

Nina is a good-looking girl, with rather a vulgar expression of countenance. I observed that, besides one eye, she has lost two fingers on her right hand; it is said from a scrofulous humour.

Thursday, 25th.—On Sunday last died, in London, Dr. Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham. It is expected that the princely revenues of this see will be materially reduced under the new church regulations.

The following true and pithy account of the Revolution of July is in the "Quarterly Review:"—

"The general character of the July Revolution is by this time pretty well understood.

"It is assuredly, to use a vulgar, but in this case a most suitable phrase, the greatest humbug that ever insulted the common sense of mankind: a revolution made in the name of a charter, which charter it forthwith tossed to the winds: a revolution made in the name of the people, in which the people really had no share, and from which they have derived no advantage: a revolution made by a faction, which faction has become its earliest sacrifice: a revolution made in the name of liberty, which has produced a despotism: a revolution planned, prepared, and executed by journalists, of which the same journalists are now the most bitter enemies and the most signal

victims: a revolution which, from the moment it had strength to walk about, and in exact proportion to its growing powers, has employed all its vigour in proscribing, persecuting, and punishing, even to the death, the pretences, the principles, and the persons, to whom it owes its existence.

"The men who made the Revolution of July speedily divided themselves into two classes; those who profited by it, and those who did not. The former have forgotten their principles in their places, the latter find their principles sharpened by disappointment; the apostate possessors of office are now persecuting with all the furious zeal of new and interested converts those unhappy men by whose efforts alone they were advanced to power.

> "'Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato,
> Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.'"

Can anything be more curious than the rise of M. Thiers; the Revolution found him an editor of the "National," he is now the first minister in France. On his resignation of the Intérieur with his *doctrinaire* colleagues, the other day, Madame Thiers, and his mother-in-law, Madame Dosne, were frantic with grief at the idea of quitting their splendid hotel and retiring to their own miserable little mansion in the Rue S. George. In less than ten days they were all installed in the splendid palace of the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, vacated by the Duc de Broglie.

Friday, 26*th*.—The English papers are full of Mr. Hume's motion about the Orange lodges, which

he construes into an attempt to alter the succession. His misrepresentations have not much effect upon the House, but the partisans of the Government hail it as a great victory obtained over the Tories.

Sunday, 28*th*.—Two wills of the Princess Talleyrand have been produced by the heirs, one dated some years back, the other lately. The prince is reported to have said, "Qu'il s'inquiétoit tout aussi peu de l'ancien testament que du nouveau."

Monday, 29*th*.—The foreign papers mention two dreadful events: the death of the wife of Prince Adolphus of Schwartzenberg, who was shot by her husband in a fit of jealousy; and the murder of a scene-shifter at Brunswick by the reigning duke, who purposely exposed his Highness on the stage to the public, by drawing up the curtain when he was making love to an actress behind the scenes.

Tuesday, *March* 1*st*.—M. Thiers's new ministry has not yet been marked by any striking feature. He has begun by an attempt to conciliate the extreme *gauche* in the Chamber; but the *doctrinaire* paper (the "Débats") seems inclined to wage war against him.

A rich discovery was made at Pompeii in January last, of a house situated in the street of Mercury. The exterior is not remarkable, though it has some paintings of Narcissus and Endymion; but the house contained four vases of silver and a great quantity of medals, among which were twenty-nine pieces of gold of the first Roman emperors, two vases of silver, of three inches diameter, ornamented with relievos of Cupids and Centaurs; emblems of Bacchus and

Ceres have also been found. This description resembles so much that which was dicovered by Professor Zahn last year, that I should think it must be the same.

Thursday, 3rd.—The new grand opera by Meyerbeer has been produced at the Academie by the name of "Les Huguenots." The music is worthy of the master, and was received with much applause.

Friday, 4th.—Accounts were this day received from New York that the American Government had accepted the mediation of England in the question of the dispute with France.

The Duke of Cumberland, in the name of the Orange lodges, has signified his submission to the royal will, dictated by the Ministers, that these societies shall be dissolved. The temperate conduct of the Tories on this arbitrary command has very much disappointed their enemies.

Saturday, 5th.—The will of Madame Letitia is dated the 22nd of September, 1832. Besides various legacies to individuals in her household, she bequeaths 7000 scudi to Cardinal Fesch for the expenses of her funeral. The mother of Napoleon was not so rich as was expected. Her property is divided in equal parts among her children. It is said that her whole fortune, including plate and diamonds, does not exceed a million of scudi.

The public, who expected a magnificent funeral, have been disappointed; the procession consisted merely of the household, and the coffin was plain, without ornaments. The Papal government desired that the whole might be conducted with as little

pageant as possible, *afin qu'on n'excitat pas l'attention par un faste inutile.*

Sunday, 6*th.*—M. Thiers begins to find that the majority of the Chamber is with M. Guizot. He must look for support to him, and side with the Doctrinaires, till they turn him out.

Monday, 7*th.*—A letter from Vittoria gives a melancholy picture of the auxiliary troops under General Evans. Their ranks have been thinned by disease, and in no one instance have they been able to distinguish themselves.

There have been of late great defections from the army of Isabella to that of Don Carlos, who, in spite of his isolated position, still maintains the contest.

Tuesday 8*th.*—M. Rothschild's ball was a display of the most costly furniture and of everything that money could command in its greatest profusion. One of the guests expressed his admiration to the lady of the house at the sumptuous decorations, to which she replied, "If you had seen the hotel of M. Solomon Rothschild (which is next door), you would think our house was only the stables attached to it."

M. Thiers is an *élève* of the wily Talleyrand, and is supposed to act under his suggestions. Some one observed before the prince that Thiers was a *parvenu*; his reply was: "Vouz avez tort, il n'est pas parvenu, il est arrivé."

Wednesday, 9*th.*—There are two young ladies here, daughters of Lord ——; pretty girls, but remarkable for their dress, which leaves their necks and ankles very much exposed. A man of wit

remarked the other night that "Les robes de ces demoiselles ressemblent à un mauvais jour d'hiver qui commence trop tard et finit trop tôt."

Clanricarde goes to London to-morrow. He dines frequently with the Duke of Orleans, who, with the Duc de Némours, took him yesterday on a shooting party to the woods at St. Germains, where they shot fourteen roebucks, and had very good sport.

Thursday, 10*th*.—The Prince of Saxe-Coburg, who is shortly to be married to the Queen of Portugal, arived here last night with his brother at the Elysée Bourbon.

Countess Bertrand, who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena, died on the 6th at the château de Laleux near Châteauroux. The news from Spain is very favourable to the cause of Don Carlos; the Christinos have been defeated on various occasions without any general engagement. On the other hand the new elections are going on, reinforcing the Movement party. Martinez de la Rosa and Torreno have been rejected, the former at Granada and the latter at Oviedo. Mendizabel is alarmed, and dreads the spirit of the new Chambers. The Spanish funds are falling daily here and in London.

Friday, 11*th*.—Lord Granville was highly pleased with the Government majority of 64 on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill in the Commons, and owned that it was far more than he expected.

A curious question was tried on Friday last before the Tribunal de première Instance, which involved considerable interests. The facts of the trial originate in that period when Napoleon was anxious to

create a new nobility round his throne, and to recompense the services of his military associates by the most splendid donations. The following is a letter written by him to the Prince of Neufchâtel, (Berthier), 23. September, 1807 : —

"Mon Cousin,— Vous trouverez ci-jointe une lettre au Ministre des Finances, par laquelle je lui ordonne de mettre une somme de onze millions à votre disposition, sur les fonds appartenant à la grande armée, et qui sont déposés à la caisse d'amortissement.

"Vous garderez un million pour vous, que vous prendrez moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l'état, au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs. Vous donnerez 600,000f., moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l'état, au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs, aux maréchaux Ney, Davoust, Soult et Bessières ; et 400,000f., moitié en argent, moitié en rentes, au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs, aux maréchaux Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Mortier et Victor. Vous ferez connaître à chacun de ces maréchaux, que les rentes sur l'état doivent être réunis aux autres biens, et faire partie du fief, que je vais établir en leur faveur, et qu'ainsi ils ne peuvent aliéner ces rentes ; que quant à la somme qui leur est donné en argent, ils doivent l'employer à se procurer un hôtel à Paris, qui doit être également compris dans le fief que nous érigerons en leur faveur, étant nécessaire que les possesseurs de grands fiefs aient un hôtel à Paris: il faudra donc qu'ils vous fassent connaître l'hôtel qu'ils auront acheté, et dès ce moment ils ne pourront ni le vendre ni l'aliéner.

Vous ferez connâitre au Maréchal Lannes, qu'il est nécessaire, que sur les fonds de la grande armée que je lui ai donnés, il se procure un hôtel à Paris, qu'il ne pourra plus aliéner. Vous donnerez 200,000f. à chacun des généraux, dont la liste est ci-jointe; cette somme leur sera donnée, moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l'état au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq francs, et il faut qu'ils aient un hôtel à Paris, ou dans un chef-lieu de département; cette maison sera inaliénable, et fera partie du fief que je vais ériger en leur faveur. Il faudra que vous vous arrangiez avec le ministre des finances pour prendre à la caisse d'amortissement, partie de ces onze millions en argent, et partie en rentes au cours de quatre-vingt-cinq. Cette lettre n'étant pas à autre fin, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte et divine garde.

" NAPOLÉON.

" Fontainebleau, 23. Septembre, 1807."

The mandates in this letter were duly executed, and the General Belliard, who was comprised in the list, received for his share 5882f. rental on the great book, and a sum of 100,000f. ready money, to be employed as above. On the 12th of January, 1812, the Emperor directed the Intendant-général to verify the employment made of these different donations, who in consequence addressed a circular to that effect to all those who had partaken of the eleven millions. The following was the reply of General Belliard:—

" The 100,000f. in money which his Majesty had the goodness to give me not being sufficient for

the purchase of an hotel at Paris, I employed them in part payment on a small estate in Poitou. I have given orders for the sale of the property, and as soon as the money is realised I will deposit the 100,000f. with my agent in Paris, till such times as I can invest that sum conformably to the wishes of the emperor.

This investment never took place; the disasters of 1814, which involved the ruin of Napoleon, suspended also the execution of the threats contained in the circular; and the restored government seemed disinclined to exact the penalty, till a royal ordinance in August, 1819, renewing the injunction, gave to the *donataires* the option of complying with the original order to purchase the hotels, but in the meantime to give security for the performance by a mortgage on their own property.

Thirteen years elapsed, and General Belliard died at Brussels in 1832, without heirs male, without having fulfilled his contract. The administrator of the public domains then proceeded against the estate as a claimant for the 100,000f. forfeited by the non-fulfilment of the conditions.

After long pleadings between the counsel, the tribunal has at last decreed that the 100,000f. shall be restored to the government out of the proceeds of the general's estate, in common with the other creditors.

M. ——, who has long been the disciple of M. de Talleyrand, has at times been on terms of coolness with his master from some momentary pique. On one of these occasions he met the prince near the Tuileries, and passed him without an acknowledg-

ment. Some one who was present remarked to Talleyrand, that M. —— had passed without making him a bow: "Ah!" said he, "c'est qu'apparemment je l'ai mal élevé."

Thursday, 17*th*. — At dinner at Mr. Lyon's they talked of the debate on Spanish affairs in the House of Lords on Monday, where the Marquis of Londonderry not only attacked the present Government, but implicated in his comments that of the Duke of Wellington, who replied to him with some severity, which shows the schism that exists in the Conservative camp. A letter which I received this morning from a staunch Tory runs thus: "Everything here in the way of politics is gloomy enough. The Conservatives are of *two* minds, and I apprehend that Easter will not pass without hostilities being declared between the *factions*."

Friday, 18*th*. — The following anecdote is characteristic. An English family, Mr. and Mrs. M——, not much accustomed to good society at home, but possessed of a good fortune, established themselves some years back in the faubourg St. Germain, opened their house, and by degrees collected a number of their titled neighbours. Within the last two years Madame de C——, one of their habituées, began to give balls, and it was observed that she from that moment deserted Mrs. M——'s assemblies. She did not hesitate to avow it, saying, "Tant que je ne donnais rien, j'allais voir mes amis chez Madame M——, mais maintenant, comme je ne pourrais pas recevoir cette dame chez moi, je ne vais plus chez elle."

Monday, 21*st*.—I went this morning with Yarmouth to look at his new purchase of Bagatelle, where he is repairing and improving the whole domain. He is building a range of greenhouses on the model of those at Chiswick, and adding to the plantations. There is a large steam-engine which supplies the house, the offices, the ponds, and cascades with water from the Seine; and the whole premises are so undermined with arteries of leaden pipes, in which the metal (as in those times) was so prodigally used, and is now so valuable, that it in some measure accounts for the anxiety the company called the Bande noire had to make the purchase. The dry rot has unfortunately made its way into the house, and it has become necessary to lay down new floorings in all the rooms, both below and above, which is the more to be regretted, as it must injure the beautiful painted ceilings of the principal apartments. We detected some remains of the fresco paintings in the boudoir, which were done by the orders of the Comte d'Artois, and form a great contrast to the present devout habits of Charles X. When completely restored by the present proprietor, it will be the most beautiful fairy retreat in France, at only a quarter of an hour's drive from the capital.

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Tuesday, 22*nd*.—"M. Thiers ne quitte pas M. de Talleyrand. Partout on les voit ensemble. Pour ceux qui connoissent la tournure de M. de Talleyrand, vieux outre mésure, coiffé de cheveux, qui le couvrent comme ferait un bonnet de femme, enveloppé d'une vaste cravate, et tout ebourriffé de

dentelles, en manchettes, et en gabots, pour ceux qui ont vu l'allure gamine de M. Thiers, le mot que nous allons citer, resume d'une manière vivante l'association perpétuelle de ces deux hommes. On dit que M. de Talleyrand est la bonne de M. Thiers."

I was in Paris in April 1814, and saw the entry of the Bourbons. The Comte d'Artois preceded Louis XVIII., and held a *levee* at the Tuileries shortly after his arrival. Lord Castlereagh presented the few English then in Paris; and the prince, when he addressed us, said: "Jamais, messieurs, je n'oublierai l'accueil que j'ai reçu chez vous." On turning to the French by whom he was surrounded, he said: "Messieurs, il n'y a rien de changé, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus."

Some years afterwards this speech was bitterly parodied on the arrival of the famous *giraffe*, which, from its size and novelty, created so much sensation in Paris. A print representing this stupendous animal appeared on the Boulevards, under which was written: "Il n'y a rien de changé, il n'y a qu'une bête de plus."

In those days the caricatures on the Bourbons were of the most offensive nature. I remember one on Louis XVIII., in the act of making a low bow, and presenting his hind front, which from his size, gave very much the appearance of the hind quarters of a retiring hog. Underneath was written, "Gros cochon élevé en Angleterre, acheté pour dix-huit Louis, qui ne vaut pas un Napoléon."

Wednesday, 23*rd*.—The application to this go-

vernment from the British Cabinet to effect a military intervention in Spain, according to the spirit of the Quadruple Treaty, has been decidedly refused. Talleyrand says that in concocting this treaty when in England, he never contemplated any serious movement from it. This Flahault asserted to me this morning, as we were walking together in the Champs Elysées. This refusal to intervene in Spain will cause the English Cabinet to give up the idea also. One of the difficulties of the Quadruple Treaty is that the two principal powers in it are so actuated by the spirit of rivalry that both are obliged to resign themselves to a state of inactivity. This was the case in the Belgian question; it is now taking place in the Spanish, and will also occur in the Turkish whenever the time for action arrives. In the meantime the three continental powers act simultaneously and energetically; they have together taken possession of the principality of Cracow without any reference to the others. *Ils laissent penser les autres, et les autres les laissent faire.*

Friday, 25th. — At dinner at Lord and Lady Belfast's the conversation fell upon one of the most impudent hoaxes on the public credulity that has lately appeared, in the shape of a book from America, pretending to state the discoveries lately made by Mr. Herschel in the moon, from his observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, where he has been residing for some months for the prosecution of his nocturnal studies in that hemisphere. It pretends to detail the most minute remarks on the inhabitants of that planet, as well as the geography of its surface;

and though the fiction was self-evident, it soon became the subject of public attention and gossip. It now appears that the author is a M. Nicolet, a Frenchman by birth, but settled in the United States, who has made a profitable speculation by his ingenious deceptions.

M. Arago announced last week to the Academy, that Mr. Herschel had informed the Royal Society of London that, on the night of the 14th of September last, he had discovered at the Cape four new luminous bodies of vast size; on which the secretary very innocently observed that, if Mr. Herschel had really made the absurd discoveries in the moon which were imputed to him, he would doubtless have imparted them to that learned body, instead of committing them to the American press.

Sunday, 27th.—M. Thiers has carried the votes for the secret service money by a large majority, which was a severe trial of strength. There is in the masses of this country a great principle of submission to the *powers that be*, which originates in a dread of tumults and public disorders, likely to endanger not so much the tranquillity as the property of the country.

The tribunals have been occupied by the pleadings of the Duchesse d'O—— against her husband, for a divorce. She has been deserted by the Duke, who has retired to the island of Guernsey, under a feigned name, with an Antigone, whom he presents everywhere as his wife, and to whom he is entirely devoted. The tribunal has pronounced the separation *de corps et de biens* in the first instance, which

will probably be resisted by the Duke. "Du choc contradictoire des opinions jaillit la lumière; il en nait aussi de *bonnes révélations.*"

A working engraver has just invented a machine by which the stocks of muskets may be formed in a few minutes, and by the most simple process, at a trifling cost. The Government has given 300,000f. for the invention.

Tuesday, 29th.—A new trial has begun before the Court of Assize, for an attempt to assassinate the King on his road to Neuilly last year, in which, among others, Boireau, the accomplice of Fieschi, is implicated.

A *piqueur*, who attends the King's equipages when he takes a drive, told me the other day that all his carriages are now lined with plates of cast iron.

Dr. Bowring is arrived in Paris, with two engineers, as a deputation for the purpose of obtaining the co-operation of this government, in a plan for uniting the three capitals of England, France, and Belgium, by a grand railroad. When accomplished, the journey to London will be performed in thirteen and a half hours from Paris, in eleven and a half from Brussels, and from Paris to Brussels in seven hours.

As an instance of the levelling system now established in England, Mr. John Gully, originally a common prizefighter in the ring, then a regular frequenter of Newmarket,—in which capacity he realised a large fortune, and from thence became M.P. for Pontefract,—was last Wednesday presented by

Lord Morpeth at the *levee*, and was actually at the Queen's drawing-room on the following day.

An attempt was made a few years back to establish in Paris a fire insurance company, being the only establishment of that description; the capital was considerable, and divided in shares of 5000f. each. So great has been the success that a dividend was declared yesterday of fourteen francs; the proprietors have not been called upon to make any deposit on their shares, which are now selling in the market at sixty-four premium.

Wednesday, 30*th*.—The arrival and presence of the King of Bavaria in Greece, instead of healing the wounds of faction, appears to have increased the disorder. The chiefs of Western Greece are in open rebellion; and the permanency of the new throne of Otho becomes daily more problematical.

Thursday, 31*st*. — In the present low ebb of French poetry, some sensation has been created in the literary world by an epic poem, which has lately appeared, from the pen of M. Edgard Quinet. The subject and the title is Napoléon; and considerable genius is displayed in portraying the events as well as the national feelings of that period. The following quotation from the Invasion of the Allies in 1814, will give some idea of the strain in which the subject is handled:—

> Malheur! ils sont entrés, comme fait la tempête,
> Sous le toit des héros, sans incliner la tête;
> Ils ont foulé sans peur le banc et l'escalier,
> Sans peur ils ont souillé la porte et le foyer;
> Sans peur, ils ont aussi vidé jusqu'à la lie,
> Toute coupe d'orgueil sur la table remplie.

Malheur ! malheur ! ils ont rompu le pain des morts ;
Ils ont rompu le glaive, et la lance des forts ;
Pour ombrager leur tête, ils ont cueilli sans gloire
Sur l'arbre des héros, un rameau de victoire ;
Et voyant sur son banc la veuve tout en deuil,
Ils ont ri de la tombe, et moqué le cercueil.

Malheur ! malheur ! malheur ! voilà qu'un grand royaume
Se sèche sous leurs pieds ainsi qu'un brin de chaume.
Sur l'argile et le roc, sur le mont et le ravin,
Sur les prés odorans, sur le sable et l'airain,
Sur la rive et le flot, sur l'herbe, sur sa tige,
Les pas de l'étranger ont laissé leur vestige.

Demain l'herbe croîtra, demain le flot plus pur
Oublira son limon dans son lit tout d'azur,
Demain le rossignol chantera sous les saules,
Demain reverdira le vieux chêne des Gaules.
Mais demain ni jamais les pas de l'étranger
Ne pourront sur le roc s'effacer ni changer.

Désespoir ! désespoir ! en tous lieux à toute heure,
N'avoir plus sous son toit ni place, ni demeure,
Ni couche, ni festin, ni feu, ni loi, ni droit,
A la face du monde être montré du doigt.
Muet sans noms, sans chefs, dépouillés par le faite,
Ainsi qu'un grand cadavre à qui manque la tête.

Trouver partout son maître au bout de son sentier
Le retrouver encore auprès de son foyer !
Sur son banc, à sa table, en son lit adultère,
Et ne pouvoir parler, et ne pouvoir se taire !
N'avoir plus d'un état que le pâle semblant
Etre une ombre, en effet, qui s'efface en tremblant !

L'ombre d'un peuple mort, moins que cela peut-être,
Une fable, un jouet, pour amuser son maître,
Un vieux conte oublié, qu'apprennent les enfans!
Vivants, être rayés du nombre des vivants,
Comme un mot, par hasard, mal écrit sur le sable !
C'est là, c'est là, la plaie immense, inguérissable !

There are some other cantos which evince considerable genius, particularly that of the *Anathema:* the last concludes with a violent abuse of England for her conduct to the hero at St. Helena, in which the author forgets to contrast the necessary surveillance of an enemy on the one side with the cowardly desertion of a benefactor on the other.

Friday, April 1st. — Good Friday. Cold rainy weather, to the great annoyance of the promenaders to Long Champs.

Saturday, 2nd.—It is now reported that on the first of May (the King's *fête*) the sentence of the prisoners at Ham will be commuted into that of banishment.

As soon as it was known at Madrid that the French government had refused to send an army of intervention into Spain, the Queen publicly declared that the nation would not deign to permit any foreign interference, and that the government had sufficient means to quell the insurrection of the Carlists.

The Americans are in treaty with the government of Morocco to purchase a port in the Mediterranean, which is warmly supported by Russia. This tallies with Pozzo's hints in 1833.

I am also informed from a very good source, that Lord G—— has been ordered by the British government to feel the pulse of the French cabinet, as to the part they would be disposed to take with them in the event of a rupture with Russia: the reply is supposed to be as unsatisfactory as in the case of the intervention.

Sunday, 3*rd.*—Marshal Clausel is recalled from Algiers.

Tuesday, 5*th.*—The Spanish ministry has fallen into a curious dilemma as to the question of intervention. Scarcely had the official Gazette repelled with warmth all idea of foreign intervention, when intelligence is received that the British squadron stationed on the coast has received orders to afford its support to the Queen's troops in all their operations. The ministry, perhaps, will now say that such a co-operation is not an intervention. This overt act of the English government in Spain has followed so quickly on the refusal of intervention here, that Lord Palmerston must have anticipated a very different reply from hence, and can only have acted on a supposition that the French would have obeyed his summons to march.

Wednesday, 6*th.*—The ministers have proposed a tax of 15f. per 100 kilogrammes on beet-root sugar, which has excited great discontent among the agricultural interest in France, as this essay of the time of Napoleon has risen into a very extensive and profitable system of culture within late years, to the detriment of the colonial interest.

Friday, 8*th.*—Lord Cathcart and two bishops are just dead, which places a regiment of Horse Guards and two episcopal sees at the disposal of the Government.

Tuesday, 12*th.* — Croker arrived this morning from London. Lowther, who was at dinner at Lord Hertford's, said Lord Palmerston had sent in a fresh note to the French government, in the name of Eng-

land and the three powers of the Quadruple Alliance, relative to the expulsion of Don Carlos from Spain.

Wednesday, 13*th*.—The equestrian statue of King William III., on the College Green, Dublin, was blown up on Thursday night, by gunpowder, by the Roman Catholic party. It will add fresh fuel to the exasperation which already exists in that excited and distracted country.

Saturday, 16*th*.—M. Thiers, the minister, formerly the republican, the editor of the "National," gave a grand dinner this week to the chief employés of the bank, in honour of his father-in-law, M. Dosne, who has been appointed governor. The following remark appears in the "Chronique:"—

"Le couvert était de cinquante personnes, fort mélangées comme à l'ordinaire; c'était, dit-on, un dernier remerciment pour l'élection de M. Dosne à la régence, rien de plus simple et de plus poli. Mais savez-vous, juste ciel, comment y a paru M. Thiers? Que va dire la révolution, que d'anathèmes jetés sur son fils chéri! pourra-t'on le croire: M. Thiers a paru au milieu des convives avec un énorme crachat aussi large qu'une assiette de sa vaisselle, et sur lequel étaient trois fleurs de lis! trois fleurs de lis! emblème séditieux, et puérilement effacé des vieilles armes de la Maison de France, par ordre de MM. Laffitte et Cie. Des fleurs de lis sur le cœur de M. Thiers!!

"Quel était donc cet ordre? Nous avons crû reconnaître l'ordre Espagnol de Charles III. Voilà M. Thiers dans les *ricos hombres*, sur le chemin de la grandesse, avec le Duc de Wellington, les Mont-

morency, et les d'Havré. En vérité le pas est grand."

Sunday, 17*th*.—A grand Conservative dinner was given on Thursday at Covent Garden Theatre, which was attended by above 1300 gentlemen of rank, opulence, and respectability.

Sir Robert Peel did not attend, having received a pressing entreaty from Lord John Russell to attend the debate that evening in the House of Commons on the abolition of military punishment, which was opposed by the Government, and defeated by a majority of 117. Thus the Whigs look to the Tories for succour against their own supporters.

Tuesday, 19*th*.—The Countess de Souza, author of Adèle de Senanges, and other novels, died here three days ago at the age of seventy-six. She was the mother of Count Flahault by her first husband, and of Count Villa Real by her second.

Wednesday, 20*th*.—The trial of the clerk in the post-office, for the murder of Cazes, the young man who some months ago was stabbed in the Avenue de Neuilly, and took refuge in an omnibus, has lasted several days, and has just terminated in the following verdict:—Guilty of forgery and subtraction of letters from the post, but not of the murder. The sentence is seven years' forced labour at the hulks, pillory, and a fine of 100 f.

There can be no doubt of the victim having perished by his hand; a poniard in his possession tallied with the wounds, and he was employed by the clerk to negotiate the stolen bills; but the act was committed on a dark night in the open road,

which facilitated the escape of the murderer, and, unfortunately for the ends of justice, the dying man expired before he could declare the name of his assassin.

I went with Belfast to the Français to see Victor Hugo's tragedy of Angelo,—a thrilling horror, but marked with the stamp of genius.

Thursday, 21*st*.—This new visit of Mr. Edward Ellis to Paris is a private mission to induce the French government to send an armed force into Spain. Hitherto all attempts have been unsuccessful; but yesterday a formal communication was made to the Cabinet of the Tuileries, that the English government had come to the resolution of intervening itself as an active armed power. A council of ministers was immediately assembled; but the result of their decision has not yet transpired. Thus is England, under rulers who profess their ardent desire for peace and their respect for the independence of nations, about to interfere in the most aggravated manner in the internal affairs of a foreign country.

The other day, at a feast near the Place Maubert, a quarrel arose among the guests, when a shoemaker in anger struck a woman in the presence of her son, a boy of about ten years old. The lad in a moment of passion seized a knife, and wounded the shoemaker so severely that he fell bathed in blood, and his life is despaired of. A commissary of police was called, and the boy was committed to prison. On being asked how he came to be guilty of such a crime, he said, "Ma foi! il a battu ma mère; la moutarde m'est montée au nez, et je l'ai frappé."

Friday, 22*nd*. — It is well known that the American government has been for a long time endeavouring to prevail on the Emperor of Morocco to concede to it a point on the coast of Tetuan, in the Straits of Gibraltar, having a bay commanded by heights which may be easily put in a state of defence; and thus the United States would gain a footing in the Mediterranean. This negotiation has made great progress; and the French and English consuls have now received instructions from their respective governments to remonstrate with the Emperor on the subject. We shall see what will be the success!

The wounded shoemaker has been carried to the Hôtel Dieu, and lies in great danger. His youthful assassin is *un vrai type* of what is here called "le gamin de Paris,"—a species of precocious profligacy known in no other country, but abounding in the streets of this capital. Reckless and ready for any mischief, these juvenile bandits, treating crime as a frolic, and vice as a pastime, became prominent features in the massacres of the Revolution in 1830. They glided under the bellies of the horses, and murdered the unsuspecting gendarmes while stationed at their posts; they fired at the troops from the windows as they passed; and many an officer, heedless from their youthful appearance, fell a victim to their treacherous audacity.

At dinner at Lord Lowther's, met amongst others General Solignac and M. de la Garde, who had gone through all the wars of the Revolution and the Empire — the former in the army, the latter as

military secretary — and had lived with all the prominent characters of those days. Many anecdotes were related of Junot, Moncey, and other marshals, not all of the most creditable description. The former appears to have been throughout a madman, and, though constantly favoured by Napoleon, to have been utterly incapable as a General. When made Governor of the Illyrian provinces, he one morning surprised the whole population by appearing in the Great Square before his palace on a pedestal, mounted on his charger unsaddled, unbridled, with a single *filet*, himself naked as he was born and personifying an equestrian statue. The police advanced to stop this scandalous exhibition, and to their astonishment found that it was the Général-en-chef. His end, which is not detailed in the Memoirs of the Duchess his wife, was characteristic of his life; in a fit of frenzy he cut his throat, and then precipitated himself from the window into the street.

Saturday, 23*rd*. — Thirty Poles who had been residing here for some time have been ordered by Government to quit Paris, at the instance of the Russian Ambassador; and at the same time some partisans of Don Carlos, going to Spain, have been arrested on the frontier, at the instigation of England. Here is the same cabinet persecuting Liberals and Carlists at the same moment.

The celebrated Bishop of Leon is one of the *détenus*. He was bearer of a large sum in gold for Don Carlos, who had named him to the rich see of Toledo; and as the Pope had ratified this inves-

titure, his Holiness has placed himself in direct collision with the Court of Madrid.

Sunday, 24*th*.—Met at dinner at Ball Hughes's young Mr. Long Wellesley, who has succeeded to a large fortune notwithstanding the prodigalities of his father.

Thursday, 28*th*.—Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, after a short stay in England, arrived on the 8th instant at Lisbon, and on the following morning was married to the young Queen Donna Maria da Gloria —a girl of seventeen, maid, wife, widow, and wife again in the course of one year: the bridegroom is only nineteen himself. A continued *assaut de plaisanterie* between Yarmouth and Madame A. de V——, at dinner at the Belfasts', as good as a comedy.

Friday, 29*th*.—The Dukes of Orleans and Nemours are about to make a tour in Germany: they attend the reviews at Berlin, and visit the Austrian capital by *invitation*, where it is hoped that a marriage may be arranged between the heir to the throne of July and a daughter of the Archduke Rainier. Should this fond hope of Louis-Philippe be realised, and a connection formed with the Legitimate families of Europe, the present alliance with England will gradually decrease, and the revolutionary projects of Lord Palmerston in the Peninsula be left to his sole management and responsibility.

The Peers have rejected the Irish Municipal Bill by a majority of 84. As soon as the news arrived, Ellice set off for London.

Saturday, 30*th*.—Another singular instance of

that cold-blooded mania for self-destruction which has been described in another example, took place here last Saturday. An artisan named Deal, thirty years of age, by profession a turner, and not unsuccessful in his trade, was seized with a disgust for life. Having made up his mind to destroy himself he became suddenly another man. From a state of despondency and low spirits, he became gay, jocular, and publicly announced that he was on the point of taking a journey which would radically cure all his late mental infirmities. On that day he dismissed his apprentice, telling him to convey on the following morning certain letters to his friends which he would find in the workshop. Great surprise was created in those individuals when, on reading their letters, they found that he announced to them his determination of visiting the other world, in order that he might ascertain the truth of all that he had heard on that subject. Though unwilling to credit so strange an assertion, they imparted their suspicions to the Commissaire de Police, and with him hastened to the spot. On breaking open the door, Deal was found sitting on a chair in the attitude of one asleep, his head reclined on a table before him, on which were also placed a watch, an inkstand, a lamp, a candle extinguished, and at his feet a pen, which seemed to have dropped from his hand. Two large tubs, containing a quantity of cinders, and some half-consumed charcoal were in the room, every aperture to which was carefully stopped up. On raising up the corpse of Deal, a paper was discovered on which the wretched man

had described minute after minute the gradual progress of his lingering agony.

He begins first by an explanation of his religious tenets, and adds that he has taken every precaution that his death may produce no sort of embarrassment to his friends. He then goes on to say:—

"J'ai pensé qu'il serait utile de faire connaître, dans l'intérêt de la science, quels étaient les effets du charbon sur l'homme. D'ailleurs je veux prouver que ma mort est un acte de ma propre volonté, exécuté de sang-froid, et non dans un moment de folie."

Further he continues:—

"J'ai été dérangé plusieurs fois. Au diable les importuns! ils ne peuvent même pas laisser mourir les gens tranquillement. C'est égal; j'allume mes fourneaux et place sur la table ma lampe et ma chandelle, ainsi que ma montre, et je commence aussitôt la cérémonie. Il est dix heures quinze minutes. Les charbons s'allument difficilement, j'ai cependant mis sur chacun des fourneaux un tuyau qui doit aider l'action du feu.

"A dix heures vingt minutes: les tuyaux tombent, je les relève; cela ne va pas à mon idée. Ils retombent encore; je les replace de nouveau: cela va mieux. Le pouls est calme, et ne bat pas plus qu'à l'ordinaire. Dix heures trente minutes. Une vapeur épaisse se répand peu-à-peu dans la chambre. Ma chandelle paraît prête à s'éteindre; la lampe va mieux. Je commence à avoir un violent mal de tête, mes yeux se remplissent de larmes. Je ressens un malaise général; j'éprouve quelque soulagement à me boucher le nez avec un mouchoir: le pouls est agité.

"Dix heures quarante minutes. Ma chandelle est éteinte, la lampe brûle; les tempes me battent comme si les veines voulaient se rompre. J'ai envie de dormir. Je souffre horriblement de l'estomac. Le pouls donne quatre-vingt pulsations dans une minute.

"Dix heures cinquante minutes. J'étouffe. Des idées étranges se présentent à mon esprit. Je puis à peine respirer. Je n'irai pas loin, j'ai des symptômes de folie."

Ici, il confond l'heure avec les minutes.

"Dix heures soixante minutes. Je ne puis presque plus écrire; ma vue se trouble. Ma lampe s'éteint, je ne croyais pas qu'on dût autant souffrir pour mourir.

"Dix heures soixante-deux minutes." Here are some illegible characters traced by Deal, and it is probable that with the last gleam of his lamp the life of the wretched man was extinguished.

The genuineness of this paper is beyond all doubt, as the Commissaire de Police, who broke into the room, made out his *procès verbal* on the spot; and what a picture does it present of cold-blooded infatuation! Intent on dying, and not one single reflection on the awful scene to which he was so rashly hurrying! The symptoms are so detailed to the last, that it almost appears like a narrative from the tomb; but it is evident that this species of suicide, so often adopted in this country, is one of a most painful description.

Sunday, May 1*st.*—The *fête* of King Louis-Philippe cannot boast the smiles of heaven. The Champs Elysées swarm with theatres, shows, con-

certs, *mats de cocagne*, and distribution of prizes; but eager as the populace may be to enjoy the festival, a cold north-easterly wind and heavy showers of hail and rain damp their ardour and thin the ranks of spectators. At four o'clock the rain began to pour, and went on incessantly during the whole night. A grand display of fireworks, which was prepared on the Place de la Concorde, was half extinguished by the wet long before it was burnt out.

The party at Greffulhe's to-day at dinner consisted of Madame de Girardin, the two old De l'Aigles, young M. and Madame de l'Aigle, who was Miss Sartoris, Walewski, and Arthur Upton.

Monday, 2*nd*.—I have read lately a poem by Victor Hugo, called "Les Chants du Crepuscule," which evinces considerable genius; the ideas are chiefly political, and always reverting, like the poetry of Béranger, to the recollection of Napoleon and the Revolution. The verses form a continuation to "Les Feuilles d'Automne," published by the same author in 1832, in which I have always remembered the following beautiful lines:—

"Oh rois, veillez, veillez, tâchez d'avoir regné;
Ne nous reprenez pas ce qu'on avait gagné,
Ne faites pas du poids d'une bride rebelle
Cabrer la liberté qui vous porte avec elle.
Soyez de votre temps, écoutez ce qu'on dit,
Et tâchez d'être grand, car le peuple *grandit*."

In those two last lines is comprised *l'histoire de*

notre siècle—the system of reaction. The tide of monarchs has reached its point, and the ebb of the people is established,—not a gradual receding proportioned to the advance, but a mighty rushing backward of the waters to the deep, which, if not arrested in their course, may leave only a barren sand exposed to view.

It is said that the new Prince of Portugal, who has been refused by the Cortes the appointment of commander-in-chief of the army, has insisted on having this dignity, saying, "I am not come to Portugal to play a ridiculous part; I will be commander of the army, or I will take my departure." It is supposed that a change of ministry will take place, accordant with the wishes of the Prince.

Wednesday, 4th.—The exhibition of the Louvre closed on Saturday; there were few pictures of any celebrity or value. The four battle pieces which we saw in the studio of Horace Vernet, in the summer, at Versailles, and a picture of Neapolitan fishermen by Robert, all in the first room, were the most remarkable in the whole exhibition. There were numerous portraits of all the *notorieties*, who, as in England, are delighted to appear on canvas: but much more pains seemed to have been bestowed on the muslins, silks, and shawls, which composed the dress, than on the individuals themselves. There were two or three large pictures of the Revolution of July, in which Lafayette and the heroes of that day are so prominent, that Louis-Philippe will probably soon consign them to the lumber room, while the victories of Vendôme and Louis XV. will be

sent as conspicuous ornaments to the Musée at Versailles. Everything now tends to old recollections; revolution is a bugbear and *mauvais ton.* Old names, old furniture, old châteaux, old forms and ceremonies, old tapestry, old china, old plate, are now the rage even with the *nouveaux riches,* and, singular to say, it is English society that has brought about this wonderful change here. Sixteen years ago, when we were buying up with eagerness the buhl, the Sèvres, the bronzes, and other objects of taste, the French would ridicule our fancy for *vieilleries* and *rococo,* now they are collecting them with the greatest eagerness, and the prices are more than doubled.

Thursday, 5th.—This morning, soon after the post came in, I received a note from Belfast, to announce the death of his mother-in-law, Lady Glengall, who died on Monday, in London, of an affection of the heart, very suddenly. She was seventy years old, but active and looking young to the last. She had a masculine mind, and was an excellent woman of business; constantly at work to benefit the Irish property of the family, which, notwithstanding all her exertions, was perhaps the worst managed in the whole country. When young she was a celebrated beauty, who with her cousin Lady Clare and Lady Deny, were cited as the reigning toasts in Dublin, before the Union had broken up all the fashionable associations in the Irish capital. She was then Lady Cahir, an adept in all exercises, a great dancer, horsewoman, and skater, for which her slim graceful figure was ad-

mirably adapted. From my long and lasting intimacy with her son, I have lived a great deal in her society and long enjoyed her friendship, the loss of which I must always regret.

Saturday, 7*th.*—It was said at Mr. Lyons's, where I dined with Wiltshire and Scrope Davies, that the letters from England mention the rise and inundations of the Thames at London, while the Seine here has been committing the same ravages.

Sunday, 8*th.*—I received a letter from Lord Hertford this morning, in which he says:—

"I believe Lord M—— is going out—*love* the ostensible, O'Connell's demands the real cause. Lord M—— might take every man's wife and make every atheist a bishop, and still be minister; but if, as they say, O'Connell insists on some secret clauses and is supported by part of the Cabinet, it breaks up. The King is said to have refused the proposal of Lord J. Russell for Premier. All this gathers probability from the extension of the Whitsun adjournment to ten instead of three days."

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Monday, 9*th.*—The picture at the exhibition representing the Adriatic fishermen was the production of a very promising artist, named Leopold Robert, who was passing some time in Italy, engaged in the study of the arts. He met with great success at Venice, where he was received in a very flattering manner, and much noticed in society. Some disappointment in love suddenly gave him a disgust for life, and he terminated his own existence

last year, at the age of thirty-eight, in the midst of a fortunate career, and regretted by his friends.

"Qu'est-ce donc que ce monde où nul ne peut plus vivre,
Quel vertige est dans l'air ? Quel poison nous enivre ?
Où courons-nous ? mon Dieu, vous le savez là-haut,
Votre soleil à vous est toujours jeune et chaud,
Votre ciel toujours pur, vos forêts toujours vertes,
Mais nos âmes à nous sont froides et désertes,
Car nous ne croyons plus, et s'il nous reste encore
Un Dieu que nous puissions aimer,—ce Dieu, c'est l'Or."

Wednesday, 11*th*.—A new piece has just been produced at the Gymnase Theatre, called "Moiroud et Compagnie." It is not otherwise worthy of notice than for the concise critique upon it, which appears in the "Chronique :"—

"Prenez la *Femme à deux Maris*, jetez-y *l'Homme gris*, assaissonnez ce mélange avec une dose eventée du Chrysale des *Femmes savantes*, et servez froid : vous aurez 'Moiroud et Cie.'"

At the Palais Royal, "La Marquise de Prétintaille," taken from Béranger, is inimitably acted by Mademoiselle Dejazet.

The Prince of Orange and his two sons arrived in London on the 6th instant.

Thursday, 12*th*.—Whatever may be the opinion of Louis-Philippe's character, he certainly has played his cards well, and for the present completely cowed this turbulent nation : never was the country so quiet from one end to the other. The Carlists still keep aloof, but the Republicans are extinguished. Having thus made his fortune, like every other parvenu, he wishes to get into good society ; having

gained all he could from England, he is now fast veering round towards the legitimate powers of Europe, and ready to make any sacrifice for admission into the family of kings: his energy has been generally appreciated abroad. The other day the Duke of Wellington wrote to Lady Charlotte Greville, "I wish that Louis-Philippe would come over and govern this country for six months, it would be better for all of us."

Friday, 13*th*.—During the reign of the Directory Monsieur de Talleyrand, who was lately arrived from America, and was almost indebted to Madame de Staël for his subsistence at the time, was walking one morning in the Garden of the Luxembourg, when he met an old friend, the Comte de Jaucourt, who had lost all his property by the Revolution, but cautiously avoided any connection with it. Judging by himself that Monsieur de Jaucourt was anxious to better his fortunes under the new *régime*, Talleyrand accosted him by saying "Qu'est-ce que vous comptez de faire pour le moment." "Moi!" said the other, "je vais comme toujours, où me conduit la Providence." Talleyrand shrugged up his shoulders, and said with a sarcastic smile, "Je vous en fais mon compliment sincere, suivez la toujours; c'est une bonne femme, qui ne va pas vite, mais qui vous menera loin. Bonjour, bonjour!" and without giving time for a reply he hurried into the court of the Luxembourg.

Two days afterwards the citizen Talleyrand was proclaimed Minister for Foreign Affairs, which was the first step to his future grandeur. He employed the short time he remained in office diligently in

recruiting his shattered finances, but his wary prudence soon foresaw the brewing storm, and he took speedy care to make himself disposable by resigning his situation shortly before the 18th Brumaire brought on the Consular system.

In this interval of his apparent retirement from politics, he was again met by the same individual, who then retorted upon him his own question, "Qu'est-ce que vous comptez de faire?" He replied with his usual *sang-froid*, "Moi! je ne fais rien, j'attends!" That sentence comprises his whole conduct; he is *l'homme de la politique expectante.*

In this case, as in many others which followed, he had not long to wait, for Bonaparte Consul soon replaced him in his appointment, and Bonaparte Emperor in others and better.

Sunday, 15th.—An eclipse of the sun, visible to the naked eye, which lasted nearly two hours, and reduced the sun to the shape of a crescent: during this time the daylight was dim, and the air became perceptibly colder than in the morning.

The old church of the Augustins, called Les petits Augustins, which was falling into ruins, has been transformed into a large gallery for plaster models of the finest works of antiquity, in statues, bas-reliefs, and fragments of architecture, which have been brought from Italy. Moulds of the Elgin Marbles from the British Museum are also preparing in England for the same purpose.

Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, the dramatist, the rival of Victor Hugo on the French stage, who could be little suspected of bigotry, has lately paid

a visit to Rome, where he had an audience of the Pope: nothing could be more natural than such a presentation, but the sequel is rather more curious. His Holiness took this opportunity of conferring on the distinguished dramatist, it is supposed in admiration of his works, a Bull for his private use. "Cette bulle permet à Monsieur Dumas l'usage de la viande les mercredis des quatre temps."

Tuesday, 17*th*. — The following story was told this evening at Madame de Flahault's:—

The director of a horticultural journal in Paris, anxious to increase the list of his subscribers, announced to them a prize of 5000 francs for the finest tulip which might be produced at the end of six months. The inducement of gaining such a sum, filled the list of his *abonnés* immediately, but when the period arrived for adjudging the prize, great was the dilemma of the editor, on seeing his hall filled with tulips and candidates. He lost no time in running to a friend, obtained from him a receipt for the offered reward, and showed it to the assembled amateurs, who repaired to the successful candidate in order to compare their productions with his. The friend, finding himself in a scrape, sends his servant to the *Quai aux fleurs* to purchase a tulip, which cost three francs, and exhibits it to the crowd, with such encomiums on its pretended beauties that they become confounded, and, wishing to conceal their ignorance, join in admiration of it. It is fortunate for the plot that they were not *Dutchmen*.

The French Princes have been received with great distinction at the Court of Berlin.

M. T——s has been engaged in some unpleasant discussions with the Chamber of Deputies, on the expenses of the Public Works, which have subjected him to some severe remarks, although he carried a majority with him. M. de T——d, his patron, is said to have consoled him with the following words:

" Savez-vous bien, mon cher, que j'ai été l'homme le plus moralement discrédité qui existe en Europe, depuis quarante ans, et j'ai été toujours tout puissant dans le pouvoir, où à la veille d'y entrer."

It is a dreadful satire on the times, but it may be urged, to the honour of the Restoration, that there was an interval of fifteen years in the power of M. de T——d, when the elder branch of the Bourbons dispensed with his services.

Thursday, 19*th*. — The Prince of Capua and Miss Pen. Smith were married last week at Gretna Green.

The telegraph announces a change of ministers at Madrid, and the Jew Mendizabel is replaced by M. Isturitz. Another shock for the Spanish funds.

Friday, 20*th*.—General Alava, who was at dinner at the embassy, talked in bad spirits of the fall of the ministry at Madrid; there was also of the party, General Allard, the son-in-law of Runjeet Singh, and prime minister of Lahore: he wore the European costume, with a long white beard like a goat; but he has an intelligent countenance.

Saturday, 21*st*. — The Irish Municipal Reform Bill has been wholesomely pruned by the Lords, and sent back to the Commons; and Mr. O'Connell has

published a scurrilous manifesto in Ireland, calling for a reorganisation of the Peerage.

The young King of Portugal has had an *attack* similar to that which carried off his predecessor, a swelling of the throat, but notwithstanding the Court insisted on his employing a Portuguese physician, he firmly insisted on following the advice of a German, whom he had brought with him, who prescribed compounds from his own medicine chest, which he administered with his own hand. The consequence of this was that he has since recovered.

Sunday, 22nd. — Lord Jersey's "Middletón" has won the Derby. This race has caused a melancholy catastophe — my old friend B —— y C —— n having lost a sum so much above his means of acquitting, that in a fit of desperation, he shot himself through the head on the following morning. Poor B —— ! Thus has an intimacy of forty-five years been dissolved. It began at Eton in 1791, where we lived under the roof of the same tutor, Dr. Roberts, and has lasted since during our career in the gay world, where he was a general favourite. He had had many reverses at play, and at one time retired for a season to this country, till his affairs got round; here he made acquaintance with a French woman, and, finding that he had still a power to make a settlement on his estate, notwithstanding his embarrassments, he from a worthy motive afterwards married her, in order to ensure to her a comfortable subsistence of 600*l.* a year after his death.

Edward Ellice was to sail on Friday last for New

York, giving up his friends (he says) as very *untractable.*

Monday, 23*rd.* — The Duchess of Buckingham died last week at Stowe, much regretted.

Wednesday, 25*th.*—A letter from Frankfort, dated the 16th, mentions that a discovery has been made to the Society of Sciences of an impelling power more forcible than gunpowder or steam. It is said to consist in a galvanic machine which will more than replace the steam-engine, without the danger or the expense attendant on the latter. Two sons of Lucien Bonaparte at Rome have been engaged in a fray; a body of the Pope's Carabiniers interfered, and the lieutenant commanding the party was shot; one of the brothers is imprisoned.

The coroner's inquest on the body of poor B—— brought in a verdict of mental derangement. All London seems horrified at the event. He had a very nice sense of honour himself, but was rather severe on those who from misfortunes were unable to meet their engagements. He was a great friend of the late Duke of York, and I remember the only time that I ever saw H. R. H. displeased with him was at a dinner at York House, when he used some very cutting expressions against Brummell and Alvanley, who were then abroad on account of pecuniary difficulties. The Duke then said: "I tell you what, Berkeley, all this may be true or not, but I cannot bear to hear them abused by one of their oldest friends." The poor Duke was one who never lost or deserted a friend.

Many years ago, Berkeley Craven and myself were sitting late after dinner at Brookes's, when the waiter came in and said that St. James's Palace was on fire. We all of course rushed down the street to the spot, where the flames soon got to an ungovernable height. It was then one in the morning; the crowd was very great. The Dukes of Cumberland, Cambridge, and Gloucester, were running about in every direction encouraging the firemen, and were very conspicuous. I then remarked to Berkeley what a pity it was that the Duke of York, who lived in the Stable Yard, should not have been apprized of it, and thus be the only one of the Royal Family absent. He said, I have no doubt he is at Fulham and knows nothing of it; let us go and tell him. We got into a hackney coach, and drove to —— immediately. It was some time before we could get admittance; but on giving in our names the message was carried up, and in five minutes the Duke, evidently much alarmed, received us, asking what the devil could have brought us there? On stating the case, he entered immediately into our feelings; said he should never forget the obligation; and no other conveyance being at hand got into the coach, and in half an hour afterwards was seen more prominent than any one else in extinguishing the flames.

I have just received a letter from my friend Lord Willoughby, in which he says: "The old aristocracy is exactly in the same predicament as the tribes of North American Indians; the tide of *pseudo*-improve-

ment is hemming them in and narrowing the circle of their influence, and will before long sweep them away, *mais en attendant ils s'amusent!*"

The simile is ominous, but I cannot help feeling that the aristocracy of England has too fast a hold on the real feelings of the country to be swept away by the clamour of the Radical party.

Thursday, 26*th*. — This morning I went with Greffulhe to see the gallery of Count Portales, among which were the two historical paintings, by De la Roche, of Richelieu and Mazarin. We also saw the identical drawings which adorned the boudoir of the Count d'Artois, at Bagatelle, before the great Revolution. They were of the grossest description.

Friday, 27*th*.—Isturitz, the new Spanish minister, has dissolved the Cortes, and Madrid is in a ferment.

Saturday, 28*th*. — William IV.'s birthday. A grand *déjeûner dansant* at the embassy, which lasted from two till twelve o'clock at night. There was a great profusion of comestibles, and the service, for the number of guests, at least 1000, conducted with wonderful regularity. Sir F. Lamb was there, and set out for Vienna immediately.

Monday, 30*th*.—On Saturday died, at his house in Belgrave Square, the Duke of Gordon, aged 66. The title becomes extinct; but the Earl of Aboyne succeeds to the Marquisate of Huntley: the Duke of Richmond gets 30,000*l*. a year, according to the will of the old Duke of Gordon, his maternal grandfather. The late Duke was a high-minded,

honourable man, a staunch Conservative, and his death may be considered a great public as well as private loss. In early life he had lived hard, as was the fashion in that day, and his constitution suffered by it. He was a friend of George IV. in his youth, at a time when the duchess his mother was the leader of the *ton* in London, and, by her broad jokes and her Scotch accent, a great promoter of conviviality. She was a matchmaker of the first order, and succeeded in marrying a string of daughters to the highest names in the peerage. Witness the Dukes of Richmond, Manchester, Bedford, Marquis Cornwallis, &c. Her daughter, Lady Georgina, was engaged to be married to the late Duke of Bedford, when an over exertion at tennis produced a rupture and mortification, of which he died in two days at Woburn. As soon as her daughter's mourning for her betrothed had expired (she mourned as a widow), the duchess married her to his brother and successor.

An old acquaintance, Mr. Tomline, is dead, after a few days' illness. He had an immense fortune left him by his father, Bishop Prettyman, of which he took great care.

I have lost an old and intimate friend this week in poor Charles H. Bouverie, who died of a paralytic affection. He was the son of Mr. and Lady Bridget Bouverie, by whom he was left a large fortune and the property of Betchworth, in Surrey. It all melted like snow before the sun at the gaming-table, and for the last ten years he has had little more than

a pittance of 300*l.* a year to live on. With the exception of this one fatal propensity, for which he so dearly paid in his lifetime, never was there a more sterling, honourable, and high-minded character: of him it might be said, that his word was better than his bond. In the course of his pecuniary distresses at one time, he wished to sell some property in Kent, which, though he was unmarried, was still entailed on any lawful issue he might have. He found a purchaser for it in Mr. Thornhill, who took no other security than his verbal promise that he would never marry. He was also a man of strong religious feelings, though weak in practice like many others; and well do I know the subsequent pain which this bond entailed upon him when serious scruples urged him to legalise his long-standing connection with the mother of his children. To me he has often confessed, with bitter anguish, how more severely than any other he lamented this last consequence of past imprudences.

In the hour of prosperity he was surrounded by friends; but I fear there are now few but William Howard and myself who will even give a sigh to his memory.

Travelling seems to be the rage with kings and princes. The King of Naples has set out on a foreign tour to various courts, it is said in search of a wife. In England there are already arrived the Prince of Orange and his two sons, the Duke of Brunswick, and two Princes of Saxe Cobnrg: they all attended a grand ball on Monday evening, given by the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace, per-

haps with the hope of interesting our future Queen, the Princess Victoria; indeed, as the Prince of Orange himself was formerly a candidate for the hand of the Princess Charlotte, it is not improbable that he has brought over his sons to England with that view; but here again he meets with the two nephews of the hated Leopold, of whom he is used to say, "Voilà un homme qui a pris ma femme et mon royaume."

Tuesday, 31*st*.—Lady E. Butler is to marry Mr. Pennefather, a son of the Irish judge. Two circumstances occurred at Lady Granville's *déjeûner* which may be cited as traits in the Parisian manners of the present day. The tables were laid for the company on the ground floor; but a dinner of twelve or fourteen covers was prepared in a drawing-room upstairs, away from the crowd, to which were invited Madame Appony, Madame de Lieven, and a few other intimate friends. Some gentlemen, it appears, took possession of the room as soon as the service was laid, and in a short time made such havoc with the dishes, that when the guests made their appearance, not only did they find their places occupied, but even the dessert, which consisted of some very fine hothouse fruit sent by the Duke of Devonshire from Chiswick for the occasion, nearly consumed, as well as the dinner.

At the close of the evening, when my daughter was waiting for the carriage in the ante-room, on a sofa with Miss Kinnaird, talking to Lord Yarmouth and the Duc de Richelieu, a Frenchman came up and requested her to move, as she was sitting on the corner of a lady's shawl of which he was in search;

she immediately complied, and, taking up the shawl herself to give it to him, a quantity of fine peaches, probably those from Chiswick, which had been secured as plunder, fell upon the sofa, to the great amusement of all the party.

Notwithstanding the apparent firmness of this throne, there are daily discoveries of plots and arrests, which prove that the leaven of discord is still at work. Yesterday a commissary of the police, with a strong brigade of gendarmes, seized a store of materials in balls and cartouches, to the amount of 200,000, in the Rue Dauphine; and, though the proprietor had absconded from the premises, they have traced out four or five who were implicated in the affair, and who prove to be all *étudians*.

The services of the National Guard in cases of tumult are incontestable, but the duties are irksome, and, when enforced with unnecessary rigour, create frequently much discontent. There are many tradesmen who take pleasure in playing *at soldiers*, who become corporals and sergeants in order to command their superiors, who do not covet this distinction, and often take this opportunity to persecute by their discipline those who hold a higher rank in society than themselves. This equalising system has bad results; it creates difficult positions, and makes the National Guard a source of private tyranny, whereas, particularly in peaceful times, it ought to be a service purely voluntary.

A letter from Constantinople mentions that an English gentleman, Mr. Churchill, who was out shooting birds, by chance wounded a Turkish boy

very slightly in the leg. The boy immediately gave the alarm; the Englishman was arrested, carried before a cadi, and received a bastinado on the soles of his feet, without any public trial. This summary mode of justice had been made the subject of a remonstrance from the English Ambassador to the Sultan.

Sunday, June 5th.—We went down to Versailles, to pass the day with the Duke and Duchess de Guiche, where we found Lord Ossulston. Talking of the late Duc de Berri, Guiche told me that he had a complete presentiment that he should be assassinated. Attached as he was to the household of the Dauphin, he had ample opportunities of seeing the Duke, and had often heard him express that opinion, which was so fixed that he would never take any precautions to avoid the danger, though he had repeated warnings given to him. One day M. de Guiche was travelling in a carriage with the two princes, when the Duc de Berri said to his brother, "The object of the revolutionary party is to cut off our race; one solitary murder of yourself would not answer the purpose; but I have a daughter, and may have other children, therefore I shall be marked out for destruction: I feel that the blow is inevitable, and am resigned to my fate."

I was in Paris myself at the time when this horrid assassination took place, and remember perfectly well the story which was then current in society, of a remarkable dream that happened to the Duke a few weeks before his death, which Guiche confirmed, and which may now be accounted for in some

measure by the forebodings which then preyed upon his mind, and the warnings which he had received.

The Duc de Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries, which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, and while he was admiring the beauties of the prospect, his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street, and presently there appeared a grand funeral procession, followed by a train of carriages, evidently indicating the last tribute paid to some deceased man of fortune and consequence. He turned round to one of the bystanders, and enquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made, that it was that of Mr. Greffulhe. In a short time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the château: this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor: it had every attribute of royalty,—the carriages, the guards, the servants, were such as could only be marshalled in honour of one of his own family. On putting the same question, he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by Mr. Greffulhe, at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and Mr. Greffulhe, who was not in a good state of health, attended his Royal Highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck with a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever and terminated his life in

a few days. Before a week had elapsed the knife of the assassin Louvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream.

The vision may be easily accounted for by the previous forebodings of the Duke, and the apprehension that the approaching ball might be selected as the scene of the impending danger.

Like Damiens, Louvel would make no confessions; the one was instigated by religious fanaticism, the other to the last moment expected a rescue by the populace, even on the scaffold.

One curious analogy in both cases is, that they were both examined by a Baron Pasquier, as was also latterly Fieschi.

Monday, 6th.—The letters from England bring an alarming report that the plague had broken out in London; that on opening a bale of cotton, arrived at the Docks from Turkey, six out of seven labourers employed in the operation had died in a few hours.

The Duc de Fitzjames has made a flaming speech in the Chamber of Deputies against the alliance with England, which he pronounces very pernicious to the interests of France, as it has been in all past times. There is one anomaly in the politics of all the Carlists; while they profess hatred to all liberalism, they advocate the cause of O'Connell, as a protector of the Catholic faith.

Wednesday, 8th—Last week died Lord George Germaine, brother to the Duke of Dorset: they were both in their youth great friends to the late King, when Prince of Wales, fond of the turf, and, with

the late Delme Radcliffe, the three best gentlemen-riders at the once famed Bibury races, which are now replaced by those at Heaton Park. They were all three little men, light weights, and, when dressed in their jackets and caps, would rival Buckle and Chiffney. In those days, the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests; the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London during that week; the best horses were brought from Newmarket and the North, to run at these races, on which immense sums were depending; and the course was graced by the handsomest equipages. The "legs" and betters, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued, to await the opening of their betting books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysterious, without making any demonstration; at last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, "Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle, and set us a-going?" Then, if the Master of Buckle would say, "I'll take three to one about 'Sir Solomon,'" the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half an hour before the signal of departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd:—I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, and tight nankeen pan-

taloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person: he was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummell, M. Day, Churchill, and, oh, extraordinary anomaly! the little old Jew, Travis, who like the dwarf of old followed in the train of royalty.

The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German Waggon and six bay horses (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time)—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and, gliding up the green ascent, was stationed close to the great stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner-time, the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was served to a large party; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner with every luxury at the club-house on the Steyne, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different members of White's and Brookes's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's Street were not forgotten. Where are the actors in all those gay scenes now?

Thursday, 9th.—Arnal the actor, as usual, a fund of amusement at the Vaudeville, where I went with Belfast and Warrender. The debate in the Chamber to-day on the question of Algiers was highly interesting, but proves how little progress has been made in consolidating this occupation, which the national pride is still interested in pre-

serving, though beset with many difficulties. The expense is immense, and the real advantages up to the present time of little value. The natives have been secretly assisted by the Emperor of Morocco, in harassing the French, and an expedition is fitting out to demand satisfaction of that power for the insult. It is reported that M. de Sercy is to be attached to this mission; he made his appearance on Tuesday night in Madame de Flahault's drawing-room, and when some allusion was made to the subject, he replied with admirable fatuity, "Il parait que M. Thiers désire beaucoup m'éloigner de Paris."

The report of the plague in London has happily subsided; it appears to have been quite unfounded. The German letters renew the rumours of a Congress, to be held shortly at M. de Metternich's seat of Johannisberg, in order to revise the Treaty of Vienna in 1830, as, from recent events in France, Belgium, and Poland, it has become a dead letter. Thus it is said that Austria will be represented by MM. Metternich and De Munch Bellinghausen, France by MM. Thiers and Bresson, Prussia by MM. Ancillon and Humboldt, Russia by MM. Tattischieff and d'Oubril, and England by Sir Robert Adair and Mr. Cartwright.

The accounts of M. de Talleyrand from Valencaye are contradictory; some state that he is preparing for a journey to Vienna, others that he is hastening gradually to the other world.

Friday, 10*th*.—Mr. Churchill has been liberated, but not till Lord Ponsonby had threatened to quit

Constantinople. He has since demanded the dismissal of the minister who had thus infringed the law of nations, and it is supposed the Porte will give way.

Sunday, 12*th*. — My old friend, General Fagel, who is come to resume his post at Paris as Dutch minister, and who called on me this morning, seemed to confirm my speculations on the object of the Prince of Orange's visit to London. He said that the sons were fine young men, but rather stiff and formal in their manner, and that the intimacy of the young Saxe Coburgs, through their aunt, the Duchess of Kent, would give them great advantages at Kensington; but he thought the son of the Duke of Cambridge would be the most popular match for the Princess Victoria in the eyes of the English people.

Monday, 13*th*. — The Commons have refused the alterations made by the Peers in the Irish Municipal Reform Bill by a majority of 86. The long talked-of collision has, then, taken place. *Parturiunt montes.*

Tuesday, 14*th*. — At dinner at Lord Canterbury's. The trial of Petrus and Lozerot, for the murder of the Maes family, which took place nine months ago, and has been going on for the last three or four days, was talked over. To the surprise of every one, they have been acquitted — Petrus of the murder and arson, Lozerot on all the points. The former was condemned for the robbery to ten years' imprisonment and pillory; the latter was dismissed: but a conviction of their guilt seems generally felt.

Wednesday, 15*th*. — The Dukes of Orleans and

Nemours have been equally well received at Vienna as at Berlin; but their tour is drawing to a close, and they will shortly return home. Rumour speaks of *fêtes* to be given in August at Fontainebleau and Compiegne, to which foreign princes are invited, and a return to be made for the late civilities received abroad.

The King of Saxony died on the 6th instant, at Pilnitz; he was eighty-one years old. He succeeded his brother Frederic Augustus in 1827, who has been the faithful ally of Napoleon, and eventually suffered so much by that connection.

Señor Munoz is privately married to Queen Christine, by whom he has a family of three children, educated at Grenada under the care of the Bishop. Munoz is a man of good family, about thirty-five years old, and entered young in the body-guard of King Ferdinand. His handsome person soon attracted the notice of the Queen, who, fatigued by the bigotry and jealousy of her consort, singled him out as her lover. He has since maintained his influence, not without rivals; but as he never attempted to check a passing inclination, he always remained master of the field. Time has now consolidated his power, and he is become a very influential person in the Cabinet, courted by the ministers and ambassadors, but always refusing either honours or titles* for himself. The Queen Christine is fond of ease and retirement; she lives with a circle of intimate friends, where gaiety (to say the least) is the order of the day; and a French milliner, Mademoiselle

* Now Duke de Rianzares.

Lemercier, who had established a shop of *nouveautés* at Madrid, has been made first *camerista*, and the superintendent of her *menus plaisirs*. Independent of the jewels which Christine received as presents from Ferdinand, and which are valued at four millions, she has placed five millions in the English funds, and two millions in the hands of Ardouin and Co.: with this property Munoz is anxious that she should retire from the cares of state, and quit Spain for Naples or Florence, where they may live together in affluence and ease.

Queen Isabella, from some physical defect, is of a very weak understanding; she has not yet learnt her letters: spoiled by her mother, she is headstrong and turbulent, but only kept in awe by Munoz, and will obey no one but him.

Friday, 17th.—Sir George Talbot, who is just come from England, says that London never was so crowded as during the present season, or so teeming with luxury of every description. The clubs, the balls, the theatres (of which two are French), are overflowing with company, and Paris to him appears like a quiet country town, compared to its opulent neighbour on the other side of the Channel.

Lord Granville gave a grand dinner to the Princes of Saxe-Coburg, who are just arrived from England, which would rather encourage the idea of the future marriage.

The other day was married in Paris, Lord Stafford to Miss Caton. It was about 1814 that this American family came to Europe, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Paterson and her two sisters. They were in-

troduced to the Duke of Wellington, who showed great partiality for Mrs. Paterson, which led to the marriage of the elder Miss Caton with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Hervey: on his death she married the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds. Mr. Paterson shortly afterwards returned to America, where he died, and his widow then married the Marquis of Wellesley: the third sister is now become Lady Stafford. It is a singular instance of three sisters, foreigners, and of a nation hitherto little known in our aristocratical circles, allying themselves to such distinguished families in England. The sister of Mr. Paterson is also celebrated by her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte, in America, which was dissolved by the will of his brother Napoleon.

Saturday, 18*th*. — I hear to-day that the young Prince of Saxe-Coburg is the destined husband of our Princess Victoria.

What inconsistency, to say the least, do we daily behold in the political characters here; but if inconsistent in their principles, they are openly consistent in the pursuit of their own private interests: this is the *primum mobile* of all. Patriotism is a farce, a mask, a stepping-stone for preferment; but a *dur egoïsme* is the only rule by which, from the King to the lowest *commis* in the bureau, all are really governed. M. Thiers declared the other day in the Chambers that the present ministry would hear of no allusions to the Revolution of 1789; and M. Laffitte in the same place asked pardon of God and his country for the part he had acted in the Revo-

lution of July: the one abjures his principles of equality because he has risen to splendour and affluence, while the other bemoans his exertions in a cause which he once gloried in supporting, because they have ended in ruin and disappointment to himself.

The Princes are shortly expected; but if they have been treated with marked courtesy by their hosts, there the matter rests: no hopes are entertained of a wife for the Duke of Orleans; it is even asserted that the daughter of the Archduke Charles, on whom some hopes were placed, had positively declined even meeting the guests in public. Independent of existing prejudices, there must be old recollections at Vienna of the fate which has attended their alliances with this mercurial country: Marie Antoinette was murdered, Marie Louise was *chassée*, and the position of the Duchess de Berri is not enviable.

These hot-headed revolutionists want first to reduce every one to their own level; they proclaim equality, they degrade title, they scratch out coats of arms, they grind crowns and coronets to dust, they mock at power, and when they have done everything to bring princes into contempt, they turn round to old prejudiced Europe, and say, "Donnez nous vos filles."

Monday, 20*th*.—I went with Belfast to see a curious anatomical wax-work in the Rue Montesquieu, which was of a frightful accuracy, particularly the head of an assassin who had been guillotined at Versailles.

Tuesday, 21*st.*—Yesterday, died at his residence, 112. Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, the celebrated Abbé Sièyes, aged eighty-eight, by turns a Member of the Constituent Assembly and the National Convention, a Director and Consul of the Republic, a Count and Peer of the Empire, and a Member of the Institute. Being proscribed under the Restoration as a regicide, which could not overlook the memorable reply of "La mort sans phrase," he took refuge in Belgium, whence he returned to France after the Revolution of July. He is buried to-day at the Père-la-Chaise. His death must be a warning to old Talleyrand, who has been his fellow-labourer in the same path for so many years, but with more worldly success.

Wednesday, 22*nd.*—The King and Queen of the Belgians are arrived on a visit to the Tuileries, to meet the Princes of Saxe-Coburg, and a *fête* was given last night at Trianon. The visits between the two families are very frequent.

Thursday, 23*rd.*—The triumphal Arc de l'Etoile is at length completed, and will be opened to the public on the anniversary of July. On four columns under the grand arch are inscribed the names of ninety-six victories gained by the French arms, and on the outward columns the names of officers who have distinguished themselves in those combats.

The total exportation of genuine Champagne from the department of the Marne last year was 2,700,000 bottles: between the period of bottling and sending the wines away, the loss by bursting of bottles was one-third of the whole produce. Sillery produces,

from thirty acres, 10,000 bottles, and Ai, from 200 acres, 50,000 bottles. The prices at the vineyards have, upon an average of the last eight years, been, for the first quality, from 3 fr. to 4 fr. per bottle, second quality from 2 fr. 50c. to 3 fr., and third quality from 2 fr. to 2 fr. 50c. per bottle. The annual consumption of genuine Champagne in France has been 626,000 bottles, but is diminishing; in England and the East Indies 467,000 bottles, in Germany 479,000, in the United States 400,000, in Russia 280,000, in Sweden and Denmark 30,000 bottles. How small a proportion this quantity must bear to the wine which is drunk all over the world under this name, particularly in England and in its colonies! How many houses do I know at home, where the yearly consumption cannot be less than 600 or 700 bottles in each!

Saturday, 25th.—The trial of Norton versus Melbourne came on in the Court of Common Pleas on Wednesday; the Jury brought in a verdict for the defendant. The contemptible description of the witnesses, who were chiefly discarded servants, caused the verdict to be generally approved; it was received in the House of Commons that night with great acclamation.

This evening at six o'clock an assassin, armed with a cane-gun, and stationed near the gate of the Tuileries which leads to the Pont Neuf, fired at the King as he drove out in his carriage with the Queen and Madame Adelaide on their return to Neuilly. No injury was done, and the King immediately put his head out of the window, to inquire of the crowd

whether any one was hurt. The assassin was instantly arrested; he tried to stab himself with a poniard, but was disarmed by the National Guard on duty. The ball has been found in the body of the coach.

Sunday, 26th.—A most extraordinary and awful circumstance occurred last month at the village of Saint Chamand. On the 16th of June the wife of a Doctor L—— died, and the relations were assembled to attend the funeral. At the moment when the undertakers were placing the body in the coffin, they perceived some slight signs of life; the shroud was removed, and the lady began to revive.

Soon after, the surrounding friends, finding that their presence had become unnecessary, were preparing to depart, when a violent storm ensued, which detained them in the room. Suddenly they saw a tremendous flash of lightning, and several of the women assembled fell senseless on the floor. The house was struck by a thunderbolt; the sister and the servant-maid of the doctor were killed, and others were seriously injured. The upper part of the building was in flames; fortunately they were soon extinguished, but all attempts to assist the recovery of Madame L—— were fruitless. Her funeral was adjourned to the following day; but instead of one corpse, three were then conveyed to their last home.

The name of the assassin of Louis-Philippe is Alibaud; he is no more than twenty-five years old: born at Nismes, he served some time as *fourrier* in a regiment of the line, is very poor, and of dissipated habits; he shows no contrition, and makes no dis-

coveries of any plot. The only wonder is, that he missed his aim, since he placed his piece on the window of the carriage, as it passed slowly under the *guichet* of the Tuileries, and the wadding remained on the King's whisker. He will be brought forthwith to trial before the Court of Peers.

Monday, 27*th*.—The number of suicides in Paris during 1836 was 229, of which 73 were committed by females; and of the whole number 118 were suffocated by the fumes of charcoal.

Alibaud asserts that he has no accomplices, that he dared not impart his project to any one, on account of the selfishness of the age, but that there are 20,000 persons in France as determined as himself; he expresses no regret except at the failure of his design.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—Talking of the late attempt in the evening at Madame de Flahault's, M. —— told me that neither Louis-Philippe nor Madame Adelaide had any belief in Divine Providence, or any feeling of religion, while the Queen on the contrary was an angel of piety and devotion. I see they all attended high mass at Neuilly yesterday, to return thanks for the escape, and were visibly affected. Madame de Fontenelle, Capel's* sister, paid a visit on Monday to Madame Adelaide, who was in tears all the time, and could hardly speak. I cannot comprehend such a state of mind: where every thing is attributed to *chance*, there can be no gratitude for present mercies, and no confidence in pro-

* Now Lord Essex.

tection from future ills. The prospect is a mere blank.

Wednesday, 29*th*.—The concession required by Lord Ponsonby from the Porte as an atonement for the injury done to Mr. Churchill, viz. the removal from their offices of the Reis Effendi and Achmet Pacha, as indispensable to the honour of England, has been formally refused, and the Ambassador has written home for instructions.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.
New-street-Square.